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ART. I.—LIBERALISM RELIGIOUS AND ECCLESIASTICAL.

La Chiesa e lo Stato. Del P. MATTEO LIBERATORE. Napoli : Giannini. 1871.

Lectures on certain Difficulties felt by Anglicans. By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D. London : Burns and Lambert. 1850.

LAST October we mentioned, that F. Liberatore's work had been forwarded to us for review; and we expressed a hope (p. 509) that in our present number we should be able, not only "to give our readers a general sketch of his argument," but also "to vindicate the practical importance of writing on such a theme in times like the present." On reflection we find it will be more convenient, if we postpone for this quarter all comment on the details of F. Liberatore's exposition. We shall do no more therefore at present, than argue for the opinion, that most important service is done, under existing circumstances, by dwelling emphatically on such doctrines as those which he has set forth. We have more than one reason for so thinking; but we shall confine our remarks to that, which weighs with us far more than all others put together. We refer to the partial development of those anti-christian views which are denoted by the name "liberalism,"—not only in their proper home the mind of materialists and pantheists—but among children of the Catholic Church; nay, to a limited extent, among some few persons, who otherwise deserve our sincere respect and admiration.

Indeed Catholic liberalism* is to be found in stages indefinitely varying from each other; and there are those, more or

* The writers of the "Civiltà Cattolica" sometimes say, that a "Catholic liberal" is a contradiction in terms. We quite concur with this statement, in the sense in which they evidently intend it. But they would not of course deny, that certain persons, more or less imbued with liberalism, submit their intellect (so far as intention goes) to the Church's actual definitions of faith, and even frequent her sacraments.

less tinged with its spirit, who would be unaffectedly shocked by its more extreme manifestations. The *tendency* however of a Catholic liberal is to such opinions as these. He considers the Church's infallibility as strictly confined, to her testimony of revealed dogmata; and her authority in governing as strictly confined, to what bears immediately on individual and personal religion. In other words he denies to her all jurisdiction, whether of teaching or ruling, in matters primarily temporal; however indubitable and momentous may be their indirect relation with revealed truth or with individual orthodoxy and piety. Further he tends to consider that Catholics have no very great advantage over externs, either as regards the help given them by their religion towards leading a good life and reaching heaven, or as regards the particular type of goodness which they respectively recognize. And even if we went no further, we have landed the extreme Catholic liberal in a somewhat startling conclusion. For since he considers the Church's province as strictly confined to the immediate sphere of individual piety and faith—and since *within* that sphere (according to him) she confers no very important benefit on her children—he must rank the benignancy of her influence at a very low point indeed. But in consistency he cannot stop here. He holds that hardly any social calamity has ever existed so grievous, as what he calls “persecution”; i. e. the laws enacted and enforced, for repression of heresy, during the ages of faith. Now it is undeniable, that for the existence of such laws the Church is mainly responsible. Our extreme liberal then must infer, that whereas the Church's benignant influence has always been small, her malignant influence (wherever she is able to have her way) has been simply appalling. And so soon as he has distinctly arrived at this conclusion,—one would think it must be a mere question of circumstances, how many weeks or months longer he will remain in her communion.

We have been commenting exclusively, on what may be called the liberal's “objective” process of thought; the objective connection of one opinion with another. The number is always very small, of those who carry forward a premiss to its legitimate outcome; and we are far from implying that the present case is an exception to the rule. Yet it need hardly be pointed out, that any principle, which leads in consistency to a detestable conclusion, must itself be an evil principle; inflicting very serious injury, not only on those who embrace it, but potentially *through* them also on the Church: and moreover that as time proceeds—in the course of generations—evil principles are always found issuing in their legitimate results. It is worth our while therefore

for various reasons to inquire, whether those respective tenets, which in their combination constitute liberalism, are so many unconnected evil weeds, rising up spontaneously in various parts of corrupt human nature;—or whether they spring from one common root. Our strong impression is, that the latter is the true account of them; that they are intimately connected with each other, as having one common origin. That common origin—as we estimate the matter—is a denial, more or less explicit, of that vital Catholic doctrine, which is stated by our English Catechism as the first and most rudimental of all; and which is laid down by S. Ignatius, as the “Foundation” of his whole spiritual structure.

“Why did God make you?” asks the Catechism; and the prescribed answer is, “To know Him, serve Him, and love Him in this world, and to be happy with Him for ever in the next.” In like manner the “Spiritual Exercises” of S. Ignatius; “Principle and Foundation,” that is, of the whole Exercises: “Man has been created, that he may praise the Lord his God, and show Him reverence, and serve Him, and by means of this save his soul.” Again. “We should not wish on our part for health rather than for sickness, wealth rather than poverty, honour rather than ignominy, and so on accordingly in all other things; desiring and choosing those things alone, which are more expedient to us for the end for which we were created.” Now it is almost a truism to say, that man arrives more nearly at his *personal perfection*,—is more worthy of admiration and respect,—in proportion as he achieves more successfully the end for which he was created. It follows therefore from the above statements, that man arrives more nearly at his personal perfection—not at all in proportion as he possesses greater bodily health and strength, or higher intellectual endowments and cultivation,—but exclusively in proportion as he is more prompt and disposed to love and serve God.* “Our perfection,” says

* In illustration of our statement in the text, the following passages may be cited, from Dr. Ward’s “Essays on the Relation of Intellectual Power to Man’s True Perfection,” with one or two slight changes of expression:—

“Every thing is more perfect, in proportion as it more nearly reaches its proper end; or to put the same thing in other words, in proportion as it more completely accomplishes its proper work, its *εργον* as Aristotle would say. A locomotive engine is more perfect, in proportion as it more combines strength, speed, and safety: the art of medicine is more perfect, in proportion as it enables the student more successfully to cure disease. Now to apply this. Our body is more perfect, in proportion as we more combine health, strength, speed, and the rest. Our poetical faculty is more perfect, in proportion as we possess a keener power of appreciating poetical beauty. Our practical faculty is more perfect, in proportion as we possess genius and fertility of resource, for devising and carrying out plans of practical action.

Suarez, "consists in union with God; but charity it is which unites us to God": and all other theologians without exception similarly express themselves.* This being laid down, our first thesis may be thus stated. The implicit rejection or the forgetfulness of this doctrine, we say, leads directly (among other evils) to three profoundly anti-christian habits of thought; viz. idolatry of intellect, idolatry of temporal greatness, and indifference. The complex of these three habits may fairly be called "religious liberalism." And our second thesis is, that "religious liberalism" leads

Our philosophical faculty is more perfect, in proportion as we have a greater power (to use F. Newman's words) of grasping a large multitude of objects in their mutual and true relations. But we, as *persons*, as *men*, are more perfect,—have more nearly achieved our proper end, have more completely accomplished our proper work,—exclusively in proportion as we are more morally and spiritually perfect. This surely is a most definite and intelligible statement; and no different statement can be made on the subject, consistently with Catholic doctrine." (p. 49.)

"That view of human perfection, which is implied by Catholic doctrine and practice, is comprised in the three following propositions. (1.) Just as various men are called to other modes of life,—to be poets, or lawyers, or merchants, or clockmakers, or professional singers,—so some of us are called to the occupation of intellectual activity in one or other branch of knowledge: in theology, or philosophy, or history, or physical and mathematical science, as the case may be. (2.) Just as all other men act more perfectly and become more perfect, in proportion as they make their external work an instrument of interior perfection;—so those of us who have *this* vocation act more perfectly and become more perfect, in proportion as we make our *intellectual* exercises an instrument of interior perfection. (3.) One man is more perfect than another, in precise proportion as he is more spiritually perfect. No one ever thought of saying that A tends to be more perfect than B, because he sings better, or makes better clocks; nor yet because he has more muscular power, or has worked more assiduously at its development: so neither does A tend to be more perfect than B, because he has greater *intellectual* power, or because he has worked more assiduously at its development. True indeed, A may sing, or make clocks, or practise gymnastics, from some supernatural motive and with a pure intention; in which case these exercises do so far increase his real perfection: and in like manner (neither more nor less) *intellectual* exercises, if practised from some supernatural motive and with a pure intention, increase his true perfection. But this is not because he possesses musical, or muscular, or intellectual, power; nor yet precisely because he exercises that power; but exclusively, because he makes such exercise his instrument for advance in piety. (pp. 42-3.)

* The soul, says F. Newman, which "has faith in the word of God" "understands that wealth and notoriety and influence and high place are not the first of blessings and the real standard of good; but that saintliness and all its attendants . . . are the high and precious things, the things to be looked up to, the things to be reverently spoken of." ("To Mixed Congregations," p. 109.)

Dr. Ward sets forth the unanimous testimony of theologians to the doctrine expressed above, in an Appendix to the Essays already cited. (pp. 80-94.)

irresistibly to that further "liberalism," which may be called "ecclesiastical"; viz. a denial of the Church's teaching and ruling authority in that portion of secular science and politics, which affects directly or indirectly the religious welfare, whether of the individual or of society.

We will begin with what (for want of a better name) we will call "temporalism"; the idolatry of temporal greatness. F. Newman has expressed the doctrine of S. Ignatius's "Foundation" under this particular aspect, in words of characteristic energy, which have (thanks partly to Mr. Kingsley and Mr. Lecky) obtained a world-wide renown. The Church, he says,

Holds that it were better for sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and for all the many millions who are upon it to die of starvation and in extremest agony, as far as temporal affliction goes, than that one soul, I will not say should be lost, but should commit one single venial sin. ("Anglican Difficulties," p. 199.)

Such indubitably, as F. Newman says, is the doctrine of her, who has been commissioned by God infallibly to teach mankind. Nor need we say how utterly distasteful and contemptible is such teaching, in the eye of that anti-Catholic world which surrounds us; for to that world, interior piety, purity of intention, love of God, are as nothing, when they conflict or seem to conflict with national wealth, power, and aggrandisement. If we would convince ourselves of this, let us look at its employment of that ill-used word "patriotism." We will suppose such a case as the following. Some Englishman so dearly loves his country, that he feels most keenly her national sins: he well knows indeed the national sins of France, of Germany, of Italy; but they do not grieve him as do English sins, though he may think them equally heinous, because he does not love France, Germany, or Italy, as he loves England. He fancies that he sees one special root of these sins in England's *temporal greatness*: we are not endorsing such an opinion, any more than we are assailing it; but it is a very intelligible one. The Englishman then, whom we are supposing, is led by his keen love of his country to desire her temporal humiliation: he expresses accordingly his wish, that she may be unsuccessful in some war which she is waging; that she may descend to a secondary place among nations. All this, we say, arises from his love of his country; for if he loved her not, it would be a matter of comparative indifference* to him how

* By "comparative" indifference we mean, that he would not grieve more for *England's* offences against God than for *other nations'* offences against God.

much she multiplied her sins: yet the very charge brought against him would be, that he is "unpatriotic." By "patriotism" then, in the world's parlance, is not meant "love of our country's highest interest," but "love of her temporal greatness." Nay it precisely means a *preference* for her temporal greatness over her spiritual good; for our Englishman will be dubbed "unpatriotic" on no other ground, than that conversely he prefers her spiritual good to her temporal greatness.*

It will be seen then, that we are as far as possible from blaming an Englishman for loving his country: we should as soon blame a mother for loving her son. But suppose some mother's love takes a worldly direction; suppose she is far more anxious for her son's taking an influential position in life—for his being popular and clever and highly esteemed and wealthy—than for his growing in piety and the love of God. Two judgments, on that supposition, may be confidently passed. In the first place the existence of such sympathies is a dark blot in her interior character, and must deplorably injure her spiritual growth; while in the second place they will almost inevitably issue in *acts*, which are cruelly injurious to her son's welfare. The application is obvious.†

Such is the plague of "temporalism," which so widely infects non-Catholic Europe. It is an absurd and extravagant compliment, to speak of this evil spirit as consisting in a preference for a nation's temporal good over its spiritual: on the contrary, those imbued with such a spirit are usually as indifferent to the former as to the latter. "It would be obvious for me," says

* Three years ago we quoted the "Pall Mall Gazette's" emphatic enforcement of this foul idolatry. "The lasting *glory and greatness*," says the writer, "of the English nation and the British Empire is about the *highest object* at which English politicians can aim. Cases may be imagined in which the general *interests* and sympathies of Europe would be in favour of the enemies of England; but it would not be the less true in that case that an Englishman, who *took that view*, and *acted on it*, would be an *infamous traitor*." We observed on this passage (Jan. 1869, p. 92, note) that "it is worth while to see what an English newspaper, universally accounted respectable, has ventured to state. The highest aim of a politician then, it seems, is not at all his country's moral and religious welfare; the diminution of crime, the increase of contented industry, increased purity of morality: nor even is it the advancement of its temporal welfare; the increase of innocent enjoyment, the diminution of squalid poverty, the accessibleness of medical aid for illness and of legal redress for injuries. All these should be entirely subordinate, it seems, to that paramount one, of its 'lasting glory and greatness.'"

† "Spirituale emolumentum . . . ejus est pretii, ut quæcunque hujus mundi gloria et faustitas in comparatione illius planè in nihilum esset computanda." (Pius IX. "Nôstis et nobiscum.")

F. Newman (p. 209), "to retort upon the cold and selfish system" promoted by worldly politicians; "to show you how the many are sacrificed to the few, the poor to the wealthy; how an oligarchical monopoly of enjoyment is established far and wide, and the claims of want and pain and sorrow and affliction and misery are practically forgotten." It is not the *people's* temporal enjoyment, but the *country's* temporal greatness, which these liberalistic fanatics so highly appreciate.

In illustration of our remark, we may appeal to some very carefully balanced statements made by F. O'Reilly, S. J., in the November number of the "Month," on the state of the Roman people when under the dominion of the Holy Father. He speaks of that state in the present tense. "They are in general well off" he says "as regards the necessities of life. They are sufficiently clad and provided with dwelling accommodation. There is but little distress, and I may say no misery; certainly much less want than is to be found in many countries, which are set up as models of prosperity. The taxation is very moderate. There are abundant means of education for the different grades of society; nay more, the children of poor parents have opportunities of high education, without expense and at the same time without discredit, *such as certainly are not to be found in these countries*, nor probably in many others. There is every facility for literary pursuits, which flourish there extensively. The fine arts too are largely cultivated and with great success. Commercial and industrial enterprise is also encouraged and is progressing" (p. 402). "The Roman people are happy, leading a peaceful life, with almost universal sufficient means of support, and widely-spread comfort and no oppression" (p. 405). Now we may fairly take the English Protestant newspapers, as exemplifying this spirit of "temporalism" against which we inveigh.* And we appeal to all readers of those newspapers, whether what we are going to say does not truly describe the course they have taken. The statements made by F. O'Reilly are taken from a very well known work (Mr. Maguire's), which has been long before the public and is in everybody's hands. No attempt whatever has been made to disprove the alleged facts, nor indeed has any interest been shown about them. The Romans have been considered by every newspaper scribe to be under an intolerable grievance—not because their secular well-being has been less than that of other men—but because

* "Contemplate the objects of" the English "people's praise, survey their standards, ponder their ideas and judgments, and tell me whether it is not most evident, from their very notion of the desirable and the excellent, that greatness and goodness and sanctity and sublimity and truth are *unknown to them*." (F. Newman "to mixed congregations," pp. 102-3.)

they have no material *greatness*, whereon to feed their pride and vain glory; because a Roman cannot *boast* of being a Roman, as an Englishman loves to boast that he is an Englishman.*

Now in modern times, and especially in Protestant countries, there is (as every one knows) a large amount of cordial and even of intimate intercourse between the Church's children and externs; and Catholics are constantly brought into contact with non-Catholic literature. If then the Protestant world is profoundly imbued with the disease we have described—with this idolatry of temporal greatness,—it is absolutely inevitable that Catholics shall have caught the infection, except so far as they may possess some special safeguard. Now we do not for a moment deny, that intellectual heedlessness and dulness (however otherwise undesirable) may operate to no small extent as such a safeguard. There is many a Catholic, who without reflection utters a number of worldly and anti-Catholic sentiments,—which he has caught up indeed from Protestant society, but which he has in no respect mastered and made his own: his language is the echo of the world around him, not the

* "Sanctissima Christi religio . . . avertit quidem Italos ab infelicis illius gloriæ splendore quam illorum majores in perpetuo bellorum tumultu . . . posuerant, sed unâ simul Italos ipsos, Catholicæ veritatis luce collustratos, ad sectandam iustitiam et misericordiam, atque adeo ad præclara etiam pietatis in Deum et *beneficentiæ erga homines* æmulanda opera excitavit." (Pius IX. "Nôstis et nobiscum.")

F. Newman ("Scope and Nature of University Education," p. 116) does not hesitate to lay down, as a "most precise view of a Christian's duty" declared harmoniously by Scripture and the Fathers, "to labour indeed for a competency for himself and his," but on the other hand "to be jealous of wealth whether personal or national." This greatly illustrates what we have said in the text.

It has always however appeared to us, that in this most impressive passage (pp. 115—128)—though not speaking at all too severely against the particular writer whom he criticises—he has nevertheless not quite done justice to the importance of *Political Economy*; and this from not sufficiently bearing in mind, that the scope of that science is the *distribution*, no less than the *production*, of wealth. Let us suppose that the civil ruler, from sympathy with the true and momentous principle enunciated by F. Newman, aimed at adapting his legislation to the diminution at once of extreme wealth and of extreme poverty: he could not effect his purpose, except by help of political economy.

We would also ask (with diffidence) a further question. Would there really be any danger to be dreaded from increase of national wealth, if that wealth were distributed very far more equally than now it is? As things now are, the poorest class in a country like England are deplorably destitute. Is there really any *opposite* danger? Is there any danger lest the poorest class of any country should ever—through any possible increase and distribution of national wealth—be so well off as to injure their spiritual interests?

true utterance of his inmost thoughts. Nor would we deny, that there may be even active-minded and intelligent Catholics, who do but give a passive otiose assent to such phrases, without lodging deeply in their heart the correspondent ideas. But on the whole and in the long run it is impossible to doubt, that deep draughts of the poison will be imbibed by children of the Church—the deeper perhaps in proportion as the process is *unconscious*—unless they are guarded by some special corrective and antidote. Nor do we see what special corrective and antidote can even be *alleged* to exist, except the imbuing their mind energetically in one shape or other with the doctrine of S. Ignatius's "Foundation." In other words, a large proportion of those active-minded and intelligent Catholics, who mix unreservedly with Protestants and who do not take special pains in the direction we have indicated, will inevitably be possessed in greater or less degree by that anti-Catholic and anti-Christians temper, on which we have been enlarging.

How deeply this temper must deform and disfigure their interior—how miserably it must cripple and dwarf spiritual growth—has been sufficiently implied, in the illustration we drew from a worldly-minded *mother*. How utterly and (one may say) even grotesquely such a temper will place them out of harmony with the Church's mind and spirit, we cannot better express than in F. Newman's most forcible words. "The Church," he says ("Anglican Difficulties," pp. 199, 200), "would rather save the soul of one single wild bandit of Calabria or whining beggar of Palermo, than draw a hundred lines of railroad through the length of Italy, or carry out a sanitary reform in its fullest details in every city of Sicily, except so far as these great national works tended to some spiritual good beyond them. Such is the Church, O ye men of the world, and now you know her. Such she is, such she will be; and though she aims at your good, it is in her own way,—and if you oppose her, she defies you. She has her mission, and do it she will, whether she be in rags, or in fine linen; whether with awkward or with refined carriage; whether by means of uncultivated intellects, or with the grace of accomplishments." The loyal Catholic politician or public writer makes it his chief endeavour, to work unreservedly in sympathy and harmony with this mind of the Church. But such action is "folly and feebleness" in the eye of the world; and in the eye also of any Catholic, who has permitted himself to learn from the world its characteristic lessons. He and the Church are at cross purposes in matters of social action; and were it only in self-defence, he is driven to contend against her claims to influence society, and to intervene with authority in matters primarily temporal.

There is a different exhibition of the evil spirit which we have called "temporalism," in that hatred of restraint and subordination, which in these days is often accounted even a virtue. We have abstained from dwelling on this,—not because it is less antichristian than the pseudo-patriotism against which we have inveighed, but in some sense for the opposite reason. It is in truth so *manifestly* antichristian, that no Catholic can need to be put on his guard against it.

On "intellectualism," the second constituent of "religious liberalism," it is not necessary to enlarge: because we can refer to another publication for a fuller exposition of what we would say; viz., to Dr. Ward's two Essays, on "the Relation of Intellectual Power to Man's True Perfection," republished in the second volume of the "Academia" papers, from which we have given extracts in an earlier note. By its own nature, this evil spirit is far less widely extensive than the other of which we have spoken; because comparatively few can *appreciate* intellectual excellence: yet externally to the Church it almost makes up, by its intensity, for the partialness of its extension. Consider e.g. this amazing burst of Lord Brougham's. "It is no mean reward of our labour" in scientific studies, says this inveterate man of the world, "to become acquainted with the prodigious genius of those who have *almost exalted the nature of man above its destined sphere*; and who hold a station apart, rising *over all the great teachers of mankind*"—God Incarnate and His Apostles of course inclusively,—"and spoken of *reverently*, as if *Newton and Laplace were not the names of mortal men*." No worshipper of stocks and stones ever perpetrated a more degrading idolatry than this. And the judgment of a consistent Catholic on such insane rant will be understood from the fact, that Lord Brougham considers Newton and Laplace to be "almost exalted above the destined sphere" of humanity, precisely because of their possessing certain qualities, which are possessed in an immeasurably greater degree by Satan and his angels. It is hard on Newton to be so spoken of; for in many ways that eminent astronomer was worthy of sincere respect. But on the various moral excellences which he seems to have possessed—his humility, simplicity, public virtue—Lord Brougham has not a word to say. It is in consequence of his having (as Lord Brougham thinks) approached so much more nearly than most other men towards intellectual equality with the evil spirits, that Lord Brougham speaks of him just as the Catholic might speak of S. Ignatius or S. Francis of Assisi.*

* Even Mr. Stuart Mill on this head will read a good Catholic lesson to intellectualists. "The ultimate end," he says, "from which" intellectual

A remark may be made in this case, precisely similar to that which we made in the former. Catholics of powerful and highly trained mental endowments will inevitably become steeped in intellectualism, except so far as they are protected through the influence of that doctrine, which is S. Ignatius's "Foundation." And the Catholic intellectualist is in some sense the Church's most dangerous enemy; from the very fact that (since he *is* a Catholic) the Church's children are commonly less on their guard against his counsels. As one out of a thousand instances, take a question which is at this moment of singularly urgent importance: that of higher Catholic education. No one indeed can be more earnestly desirous than is a loyal Catholic, that those among the leisured classes who love the Faith, should also possess the highest and completest attainable intellectual education. The intellect is an engine of tremendous power; and Catholics therefore can never hold their own, unless their intellectual training be fully equal to that of their opponents. Great indeed is the evil, so far as in any given place the Church may possess no children, who can defend her cause with fully adequate intellectual power. But then there is another evil possible, and greater still; viz. that her nominal sons may *assail* her cause with fully adequate intellectual power. There is no one thing which she has more to dread, than the disloyalty of men possessing highly trained intellects, who are in some sense Catholics, and who do not take public rank therefore as her avowed enemies. Such is the very result, to which every Catholic intellectualist is (more or less consciously) directing his efforts. He labours earnestly, that Catholics shall receive full intellectual training; while he is (to say the least) altogether inactive and indifferent as to the still more important end, that they shall be educated in clear intellectual appreciation of her various principles, and in deep harmony with her mind and spirit. But if they are not carefully educated in *this* direction, they will move, spontaneously and by the very force of Protestant example, in the extremely opposite one; and at this moment we are inclined to think, that there is no rock ahead so dangerous as this. If we had really to choose between two undesirable alternatives,—it is indefinitely a less evil, that the Catholic gentry of England should be ever so inferior to their Protestant fellow-countrymen in mental power and cultivation,—than that they should lose one particle of that reverence for ecclesiastical authority, which is now their noble characteristic.

"studies take *their chief value*," is "that of making" men "more effective combatants in the great fight which never ceases to rage between Good and Evil." (Inaugural Address at St. Andrew's, p. 9.)

And at last this instance is but one, among a whole family of illustrations which might be given. In every single question e.g. which concerns education of any class in the community,—the difference of practical view will be fundamental, between those who hold one and the other doctrine. The difference, we say, will be fundamental, between those on one hand, who hold that intellectual culture in itself ipso facto elevates man towards his true perfection;—and those on the other hand who hold (in accordance with the Church's spirit) that such culture is but a powerful instrument, which *may* indeed be a momentous influence for good, but which needs special concomitant moral training to prevent it from being a grave calamity.

We have spoken on the *public* evils which ensue, so far as this idolatry of intellect exists among Catholics. It cannot be necessary to enlarge, on the deadly blight with which such a spirit withers the interior growth of all whom it infects in its more extreme shape; and on the grievous spiritual detriment which every Catholic suffers, in proportion as he submits to its influence.

We next proceed to "indifferentism," the third ingredient of "religious liberalism" which we mentioned at the outset. On a former occasion (April, 1865, pp. 459—469) we considered this bad principle, with special reference to the Syllabus and other Pontifical definitions; and in a still earlier number (Oct., 1863, pp. 458—472) we exhibited to the best of our power its unreasonableness and irreligiousness. We assume, from those earlier disquisitions, that it includes two distinct elements, to mention no others.

Firstly, an indifferentist tends to think, that the performance of external duties constitutes the whole of morality; that a man is truly good, so only he abstains from robbery, lying, injustice, outrage,—and performs various acts of public spirit, generosity, forbearance, compassion. But the good Catholic lays extreme stress on the *motive* for which such acts are done: whether on the one hand for worldly purposes, for the sake of self-complacency and human praise, at best from natural temperament;—or on the other hand as acts of submission and obedience, done with a pure intention of conforming to God's good pleasure. There are certain personages, held up by the Church to her children's reverent gaze, as exhibiting the true type of sanctity, carried to a heroic extent: we refer of course to canonized saints. This type of sanctity is identical from its earliest rudiments; it is based throughout on purity of intention, mortification, repentance, and prayer; it is fed by the fulness of Catholic doctrine, as that doctrine is livingly and energetically impressed on the mind by the Church's whole

atmosphere and spirit. The good Catholic lays extreme stress on this special type of character; whereas the indifferentist tends to think, that there is no such very pronounced difference, between Catholic goodness on one hand, and the goodness of pious Protestants, unitarians, and deists on the other.* The good Catholic holds that so far as any man, even without fault of his own, is unimbued with Catholic doctrine—and much more so far as he has embraced any doctrine inconsistent therewith—he suffers a most serious calamity; whereas the indifferentist thinks that he is hardly any loser at all, for that there is no appreciable ethical difference between a pious Catholic and a pious Protestant. We wish indeed we could be more certain than we are—though the supposition is very dreadful—that there are not some professing Catholics, who *do* recognize a gulf as separating the saintly spirit on one side from non-Catholic piety on the other; and who in their heart of hearts *sympathize* with the latter, as against the former.

Now it is so plain as hardly to need expression, that this particular exhibition of indifferentism results inevitably, from an implicit rejection or forgetfulness of S. Ignatius's "Foundation." The beauty and unity of the Saint's character consist precisely, in his making the Creator's love and service his one end; and in his caring no otherwise for creatures, than as the latter may *conduce* to that end. He is ever gazing with the eye of faith on things not seen; and for that reason prizes beyond words those great and glorious Objects, which the Church places before his spiritual vision. It is in a soul so disposed, that the seed of Catholic doctrine produces due flower and fruit: while on the other hand, just so far as men forget the "Foundation," they are out of sympathy with the Saints, and fail to appreciate the value of dogma.

The indifferentist then, as we have seen, thinks that men suffer no considerable loss, when without their own fault they are ignorant of Catholic doctrine. But now secondly he further thinks, that such ignorance is *very seldom* men's own fault; or in other words he gives extraordinary extension to the plea of invincible ignorance. We admitted in a former article (April, 1865, p. 461) that the cases seem comparatively rare (so far as we can conjecture) in which the English Protestant's ignorance of Catholicity is *proximately* vincible; in which he has means of knowing for certain, at once and now, his obligation of submitting to the Church. But however this may be, we strongly think that in a large number of instances his ignorance

* See F. Newman's whole sermon on "Saintliness the Standard of Christian Principle."

is remotely, even if not proximately, vincible. We strongly think, that very many Protestants would soon be brought towards a vision of the truth, if they would be diligent in such pious exercises as are most fully within their proximate power; regular habits of self-examination, prayer for forgiveness, prayer for increased light, prayer for purity of intention, meditation on those religious truths which they already know. And obviously every Theist may at once be certain, that such exercises are his only way for securely growing in God's favour and in the full knowledge of His truth. Any one therefore, who altogether neglects them, and who in consequence of such neglect fails to ascertain the divine origin of Catholicity, is precluded from the plea of invincible ignorance. And even if he *had* that plea, it is quite incredible that such a person can have that kind of belief in the doctrines which he does hold, as can with any show of plausibility be accounted divine faith: while it is a rudimentary doctrine of the Church, that *without* some act of divine faith no individual adult can possibly be saved. An indifferentist denies or ignores all these considerations. He is wonderfully generous of what is not his own; and he will pronounce *ex cathedrâ* as a matter of course, that a whole crowd of Protestants, unitarians, deists (perhaps even pantheists),* whom he may happen to know, are on the high road to heaven, clothed with the mantle of invincible ignorance. Nor need we pause to point out at any length, how entirely this hallucination originates in the neglect or denial of S. Ignatius's "Foundation"; and in that disregard for the exercises of practical piety, which inevitably *results* from such neglect or denial.

The violent opposition of indifferentism to the Church's most fundamental maxims, is even more obvious than that of temporalism or intellectualism. The Church abhors heresy as the deadliest of evils, and prizes religious truth as the one foundation of every highest blessing. Accordingly good Catholics have in every age esteemed the Catholic Faith to be so priceless a treasure, that its possession is cheaply purchased by any amount of labour and self-sacrifice. To the good Catholic, the Faith is as everything; to the indifferentist, it is as nothing.

We have now enumerated those three antichristian habits of thought, which seem to us the chief constituents of what is usually meant by "religious liberalism"; viz. temporalism, intellectualism, indifferentism: and we have shown that all

* It may perhaps be worth while to remind our readers of the Catholic doctrine, that no adult can possibly be saved, who does not at least exercise explicit faith in "Deus Unus et Remunerator."—See Denzinger, n. 1039.

three originate in neglect of S. Ignatius's "Foundation." These, it is obvious, will inevitably issue in that further "liberalism," which we have called "ecclesiastical." Those who are entirely out of sympathy with the Church, will grudge any extension of her power either in teaching or governing; those who account her social maxims narrow-minded and pernicious, will not admit her divinely given authority in the temporal order; those who are steeped in every modern error which she has denounced, will be slow in recognizing the *infallibility* of such denunciations. Here however we must loudly and earnestly make an explanation, to avoid being guilty of extreme injustice. There are various Catholics,—denying the Church's infallibility in matters not primarily dogmatic, and her power in matters not primarily spiritual—who are by no means deeply tinged, and some of them not tinged at all, with *religious liberalism*. This was doubtless a far commoner case some fifty years ago, than it can be now; because the Holy See had then spoken much less emphatically on the subject than she has of late: still such instances are certainly to be found even now. We by no means say then, that all who deny such power to the Church are religious liberals; but we do say conversely, that all religious liberals concur in denying such power to the Church. Take e.g. the vast majority of those Catholics, who at this moment deny the *ex cathedrâ* character of the "Unam sanctam" or the "Mirari vos"; and who, not content even with this, confidently account those doctrines *false*, which are therein declared. Surely it is a plain matter of common observation and common sense, that they are not led to this opinion by theological considerations—concerning the tests of an *ex cathedrâ* Act, or the testimony of Tradition on the extent of infallibility—but by their dislike of those verities, which the said utterances set forth and inculcate. Nor do we designate by the name of "*ecclesiastical liberalism*" any one's error concerning the Church's extent of authority, except so far as in his particular case such error results, from the liberalism which we have called "*religious*."

Two objections, closely connected with each other, have from time to time been made, against our very severe judgment of liberalism, religious and ecclesiastical. How can this spirit, it has been asked, be really so odious and antichristian as we allege, seeing that liberals are still suffered to remain within the Church? We are really obscuring—so it is thought—the Church's very note of dogmatic unity, in our zeal against our fellow-Catholics. Then secondly, when we draw a distinction (as we are charged with doing) on our own mere individual

theory, between "sound" and "unsound" Catholics,—are we not acting on that very principle of *private judgment*, which we so heartily denounce? And this moreover, with no small disturbance of the Church's rest and tranquillity?

We might begin by pointing out in reply, how extremely small is the proportionate number of pronounced Catholic liberals; really like a drop of water in the ocean, if compared with that vast number of Catholics, rich and poor, who are at heart untainted with the plague. Still of course the question of *principle* is not affected by this circumstance; and we will proceed therefore to consider successively the two objections just mentioned.

Now in the first place, no controversialist has ever dreamed of maintaining, that the Church's unity of faith implies what the first of these supposes. *Heretics* no doubt are excluded from the Church's body. But a multitude of opinions have been expressly condemned by the Church herself, as erroneous, savouring of heresy, tending to heresy, and the like, which are not strictly heretical; and though doubtless any one who deliberately holds such tenets after the Church's condemnation commits (materially at least) mortal sin, yet he is not excluded by their profession from the visible Body of Christ. It is the Church herself therefore, which has taught by most undeniable implication, that Catholics remaining Catholics may nevertheless hold tenets, erroneous, savouring of heresy, and legitimately leading thereto. And in accordance with this, the Vatican Council has expressly declared (Preamble of the "*Dei Filius*") that "many even of the children of the Catholic Church have strayed from the path of true piety"; that "by the gradual diminution of truths held by them" "the Catholic sense has become weakened in them"; that "they are found *depraving the genuine sense* of the dogmata which Holy Mother Church holds and teaches, and *endangering the integrity and soundness of the Faith*." From the mere fact then that liberals are not actually excluded from the Church, there does not arise so much as the faintest presumption, that various liberalistic tenets may not be erroneous, savouring of heresy, and legitimately leading thereto; nor yet that liberalism may not "deprave the genuine sense" of revealed dogmata, and "endanger the integrity and soundness of the Faith."

For ourselves however we cannot but hold, in regard to some extreme manifestations of liberalism, that they directly *contradict* (and not merely *imperial* and *corrupt*) revealed truth. We proceed therefore with a further consideration. No Catholic who looks at the very surface of history can say, that all tenets without exception, which contradict revealed truth, are condemned by the Church as heretical, from the time when they are first

advocated prominently and systematically. To make this clear, we need not go beyond what is actually before our eyes. Since July 1870 it has been infallibly certain, that Gallicanism directly contradicts revealed truth: yet it had been prominently and systematically advocated by Catholics,—nay had been made their basis of energetic rebellion against the just authority of the Church's divinely appointed ruler—for almost two centuries before its condemnation as heretical. In truth, when some error directly contradictory to revealed truth first makes its appearance—however keenly the reigning Pontiff may see its malignant character—he is very often obliged by considerations of charity to deal with it warily and cautiously. He never fails indeed (as we shall presently mention) to put the faithful on their guard against it; nay and to speak so distinctly, as to leave no doubt whatever of its falsehood in the mind of any Catholics, who simply desire to know and follow the Church's mind. But it is quite another thing, expressly to anathematize it, and to take on himself the immediate responsibility of all those disciplinary measures which would thereupon be required. Undoubtedly, from the first moment when such an error appears, it is (to use F. Newman's language) "*in visible course of expulsion*"; "*its eradication is but a matter of time*"; and when once it is expelled, it is expelled for ever. This is the Church's true note of dogmatic unity; and there is a fine passage of F. Newman's, using that note for the very purpose of controversy, which is so singularly to the point, that we shall take the liberty of here inserting it almost entire, notwithstanding its great length. We italicise one or two sentences; and should add, that the Anglican controversialist to whom he is referring, is Mr. Palmer, of Worcester College, Oxford. Those disorders, says F. Newman, which have in various times afflicted the Church,—

Have I. t. assayed what may be called the active unity and integrating virtue of the see of St. Peter, in contrast to such counterfeits as the Anglican Church, which, set up in unconditional surrender to the nation, has never been able to resist the tyranny or caprice of the national will. The Establishment, having no internal principle of individuality except what it borrows from the nation, *can neither expel what is foreign to it, nor heal its wounds*; the Church, a living body, when she becomes the seat of a malady or disorder, *tends from the first to the eradication of it, which is but a matter of time*. This great fact, *continually occurring in her history*, I will briefly illustrate by two examples, which will be the fairest to take, from the extraordinary obstinacy of the evil, and its occasional promise of victory;—the history of the heresies concerning the Incarnation, and the history of Jan- senism. Each controversy had reference to a great mystery of the faith; in each every inch of the ground was contested, and the enemy retired step by

step, or at least from post to post : the former of the two lasted for between four and five hundred years, and the latter nearly two hundred. . . .

Let us fancy an erudite Nestorian of the day living in Seleucia, beyond the limits of the Roman empire, and looking out over the Euphrates upon the battle which was waging between the See of St. Peter and the *subtle heresy of the Monophysites*, through so protracted a period ; and let him write a defence of his own Communion for the use of theological students. Doubtless he would have used that long contest as a decisive argument against the unity and purity of the Catholic Church, and would have anticipated the triumphant words of a learned Anglican divine, with reference to that Janzenistic controversy, which I reserve for my second example. "This very [Monophysite] heresy," he would have said, "has, in opposition to all these anathemas and condemnations, and in spite of the persecution of the temporal powers, continued to exist for nearly [300] years ; and, what is more, it has existed all along in the very heart of the Roman Church itself. Yes, it has perpetuated itself in all parts of that Church, sometimes covertly, sometimes openly, exciting uneasiness, tumults, innovations, reforms, persecutions, schisms, but *always adhering to the Roman communion with invincible tenacity*. It is in vain that, sensible of so great an evil, the Roman Church struggles and resorts to every expedient to free herself from its presence ; the loathed and abhorred heresy perpetuates itself in her vitals, and infects her bishops, her priests, her monks, her universities ; and, depressed for a time by the arm of civil power, gains the ascendancy at length, influences the counsel of kings, . . . produces religious innovations of the most extraordinary character, and inflicts infinite and permanent injury and disgrace on the cause of the Roman Church."

Such was the phenomenon which Monophysites had presented, above a thousand years before the rise of a heresy, which this author seems to have fancied the first instance of such an anomaly. The controversy began amid the flourishing schools of Syria, the most learned quarter of Christendom ; it extended along Asia Minor to Greece and Constantinople ; and then there was a pause. Suddenly it broke out in an apparently dissimilar shape, and with a new beginning, in the imperial city ; summoned its adherents, confederates, and partisans from North to South, came into collision with the Holy See, and convulsed the Catholic world. Subdued for a while, it returned to what was very like its original form and features, and reared its head in Egypt with a far more plausible phraseology, and in a far more promising position. There, and in Syria, and thence through the whole of the East, supported by the emperors, and afterwards by the Mahometans, it sustained itself with great ingenuity, inventing evasion after evasion, and throwing itself into more and more subtle formulas, for the space of near three hundred years. Lastly, it suddenly appeared in a new shape and in a final effort, four hundred years from the time of its first rise, in the extreme West of Europe, among the theologians of Spain ; and formed matter of controversy for our own Alcuin, the scholar of St. Bede, for the interposition of Charlemagne, and the labours of the great Council of Frankfort. It is impossible, I am sure, for any one patiently to read the history of this series of controversies, whatever may be his personal opinions, without being

intimately convinced of the oneness or identity of the mind which lived in the Catholic Church through that long period ; which baffled the artifices and sophistries of the subtlest intellects, was proof against fear, despondency, and temporal expedience, and succeeded in establishing irrevocably and for ever those points of faith with which she started in the contest. Any one false step would have thrown the whole theory of the doctrine into irretrievable confusion ; but it was as if some one individual and perspicacious intellect, to speak humanly, ruled the theological discussion from first to last. That in the long course of centuries, and in spite of the apparent failure, in points of detail, of the most gifted fathers and saints, the Church thus wrought out the one and only consistent theory which can be formed on the great doctrine in dispute, proves how clear, simple, and exact her vision of that doctrine was. Now I leave the retrospect of this long struggle with two remarks ;—first, that *it was never doubtful to the world, for any long time, what was the decision of authority on each successive question as it came into consideration* ; next, that the series of doctrinal errors which was involved, tended from the first to an utter overthrow, each decision of authority being a new and further victory over it, which was never undone. *It was all along in visible course of expulsion from the Catholic fold.* Contrast this with the denial of baptismal grace, viewed as a heresy within the Anglican Church ; has the sentiment of authority against it always been unquestionable ? Has there been a series of victories over it ? Is it in visible course of expulsion ? Is it ever tending to be expelled ? Are the influence and the prospects of the heresy less formidable now than in the age of Wesley, or of Calamy, or of Baxter, or of Abbot, or of Cartwright, or of the Reformers ?

The second controversy which I shall mention is one not so remarkable in itself, not so wide in its field of conflict, nor so terrible in its events, but more interesting perhaps to us, as relating almost to our own times, and as used as an argument against the Church's unity and power of enforcing her decisions, by such writers as the theologian, of whose words I have already availed myself. For the better part of two centuries Jansenism has troubled the greater part of Catholic Europe, has had great successes, and has expected greater still ; yet, somehow or other, such is the fact, as a looker-on would be obliged to say, whatever be its internal reasons, of which he would not be a judge, at the end of the time you look for it and it is gone.

There was a time when *nearly all that was most gifted, learned, and earnest in France, seemed corrupted by the heresy* ; which, though condemned again and again by the Holy See, discovered new subterfuges, and gained to itself fresh patrons and protectors, to shelter it from the Apostolic ban. What circle of names can be produced, comparable in their times for the combination of ability and virtue, of depth of thought, of controversial dexterity, of poetical talent, of extensive learning, and of religious profession, with those of Launoy, Pascal, Nicole, Arnault, Racine, Tillemont, Quesnel, and their co-religionists, admirable in every point, but in their deficiency in the primary grace of a creature, humility ? What shall we say to the prospects of a school of opinion, which was influencing so many of the most distinguished Congregations of the day ; and which, though nobly withstood by the Society of Jesus and the Sulpicians, yet at length found an entrance

among the learned Benedictines of St. Maur, and had already sapped the faith of various members of another body, as erudite and as gifted as they? For fifteen years a Cardinal Archbishop of Paris was its protector and leader, and this at a distance of sixty years after its formal condemnation. First, the book itself of Jansenius had been condemned; and then, in consequence of an evasion, the sense of the book; and then a controversy arose whether the Church could decide such a matter of fact as that a book *had* a particular sense. And then the further question came into discussion, whether the sense was to be condemned with the mere intention of an external obedience, or with an internal assent. Eleven bishops of France interposed with the Pope to prevent the condemnation: there were four who required nothing more of their clergy than a respectful silence on the subject in controversy; and nineteen wrote to the Pope in favour of these four. Before these difficulties had been settled, a fresh preacher of the same doctrines appeared in the person of Quesnel; and on the Pope's condemning his opinions in the famous bull "Unigenitus," six bishops refused to publish it, and fourteen formally opposed it; and then sixteen suspended the effects of it. Three universities took part with them, and the parliaments of various towns banished their Archbishops, Bishops, or Priests, and confiscated their goods, either for taking part against the Jansenists or refusing them the Sacraments.

As time went on, the evil spread wider and grew more intense, instead of being relieved. In the middle of last century, *a hundred years after the condemnation of the heresy at Rome*, it was embodied in the person of a far more efficacious disputant than Jansenius or Quesnel. The Emperor Joseph developed the apparently harmless theories of a theological school in the practical form of Erastianism. He prohibited the reception of the famous bull "Unigenitus" in his dominions; subjected all bulls, rescripts, and briefs from Rome to an imperial supervision; forbade religious orders to obey foreign superiors; "suppressed confraternities, abolished the processions, retrenched festivals, prescribed the order of offices, regulated the ceremonies, the number of masses, the manner of giving benediction, nay the number of waxlights." He seized the revenues of the bishops, destroyed their sees, and even for a time forbade them to confer orders. He permitted divorce in certain cases, and removed images from the churches. The new Reformation reached as far as Belgium on the one hand, and down to Naples on the other. The whole of the Empire and its alliances were apparently on the point of disowning their dependence on the Apostolic See. The worship of the saints, auricular confession, indulgences, and other Catholic doctrines, were openly written against or disputed by bishops and professors. The Archduke of Tuscany, imitating the Emperor, sent catechisms to the bishops, and instructed them in his circulars or charges; while a Neapolitan prelate, instead of his ordinary title of "Bishop by the grace of the Holy Apostolic See," styled himself "Bishop by the grace of the king." Who would not have thought that Henry of England had risen from his place, and was at once in Vienna, Belgium, Tuscany, and Naples? The reforming views had spread into Portugal; and, to complete the crisis, the great antagonist of Protestantism, which was born with it in one day, and had ever since been the best champion of the Holy See, the Society of Jesus itself, by the in-

scrutable fiat of Providence, is, in that hour of need, to avoid worse evils, by that very See suppressed. Surely the holy Roman Church is at length in the agonies of dissolution. The Catholic powers, Germany, France, Portugal, and Naples, all have turned against her. Who is to defend her?

Yet what has been the issue?

Fifty years have passed away since the time of those wonders, and we, my brethren, behold in our degree the issue of what our fathers could but imagine. Great changes surely have been wrought, but not those which they anticipated. The German Emperor has ceased to be; he persecuted the Church, and he has lost his place of pre-eminence. The Gallican Church, too, with its much-prized liberties, and its fostered heresy, was also swept away, and its time-honoured establishment dissolved. Jansenism is no more. The Church lives, the Apostolic See rules. (pp. 258-268.)

Certainly there are differences, between the instance of Monophysism or Jansenism on the one hand and of liberalism on the other; just as there are mutual differences between the two former instances themselves. And there is on the surface indeed this important difference, that the number of pronounced Catholic liberals is comparatively so insignificant. We are insisting however, not on the points of difference, but on the points of similarity. Our argument is this. The Monophysite and Jansenistic spirits were indubitably heretical, and were cognizable by all Catholics as vehemently and earnestly opposed by the Holy See: yet it was only by slow degrees and in the course of centuries, that *either* poison was finally expelled from the Church's system. No one therefore can legitimately infer that the full liberalistic spirit is not strictly heretical, from the mere fact that for a much shorter period it has partially resisted the efforts made by the Holy See for its extermination from the Church. We say "partially"; because no one acquainted with religious events will doubt, that great progress has already been made in the desired direction.

We will next reply to the second objection above mentioned. It is urged then, that we are really exercising undue and intolerable private judgment, when, with all the energy we can command, we denounce certain opinions, advocated by persons whom the Church tolerates within her bosom. But this objection proceeds on an assumption, violently and (one may even say) monstrously at variance with fact: an assumption namely, that the Church never puts the faithful on their guard against any error, without actually excluding from her communion those who profess it. Take the heresy of Gallicanism, as one case out of a hundred. Gallicans as such were not expelled from the Church's communion, until a year and a half ago. And yet from the very moment when the articles of 1682 were

published, the Supreme Pontiff and great majority of Catholic bishops expressed their condemnation thereof so significantly and impressively, that it was utterly impossible for any Catholic, who looked really to the Church for religious guidance, to have so much as one moment's doubt concerning her true mind. The Holy See at once promulgated its disapproval and annulment of the articles; and subsequently condemned their republication at Pistoia, as "temerarious, scandalous, and grossly injurious to the said Holy See": while the great body of Catholic bishops heartily adhered on the matter to their visible head. Now the very same fact has throughout been quite as emphatically exhibited, or rather very much more so, in the case of liberalism. The very utmost which a Catholic liberal dreams of attempting is, to show that he is not as such actually excluded from the Church: he does not think of denying, that his opinions have been visited with every kind of ecclesiastical censure short of anathema.* We need mention only one out of a hundred instances. Indifferentism was denounced by Gregory XVI. as "a most fruitful source of the Church's evils, spread in all directions through the artifice of evil men"; the vindication for every man of liberty of conscience was described as not merely an "absurd and erroneous opinion," but rather an "insanity"; the existing liberty of publishing irreligious books was characterized as having "spread a curse over the face of the earth." Nor has any liberal yet been able to adduce any argument of the faintest plausibility, for calling in question the *ex cathedrâ* character of Gregory XVI.'s Encyclical. It would be precisely as reasonable to question the *ex cathedrâ* character of the "Unigenitus" or the "Auctorem Fidei."†

* This consideration also involves the answer to a very obvious objection, which may be made by Protestants. How can the Church be a faithful guide, they may ask, if she does not warn her children against so pestilential a principle as we account liberalism? She *does* warn them against it most emphatically.

† The Vatican Council has defined it to be of Catholic Faith, that the Roman Pontiff is infallible whenever "in discharge of his office of Pastor and Doctor of all Christians he defines, in virtue of his Supreme Apostolic authority, a doctrine of faith or morals to be held by the universal Church." But in the "Singulari nos" Gregory XVI. had thus spoken to the whole Catholic Episcopate. "In which Encyclical Letter"—viz. the "*Mirari vos*"—"in discharge of our office, we declared to the whole Catholic flock sound doctrine and that which alone it is lawful to follow on the heads mentioned therein." "He [Lamennais] endeavoured to overthrow the Catholic doctrine which we defined in our above-named Letter, according to the authority committed to us unworthy, concerning due subjection to civil authority . . . the deadly contagion of indifferentism," liberty of speech and conscience, &c. We hardly see how any form of words is even *imaginable*, which should more distinctly express that the "*Mirari vos*" appertains to that class of utter-

Now "private judgment" means the adopting opinions on one's own individual judgment; and the *sacrifice* of private judgment means the submitting one's own intellect to the prescription of authority. And if this be so, we maintain that the course we have pursued is more pointedly at variance with the principle of private judgment, than is any which has ever been recommended in preference. The grossest exercise of private judgment *possible*, to a Catholic remaining such, is that he shall accept the Church's definitions *of faith*, while he refuses submission to her remaining large mass of infallible teaching. Then a further unreasonable exercise of private judgment (as we consider) is displayed by those, who will not yield firm interior assent to any authoritative teaching, which is not strictly infallible.* But so far from being an undue exercise of private judgment,—it is on the contrary the loyal Catholic's one legitimate course, that when the Church's mind is plainly exhibited, he shall do everything in his power to denounce and expose all those errors, which she manifestly desires to repress.

It is of course quite a different question, how this can be most advantageously effected. Take for instance this case of liberalism: in what way can the Catholic most legitimately labour, under guidance of the Holy See, to assail and overthrow it? Well at all events nothing but good can result from such a course as we have pursued in this article; supposing only that our views are on the whole true, and our arguments sound. If there be a class of errors still existing among Catholics, which the Holy See has emphatically censured,—nothing but good can come from showing (if indeed we have shown) that such errors mainly flow from one common source, and that source manifestly antichristian. But it has been questioned whether *further* it be wise, to press on the attention of liberals the Church's repeated and emphatic condemnation of their system. No one indeed can possibly doubt, that by no course of proceeding will an educated Catholic more securely protect himself from all liberalism and all treason against S. Ignatius's "Foundation,"—than by studying, in order to accept, the whole body of anti-liberalistic utterances, which have issued from the Holy See. But it has been questioned, whether the pressing those utterances on unwilling ears be not a "kill or cure" remedy, which may kill rather than cure. Now if we are addressing loyal Catholics, it suffices to reply, that from the

ances, which the Vatican Council has defined to be infallible in their teaching.

* See our remarks last July, from p. 142 to p. 154, as to the particular kind of authoritative teaching here intended, and its claim to acceptance.

very nature of the case this responsibility rests with the Holy See. It is the Holy Father, who issues and promulgates these repeated condemnations; and those who draw attention to them, are acting only as his children and servants. But if such an argument is disloyally urged against the utterances of Rome themselves,—we would beg objectors to explain, if they can, in what other way the Supreme Pontiff can so effectively promote his great enterprise, of gradually exterminating from the Church all remaining leaven of these evil principles. Doubtless the Holy See, as we have said, chooses her own times and methods for condemning error; but when did she ever aim at *permanent* "peace" except "through the truth"? Accordingly the "*Civiltà Cattolica*," which has always possessed a semi-official character, has constantly and urgently insisted on the Pontifical condemnations of liberalism; and now F. Liberatore has collected many of the papers contributed by him to that periodical, in the important volume which we have named at the head of our article.*

We conclude for the present with one final word. It has been thought in some quarters, that we have been reckless, as regards the interest of souls, in those constant appeals to the Church's condemnation of liberalism, which we have repeated for so many years. We must here however distinguish, between the question of *fact* and the question of *opinion*. As a matter of *fact*, we have been so far from not *considering* the interest of souls, that the very contrary is true. The very principal thought which has animated our exertions has been our conviction, that under existing circumstances liberalism in its various shapes is the most subtle, and (partly for that very reason) the most dangerous poison of the soul, against which it is necessary for the more educated Catholics to be put on their guard. This, we say, is what we testify as a matter of *fact*. But we have of course no right whatever to complain if, as a matter of *opinion*, some critic should consider our views on this head to be exaggerated, fanciful, or even fundamentally mistaken. Only we would beg such critic, before he finally acquiesces in this judgment, to consider the arguments we have brought together in the article which we here terminate.

* The "*Civiltà*" of Nov. 18 (p. 439) lays down a very clear doctrine, on the Church's authority in relation to the State. Spiritual matters are of course exclusively within the Church's jurisdiction. In mixed matters the Church has pre-eminence in such sense, that she can directly annul secular laws which are contrary to those of God and the Church. Matters purely temporal—such as the army, finances, the civil tribunals—may fall indirectly under the Church's jurisdiction, so far as any law on such matters is injurious to the people's spiritual welfare. It is much to be observed, that this semi-official journal considers such plain speaking expedient under existing circumstances.

ART. II.—NATURE AND THE POETS.

Nature-Study, as applicable to the purposes of Poetry and Eloquence. By HENRY DIRCKS, LL.D., F.R.S.E., M.R.S.L., &c. Second Edition. Edinburgh : Nimmo. 1870.

The Earthly Paradise : a Poem. By WILLIAM MORRIS. Fifth Edition. London : Ellis. 1870.

IN every age of the world the study of Nature has been intimately associated with Religion. It was a misdirected love of God's beautiful Creation which in great measure gave birth to the paganism of antiquity, for modern philologists have abundantly proved that the whole scheme of ancient mythology resulted from the personification and idealization of natural phenomena. The gods of Greece and Rome, as well as of the North and the far East, can all be identified in the powers of visible Nature, and their marvellous achievements, which have been woven by the poets into such exquisite legends, can all be recognized in the action of day and night, the dawn and the gloaming, and the varied operations of the elements and seasons.

And turning from what is merely human to what is divine, we find that Sacred Scripture itself abounds in passages which associate the majesty and beauty of the created world with the unseen glory of Him who "walketh on the wings of the winds" and "speaketh in the voice of the thunder." If to all this we add the witness of our own emotional impressions when we ourselves are brought into the presence of the great mysteries of Nature,—the fierce thunderstorm, or the mighty ocean, or the solemn midnight,—we are forced to acknowledge that between Nature and Religion there is some strong connecting tie.

But let us not be too hasty. Dr. Dircks has written an elaborate book to impress upon the world in general, and on poets in particular, that this is all nonsense. He professes to give us a "Grammar of Nature-Study" which shall arrange and systematize the beauties of Nature much in the same way as Science has arranged and systematized the various departments of Creation for a different purpose and from a different point of view. With this design the author has selected passages from the poets, aphorisms, proverbs, &c., drawn from Nature, and has arranged them under certain headings, with a

view to our studying Nature in all its departments, just as a student in the British Museum may study the earth's crust, from the igneous rocks to the latest tertiaries, by means of the geological specimens which are there arranged for him. As a collection of "elegant extracts" the book has its value, but it is easy to see that the real drift of the work is not so much to *systematize* the study of Nature as to *materialize* it. The author has no patience with any poet who can discern anything more in Nature than he can see with his two eyes. He terms any attempt which goes beyond this "a visionary and imbecile attempt to expound Nature by affected mysteriousness," and "an unhappy ambition to go beyond the broad daylight workings of Nature, which never has been and never can be successful." * And he quotes with approbation the following passage from Moir's "Lectures on our Poetic Literature" :—

The latter-day poets seem principally to have a desire to exhibit the influence of physical nature on the operations of the fancy and the intellect ; and we have in consequence simply their gropings amid the arcana of minds, *in search of those hidden links of mystery which connect the seen to the unseen.* But this, as the general subjective material, can scarcely be termed poetry.†

In other words, Dr. Dircks is making a bold attempt to "secularize" not only poetry, but Nature itself. It is the grand idea of the present age to secularize everything, but we scarcely think that the present attempt will have much success. For turn to whatever age or whatever school of poetry we will, the attitude of the poets towards Nature is always found to be the reflex of their religious system and intimately connected with their religious feelings ; and in proportion as they are wanting in religious feeling, they are wanting also in the love of Nature. We quite agree with Dr. Dircks in this, that all poets are more or less susceptible of the impressions of the natural world. For there never was and there never could be a poet who could look with mere indifference on the beauty and majesty of the visible creation, with its ever-shifting scenery of rain and storm and sunshine, and its strange emotional influences over the human heart. Not every poet has made Nature the theme of his song, for there are other sources of Castalian waters ; but still some appreciation of Nature has of necessity found a place in the heart of all real poets, and a true ear can catch the faint melody of its inspiration running in an undertone through the most martial of their music.

But this appreciation of Nature, though common to all the

* Preface, p. xiv.

† Page 49.

poets, differs most widely both in *degree* and in *kind*. The love, or the admiration, or the reverence, or the sympathy with which Nature is regarded by different poets and different schools of poetry, is as diverse as the hues of her flowers or the tints of her rainbow. The stern old bards of Greece and Rome, who loved to think of the rising sun as the chariot of the god of Day, whirled along by fiery steeds through the shining portals of Aurora, could scarcely be said to *love* Nature at all. Schiller has justly observed, in a passage quoted by Dr. Dircks, that "the Greek poet is certainly, in the highest degree, correct, faithful, and circumstantial in his descriptions of Nature, but his heart has no more share in his words than if he were treating of a garment, a shield, or a suit of armour. Nature seems to interest his understanding more than his moral perceptions; he does not cling to her charms with the fervour and the plaintive passion of the poet of modern times." The classic poet has little in common, as regards his appreciation of Nature, with him who sings of

Dewy morn, and odorous noon and even,
With sunset and its gorgeous ministers,
And solemn midnight's tingling silentness,
And autumn's hollow sighs in the sere wood—

The poet who loved to

Linger long
In lonesome caves, making the wild his home,
Until the doves and squirrels would partake
From his innocuous hand his bloodless food
Lured by the gentle meaning of his looks—*

Still less with him who writes in sober prose: "I pass almost the whole day in the open air, and hold spiritual communion with the tendrils of the vine, which say good things to me, and I could tell you wonders:"† or again with that English poet who writes of himself in youth,—

The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite, a feeling, and a love.‡

But how it comes to pass that the appreciation of Nature by the poets has been so varied, and the attitude of their minds towards the same creation so utterly contradictory, can never

* Shelley, "Alastor."

† Goethe.

‡ Wordsworth.

be understood unless we take religion into account. If we trace the many-sided sympathies of man with Nature to their true source, we shall find that they all spring originally from religious sentiment, whether true or false; and consequently to try and sever the poet's study of Nature from those religious aspirations for which Dr. Dircks has so much disrelish, is something like an attempt to sever light from the sun or heat from fire.

The whole history of poetry bears abundant testimony to the inseparable union to which we have alluded. Look, in the first instance, at the attitude which is displayed towards Nature by the old pagan poets of Greece and Rome. In trying to appreciate this, we must bear in mind that these poets were nurtured in a school whose influences it is difficult at this distance of time to realize to ourselves. Not only had they scant and erroneous ideas of the physical world and its many phenomena, but they were imbued with a religious system in which the beauties and wonders of Nature were interwoven with ethical and metaphysical doctrines. No wonder then if the prevailing sentiment which coloured their poetry when Nature displayed its mysteries before them, appears to have been at first one of almost childlike awe. The early poets were giants in their way; but when they first stood in the awful presence of Nature, they seemed like children, awe-struck and bewildered. Sunrise and sunset, the storm and the thunder, the grandeur of the ocean and the magic of the moon-lit sky, the moaning of the forest and the murmurs of the mountain stream,—all these things passed before them like a gorgeous panorama which they gazed upon and marvelled at, but failed to comprehend. And the result was what might have been expected. Either they fell down and worshipped, idealizing the powers of Nature, and imagining "the fire, or the wind, or the swift air, or the circle of the stars, or the great water, or the sun and moon, to be the gods that rule the world,"* or else they fell into the opposite extreme, and seeing nothing in Nature that was intelligible to them, they gradually degraded it into a mere background for their pictures. The earliest pagan poets,—those who, so to speak, founded mythology, must evidently have taken the first view: they were Nature-worshippers. But the great classic poets, who lived in more civilized and more critical times, took the second. Nature was to them beautiful, but unintelligible, and so they restricted themselves to one single source of inspiration, viz., *Man*,—his godlike heroism, his virtue, his weakness, his suffering. The

* Wisdom xiii. 2.

very gods of classic poetry became mere men. Of this Cicero complains: "Fingebat hæc Homerus, et humana ad deos transferebat, mallet divina ad nos."* And meanwhile Nature, which they had the privilege of seeing in all its charms and watching in all its marvellous transfigurations in sunnier climes than ours, became in their eyes only a grand theatre on which men and women played out the tragedy of life. The mountain and the forest and the broad ocean were to them nothing but an imposing stage, and the storm and the rain and the sunshine, which chased each other in succession overhead, were but the ὄψις—the stage machinery—of this awful theatre, guided by dextrous but invisible agency. This is so apparent that both in Homer and Virgil, almost every allusion to Nature reads like a mere stage direction, elegantly worded perhaps, but only thrown in as a parenthesis. Take, for instance, the admired passage in the fourth book of the "*Æneid*," *et ex uno disce omnes* :—

Nox erat, et placidum carpebant fessa soporem
Corpora per terras, silvæque et sæva quierant
Æquora; quum medio volvuntur sidera lapsu,
Quum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres,
Quæque lacus late liquidos, quæque aspera dumis
Rura tenent, somno positæ sub nocte silenti:
At non infelix animi Phœnissa, &c.†

It is surely not hypercritical to call such a passage as this, graphic though it may be, a mere stage direction. "It is Night: the stars are shining: everything is at rest." That is all; for the night and the stars and the silence of the whole earth seem not to convey the slightest emotion to the heart either of the poet or of his heroes. Compare the passage for one moment from this point of view with the well-known description of the same scene by a modern poet:—

'Tis midnight: on the mountains brown
The cold round moon shines deeply down;
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light
So wildly, spiritually bright;
Who ever gazed upon them shining
And turned to earth without repining,
Nor wished for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray?‡

* "Tusc. Quæst.," i. 65.

† "*Æneid*," iv. 522.

‡ Byron, "Siege of Corinth."

And these two extremes in the attitude of the old pagans towards Nature,—the extreme of *worship* and the extreme of what we will term in the absence of a better name, *landscape-love*, is strangely but very accurately reproduced in such of our modern poets as inherit not the mere mannerisms, but the sympathies also of the ancients. These are sometimes styled the “neo-classic poets,” but it would be equally correct to term them “neo-pagans.”

Take up Milton for instance. If there ever was a poet who boldly carried the ideas, the sentiments, and we must add the beauties, of pagan thought into the sanctuary of Christianity, and robbed the sacred figures of angels and archangels, and the very Persons of the Blessed Trinity in garments borrowed from the wardrobe of Olympus, that poet was John Milton. Dr. Channing, in his brilliant but blasphemous essay on Milton, has held him up as the great opponent of the doctrine of the Divinity of the Son of God, that corner-stone of Christianity, and of that other fundamental doctrine, the Creation of the universe out of nothing, which may be said to be the starting point of revelation.* Milton no doubt was a “religious-minded man,” but so was Homer, and no impartial reader can fail to see that the religious sympathies of “Paradise Lost” are far more of a piece with those of the “Iliad” than those of the Gospel. His “Eternal Father” is only another Zeus, his “Messiah” in his chariot of flame, at whose right hand

* “Our Trinitarian adversaries are perpetually ringing in our ears the names of Fathers and Reformers. We take Milton, Locke, and Newton, and place them in our front, and want no others to oppose to the whole array of great names on the opposite side. Before these intellectual suns, the stars of self-named orthodoxy ‘hide their diminished heads.’” And further on:—“He [Milton] is totally opposed, as were most of the ancient” (i. e. Pagan) “philosophers, to the doctrine of God’s creating the universe out of nothing.”—“The Character and Writings of John Milton,” by W. E. Channing.

We beg any of our readers who may still consider it unfair to class Milton among “Pagan poets,” to recall to mind some of the many passages of which the following is a specimen. It occurs in his “Christmas Hymn”:—

“The shepherds on the lawn
Or ere the point of dawn
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row :
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below.”

This is the Miltonic version of “The Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us.” Some of our readers may recall the fierce terms in which F. Faber, while an Anglican, wrote of that “execrable rebel and heretic Milton.”—See his “Life and Letters,” by J. E. Bowden, p. 205.

Victory

Sat eagle-wing'd ; beside "whom" hung his bow
And quiver with three-bolted thunder stored,

flashes on us like another Apollo; his Satan is another Prometheus, conquered but not subdued, and his "Archangels ruined" are only the Titans over again under new names. This much by way of apology, if apology be needed, for ranking Milton among Pagan poets. And that Milton inherited one of the two Pagan views of Nature and enlisted it in his service as a mere background for his pictures, is not merely acknowledged by his greatest admirers, but even paraded as one of his leading merits. Thus Mr. St. John, the editor of his *Prose Works*, has laid it down as an axiom which he has deduced from a life-long study of his master, that "after all, landscapes" (note the word) "are only valuable as a background to human action: they are nothing in themselves. And the utter inability of mere brute matter to call forth the energies of poetry, is evident from the writings of those *doctores umbratici* who in every age have wooed the muse; their representations, like nothing in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, being but so many wild dreams, and their sentiments and language every way worthy of the matter." *

Mr. Morris is unquestionably one of the most talented of living poets. But unhappily his views are tinged with that *neo-Paganism* which so many of our poets have inherited from Milton; and we have placed his name at the head of this article because he may be regarded as the coryphæus of the whole band of living classicists. In his best work, "The Earthly Paradise," he claims for himself, at first and last, a strange and touching title:—

The idle singer of an empty day.

His songs are exquisite; graphic, melodious, and full of pathos; but in one respect at least he is truly an "idle singer." He carries his readers through the circle of the whole year: he pauses on each month, and paints it with a master's hand, and yet passes ever on, not understanding what he paints. The ever-changing scenery of heaven and earth is to him the mere drapery of a theatre: in his own words,—

The earth and heaven through countless year on year
Slow changing, were to us but curtains fair,
Hung round about a little room, where play
Weeping and laughter of man's empty day.†

* Milton's *Prose Works*, edited by J. A. St. John. Preface.

† "The Earthly Paradise:" *L'Envoy*.

And if Milton and his followers represent one Pagan school, the *landscape-school*, in their attitude toward's God's mysterious Creation, we have not far to seek to find representatives of those more primitive poets who, as they studied Nature, felt a strange spell creep over them at the wonders of the vast universe, and, in the words of Scripture, "with their beauty being delighted, took them to be gods."*

Among the number of these Nature-worshippers is the brilliant and passionate Shelley. He wrote a treatise to disprove the existence of God: he degraded humanity by moral doctrines that are simply revolting; and by a conclusion that has at least the merit of being true to his premisses, he fixed his heart on the grandest thing that remained to him, and bowed down in worship to the Visible Creation. In his poem of "Alastor," which is still sublime in its deformity, he has poured out his tribute of worship to Nature with something of the inspiration of a Sibyl:—

Mother of this unfathomable world !
Favour my solemn song, for I have loved
Thee ever and thee only ; I have watch'd
Thy shadow, and the darkness of thy steps,
And my heart ever gazes on the depths
Of thy deep mysteries. . . .

In lone and silent hours,
When night makes a weird sound of its own stillness,
Like an inspired and desperate alchymist
Staking his very life on some dark hope,
Have I mix'd awful talk and asking looks
With my most innocent love, until strange tears
Uniting with those breathless kisses, made
Such magic as compels the charmed night
To render up thy charge : and though ne'er yet
Thou hast unveil'd thy inmost sanctuary,
Enough from incommunicable dream,
And twilight phantasms, and deep noonday thought
Has shown within me, that serenely now
I wait thy breath, Great Parent, that my strain
May modulate with murmurs of the air,
And motions of the forest and the sea,
And voice of living beings, and woven hymns
Of night and day, and the deep heart of man.†

Many centuries ago, a far more acute philosopher than Shelley was tempted on by the beauty of Nature to seek God

* Wisdom xiii. 3.

† Alastor, 18.

where he did. But with a far different result. "I asked the earth," he tells us, "and it said, 'tis not I.' And all things therein confessed the same. I asked the sea and the deeps and the living things thereof, and they answered, 'We are not thy God; seek higher above us.' I asked the fleeting air above, and the whole region of it with its inhabitants cried out, 'Anaximenes is mistaken, I am not God.' I asked the heavens, the sun, the moon, the stars; 'Neither are we,' said they, 'the God whom thou seekest.' And I said to all these things which stand around the doors of my flesh, 'You have told me concerning my God that you are not He; give me at least some tidings of Him.' And they all cried out with a loud voice: '*It is He that made us.*' My asking was my considering them, and their answering was the beauty I discovered in them."*

Happy would it have been if every similar questioner could have caught the whisper of the same answer.

How far Lord Byron and other modern poets belong to the same school as Shelley, we do not stop to inquire. As for Byron himself, all through his poetry he is a brilliant inconsistency,—“all things by turn and nothing long.” At times he writes like a pure Pagan; at others, by an apparent recoil from his own extravagance, he gives utterance to the highest and purest aspirations of Christianity. But we imagine that any reader who should try to form a consistent opinion of him from the predominant spirit of his poetry without any extraneous aid of biography, would set him down as a *giaour* or a corsair, without sufficient humility to worship anything.

But let us go a step further in investigating the relations of Nature-poetry to religion.

Between the two extremes of Milton's mere *landscape-love* and Shelley's *worship*, there is, it seems to us, a middle attitude of mind towards the glorious universe that surrounds us, which is the result of a just knowledge of the relationship of visible Nature to God, on the one hand, and to man, on the other. Nature is not without mysteries. To some men, indeed, nothing is probable unless it appeals to their own trumpery experience. Yet there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in most men's philosophy. And if this is true of the physical side of Nature, it is no less so of the æsthetic side. To rank Nature as a divinity is a gross falsehood: yet there are no falsehoods in the world that do not cover up and usurp the place of some truths which they resemble; and it may be laid down as an axiom that though an error may be crushed, it can never be genuinely confuted without uncovering

* S. Augustini Confess., x. 6.

the sacred truth which lies hidden at its centre. If men therefore have been found to worship Nature, depend upon it there is something more mysterious in

Earth, ocean, air,—beloved brotherhood,

than matter-of-fact men may choose to believe. A chain of reasoning which has resulted in a false conclusion, may yet have started from a true principle; and its whole miscarriage may be due to ignorance or misconception, which has introduced one false link somewhere in the chain. And this will abundantly account for the false conclusion whereby, from the mystery and grandeur of Nature, it has come to be worshipped as God. To the old Greeks and Romans, Nature was necessarily a beautiful enigma. Its origin, its plan, its destiny were as obscure as the processes of its action, or the laws of its motion. The winds obeyed one master, and the ocean another, while the thunderbolt was the prerogative of a third. Thus there was no unity in creation. The fixed stars, changeless in their relative positions, and the five planets that moved among them "in mystic dance," were self-existent and eternal fires, or deities that presided over man, or the mysterious fountains of human life.* That Nature was in some sense at war with man, that it lacked something that was needed to its perfection, was evident at a glance. Poets sighed for a better age, in which Nature should be reconciled to man. Of that visionary age they sang:—

Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones.
Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
Occidet. †

But this derangement in Nature, this discord in the universal harmony of things, was only another mystery to them. And as it had no explanation, so it had no meaning. Thus Nature was to them a sealed book, of which they saw the bare outside, the mere binding, so to speak, and it was beautiful; but to open it, and to turn its pages, and to study it, and to love it with a sympathizing love because they felt the meaning of its teachings, was beyond them. ‡

* Even Cicero, who rejects so many fables, has left us the following: "Hisque" (i.e. hominibus) "animus datus est ex illis sempiternis ignibus quæ sidera et stellas vocatis, quæ globosæ et rotundæ, divinis animatæ mentibus, circulos suos orbesque conficiunt celeritate mirabili," etc. ("Somnium Scip.")

† Virgil, *Ecl.* iv.

‡ We are reminded here of Drummond's exquisite sonnet, "The Lessons of Nature," which we are glad to see has found a place in Mr. Palgrave's

But Christianity has poured a flood of light upon all things. It has opened out to view new fields of knowledge, lit up the dark windings of many labyrinths, and shed its clear light on the dark side of many mysteries. And one of the mysteries on which this light has fallen is Nature. What the learning of Egypt, and the patient watchfulness of the Chaldean, and the keen intelligence of the Greek failed to fathom, this new light has made manifest to the world. We know now certain truths connected with the Visible Creation which, to the ages of pagan antiquity, were thoroughly unknown and unsuspected; and these truths, when once known, explain abundantly the strange charm which its beauties work upon the mind of man. That there is some such strange charm which needs explanation, we must all confess. We must all have been conscious at times of that strange mixture of sadness and awe which steals upon us in the presence of the calm ocean, or the still midnight, or the summer twilight, like "the unspoken language of another world,"—which makes us feel an actual sympathy with the great Universe around us, and yet we know not how, or why.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around,—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
Comes a still voice :—*

or in the words of another poet,—

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture in the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less, but Nature more

"Golden Treasury" (LVIII.) In the *major* of the sonnet, the world is likened to a "fair volume," in which "he who turns the leaves with care" may read of God : the *minor* runs as follows :—

"But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleased with coloured vellum, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribands, leaving what is best,
On the Great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold.
Or if by chance we stay our mind on aught
It is some picture on the margin wrought."

* Bryant, "Thanatopsis."

From these her interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
*What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.**

Let us see what Christianity has taught us about Nature to solve this world-old riddle.

It has taught us *two* truths. It has taught us in the first instance that the Visible World is a mirror in which—faintly, it is true, but faithfully—is reflected the image of the Creator,—His Unity, His Immensity, His Beauty.

And it has told us further that the Visible Creation has been linked into a strangely intimate union with man by Him who created both,—so intimate indeed that Nature has even participated in the Fall of man, by which

Disproportion'd sin
 Jarr'd against Nature's chime, and with harsh din
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made
 To their great Lord.

Moreover, Visible Nature still participates in the mysterious punishment of man's transgression, and is waiting to be transfigured and to regain its perfection when regenerated man shall regain his.

S. Paul, who has left so few points of Christian doctrine unhandled, has clearly touched upon each of these two mysteries. That the Visible Creation is in some sort a mirror of God's majesty he tells us in so many words. For, speaking of the Almighty's manifestation of Himself to man, he has these words: "His eternal power and Godhead, though they be invisible, yet are seen ever since the world was made, being understood by His works, that they [who despised Him] might have no excuse." †

And on the second and more startling doctrine,—that of the union of Nature with man in a brotherhood of punishment, of hope, and of future restoration,—a union which unconsciously weaves the tenderest ties of sympathy between sinful man and suffering Nature, S. Paul is equally explicit. "The longing of the Creation," he says, "looks eagerly for the time when the glory of the sons of God shall be revealed. For the Creation also was made subject to decay, ‡ not by its own will, but

* Byron, "Childe Harold."

† In this and the following quotation we use Mr. Conybeare's translation as representing the argumentative sense rather than the exact words of the Apostle. ("Life and Epistles of S. Paul," chap. xix.)

‡ Vulgate "to vanity."

because of Him who subjected it thereto in hope: for the Creation itself also shall be delivered from its slavery unto death, and shall gain the freedom of the sons of God when they are glorified. For we know that the whole Creation is groaning together and suffering the pangs of labour which have not yet brought forth the birth."*

On this remarkable passage, S. Chrysostom comments as follows:—"What is meant by this, 'the Creature is made subject to vanity'? It means that it has become corruptible. And why? On account of thee, O man, for thou hast assumed a body subject to death and pain, and the earth has received a curse and brought forth briers. . . . But you may exclaim, What? Is the earth cursed and rendered corruptible on my account? Yes, truly: yet for all that it is not [permanently] injured, for on thy account also it shall hereafter be rendered incorruptible once more. This is the meaning of those words, 'in hope.'"[†]

Here then we see laid bare before us by Christianity the two secret springs of that solemn influence which Nature exerts over man, and which causes the true poet's heart

Ever to beat in mystic sympathy
With Nature's ebb and flow.

To some indeed it may seem that to seek in such deep religious truths the explanation of what they may conceive to be mere poetical sensibility, is fanciful and far-fetched. But if any deliberately think this, it is because they take but a shallow view of the true scope and meaning of poetry. The true poet is not a mere "builder of lofty rhyme,"—one skilled to enchant the ear with the "linked sweetness" of harmonious words, or to weave strange legends into harmonious verse, any more than he is a mere word-painter of physical Nature, as Dr. Dircks

* Romans viii. 19, et seq.

† Τι ἐστὶ, Τὴ ματαιότητι ἡ κτίσις ὑπεταγῇ; φθαρτὴ γέγονε. Τίνος ἐνεκεν καὶ διὰ τί; Διὰ σε τὸν ἄνθρωπον. Ἐπεὶ γὰρ σῶμα ἐλάβες θνητὸν καὶ παθητὸν, καὶ ἡ γῆ καταραν ἐδέξατο καὶ ἀκανθὰς καὶ τριβόλους. . . . Τι λέγεις, φησί; κακῶς ἐπάθε διὰ σε καὶ φθαρτὴ γέγονεν; Ἀλλ' οὐδὲν ἠδίκηται καὶ γὰρ ἀφθαρτὸς ἐστὶ διὰ σε πάλιν· τοῦτο γὰρ ἐστὶ τὸ, Ἐπ' ἐλπίδι. (Chrysost. : In Epist. ad Rom. Homil. xiv. ε.) Compare S. Jerome's words on the text of Habacuc, "Elevatus est sol, et luna stetit in ordine suo." He writes: "Quia enim creatura liberabitur a servitute corruptionis in libertatem gloriæ filiorum Dei, quæ nunc vanitati subjectum est, propter eum qui subiecit eum in spem libertatis, cum in consummatione mundi omnis creatura fuerit liberata, liberabitur et sol et luna, et in suo stabunt ordine." (Hieron. in Abacuc. cap. 3. Ed. Ben. v. 652.) This renovation of nature is frequently alluded to in Scripture; v.g. 2 Peter iii. and Apoc. xxi. 5.

would have us believe.* He has an office far higher and more sublime. The true poet is one whose thoughts are deeper than his fellow-men's, and the yearnings and aspirations of whose heart are keener and more divine;—one too who can force into human words an echo at least of some of the deep harmonies which make music in the depths of his own soul. We say, *of some*; for De Quincey says well that *all* thoughts have not words corresponding to them; many of them in our imperfectly developed nature can never express themselves in acts, but must lie, appreciable by God only, like the silent melodies of a musician's heart, never to roll forth from harp or organ. The poets, in the words of an earnest writer,† are a kindred race with the prophets "whose lips the cherubim have touched with fire from the altar." If this is not a true description, if the poet is a mere teller of quaint tales and dreamer of strange dreams,—if he is really and truly nothing better than

The idle singer of an empty day,

then away with him!—let Plato's advice be followed and banish him from our republic. But in reality every age has seen the connection between poetry and religion and has recognized the sacred office of the poets. Cicero, after Ennius, calls them *holy*, and says that they are among men as the special gift of the gods.‡ In a late publication, an Oxford Professor of Poetry has done full justice to the high source of their inspiration. "Different," he says, "as are the forms which at different times poetry has put on, they seem for the most part to be derived from one single source,—that dissatisfaction I mean with what is present and close at hand, which is one of Nature's silent promises to the heart, one stimulus to the advancement of our race, one evidence of the abiding greatness of man. Even when the poet plunges headlong into lower elements, and prostitutes his genius by investing frivolous pleasures or animal passions with his draperies of beauty and grace, it is but an angry recoil from the pressure of the Infinite,—the 'desire of

* "The great charm of poetry of a high order is its peculiar power of presenting in a novel and pleasing form phases of Nature previously unobserved and comparatively unseen." ("Nature-Study," p. 44.)

† J. A. St. John.

‡ "Atqui sic a summis hominibus eruditissimisque accepimus, cæterarum rerum studia et doctrinâ et præceptis et arte constare; poetam naturâ ipsâ valere, et mentis viribus excitari, et quasi divino quodam spiritu inflari. Quare, suo jure, noster ille Ennius sanctos appellat poetas, quod quasi deorum aliquo dono atque munere commendati nobis esse videantur." (Cic., Orat. pro Archiâ.)

the moth for the star,' driven back upon itself, and maddened by its bitter disappointment." * The same thought inspires the "Poet's Song" of Tennyson:—

The nightingale thought, "I have sung many songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away":

and in the "Holy Grail" the same poet speaks of

The sacred madness of the bard
When God makes music through him.

Naturally, therefore, we connect poetry with religion. And when we take into account the two great revelations which the Christian religion has made to us concerning the visible world, we naturally expect to find that the attitude of Christian poetry towards Nature may be summed up in two words,—*Reverence* and *Sympathy*:—*Reverence*, because in Nature, the God of Nature is dimly visible; and *Sympathy*, because there are such intimate bonds of fellowship between Nature and ourselves. And we venture to assert without fear of contradiction that this *à priori* expectation is fully realized in those poets whom neither the influences of an extinct paganism nor the still stronger influences of a living infidelity have carried aside out of the grand high-road of truth.

We should have to overload the page with quotations if we desired to illustrate this;—and unnecessarily, for no one, we are sure, who is familiar with such poets as Wordsworth and Longfellow will question it. Nay, even in some of the songs of paganism, we fancy that we can catch the low tones of instinctive sympathy and reverence, faintly heard amid the loud and sometimes discordant notes of wilder music. We might point perhaps to that beautiful passage in Homer, in which the fall of the autumn leaves forces on the poet the thought of that decay which is common to ourselves and them:—

Οἷη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.
Φύλλα τὰ μὲν τ' ἀνεμος χαμάδις χεῖ, ἄλλα δὲ θ' ἔλη
Τηλεθόωσα φύει, ἱάρος δ' ἐπιγίγνεται ὥρη
Ὡς ἀνδρῶν γενεή, ἣ μὲν φύει, ἣ δ' ἀπολήγει. †

Or to those many passages in which Horace's sensitive mind broods sadly over the same thoughts:—

Immortalia ne speres, monet annus et alium
Quæ rapit hora diem. ‡

* "Lectures on Poetry," by Sir F. H. Doyle, p. 23.

† Iliad, Z. 146.

‡ Horatii Carm. iv. 7.

But in these poets such passages are the exception, in Christian poets the rule. And the office of the Christian poet in his relation to Nature does not stop here: it extends even further still. For all men, in fact, when gazing on the beauties and the terrors of Nature are sensible at times of those deep emotions, which Christianity enables us to recognize as instinctive reverence and instinctive sympathy. For all men have something of the poet in their composition.* But the true Christian poets have a still higher faculty. They are the Prophets of Nature. They stand between Nature and their fellow-men, as of old the prophets stood between God and His people. They are Nature's *Interpreters*. Thus a living writer has said truly that by the keen perception of the poets, "the delicate mysteries of Nature come to be unveiled and recognized"; and again that "the passion of the poet detects and brings to light the secret analogies between the visible and invisible worlds, and shapes them into song."† And one of the poets has written of himself,—

To me be Nature's volume broad display'd;
And to peruse its all-instructing page,
Or haply catching inspiration thence,
Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate,
My sole delight.‡

Even we little men cannot stand in the presence of Nature, without—in the laughing words of Dickens—"feeling unutterable things." At others we may sometimes smile ourselves, but are we not all conscious of this feeling in our own breasts? Is there not a language in the ocean and the forests and the storm—an unspoken something—that we half understand and can find no words for?—which makes us cry out,

What are the wild waves saying
In their eternal roar?

It is like the handwriting on the wall of Baltassar's banquet-hall; it needs some wise man to interpret it. There it is; but what it means is a mystery. And the poets are Nature's seers. To them is given the mystic power to "read the writing and to show the interpretation thereof." In this indeed lies the great distinction between the true poets of Nature and those

* This thought is strikingly developed by Hazlitt in his Lectures on the English poets: Introductory Lecture.

† Quoted by Dr. Dircks as specimens of meaningless platitudes.

‡ Thomson.

elegant verse-makers (often ladies) who love so much to compose sonnets and epigrams on the ocean, and the brook, and the violet, and who write so many pretty lines that mean nothing, and begin with *O!* These are the people who bring the love of Nature into discredit. But we may lay it down as a law, that however much *sensibility* to Nature a writer may possess, he can never be a true Nature-poet without the power of interpretation.

One of the grandest and truest fragments of Nature-poetry in our language is the well-known passage on the ocean, which occurs at the end of "Childe Harold." What could be nobler than this single stanza?—

Thou glorious mirror where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving ; boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity,—the throne
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone

Obeys thee : thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone !

In this and the preceding stanzas we have not merely the indistinct sensation that we must all have experienced at the sight of the "dark and deep-blue ocean," photographed, as it were, by a skilled artist, but we see the poet standing before us in the character of an interpreter, translating into human words the mystic language of the sea. This is the true poetry of Nature.

In the above example the poet forces us to look on that side of Nature which claims the *reverence* of man ; but there are still more difficult passages in Nature's volume to be interpreted ; we mean those half-inaudible whisperings which at times thrill through our souls when the face of Nature is "soft and still and colourless," filling us with a gentle sadness :—

Sympathies
More tranquil, yet perhaps of kindred birth,
That steal upon the meditative mind
And grow with thought.*

Seldom indeed can these low whisperings be grasped even by the poet so firmly as to be imprisoned in song, for even the greatest can say no more than Shakespeare's "Soothsayer,"—

In Nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.

* Wordsworth.

And yet at times this has been attempted, and sometimes with success.

Nature, then, rightly read, is full of religion; so full indeed that not only have ill-disciplined minds mistaken it for God, but we occasionally meet with profound and religious thinkers, who are unable to credit that this marvellous world is made up of mere brute matter, and who, while they reject the old heretical doctrine of an *anima mundi*, yet seek in some supernatural theory a solution of the world's mysteries. Thus Dr. Newman, whose acuteness is beyond the questioning of criticism, has always believed and taught that visible phenomena are a mere cloak hiding the invisible agency of Angelic spirits. In his Anglican sermon on "The Powers of Nature," he speaks thus:—

I do not pretend to say that we are told in Scripture what Matter is, but I affirm that as our souls move our bodies, be our bodies what they may, so there are Spiritual Intelligences that move those wonderful and vast portions of the Natural World which seem to be inanimate; and as the gestures, speech, and expressive countenances of our friends around us enable us to hold intercourse with them, so in the motions of universal Nature, in the interchange of day and night, summer and winter, wind and storm fulfilling His word, we are reminded of the blessed and dutiful angels. . . . Every breath of air and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect, is, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God in heaven.

And then he asks what would be the thoughts of a man who "when examining a flower, or a herb, or a pebble, or a ray of light, which he treats as something so beneath him in the scale of existence, suddenly discovered that he was in the presence of some powerful being who was hidden beneath the visible things he was inspecting, who, though concealing his wise hand, was giving them their beauty, grace, and perfection, as being God's instrument for the purpose, nay whose robe and ornaments these wondrous objects were."* And in another place he writes:—

All that we see is destined to burst forth into heavenly bloom, and to be transfigured into immortal glory. In that day shadows will retire, and the substance show itself. . . . Above and below, the clouds of the air, the trees of the field, the waters of the great deep will be found impregnated with the forms of everlasting spirits, the servants of God which do His pleasure.†

* "Parochial Sermons," vol. ii.

† *Ibid.*, vol. iv. p. 223. In his "Apologia," Dr. Newman ascribes this belief of his to the influence of the Alexandrian school.

Sir Francis Doyle in lecturing on this subject, sums up Dr. Newman's views in the following words:—

He scarce believes in any rose, in any actual rainbow ; the stars themselves are little better than phantom lights, visionary flashings of that great dream, woven between the soul and God, which men agree here to call, for the moment, our visible and material universe.

We have no design of criticising at present this spiritual view of Nature: we allude to it only to strengthen the position which we have assumed in opposition to such writers as Dr. Dircks, that Nature-study and Nature-poetry are pre-eminently religious, and, as a necessary consequence, replete with mystery. As for Dr. Newman's particular view, true or false, it is no invention of his. It seems to have been half-professed by F. Faber,* and certainly can be traced far back into Christian antiquity. Some may think they see a confirmation of this view in those Canticles of Sacred Scripture in which, as in the Canticle of the Three Children, the sun and moon and stars are all called upon by name to praise the Lord. The reader may also recall the curious hymn of S. Francis of Assisi,† which may seem to imply the same belief.‡ But without passing any opinion on it as a theory, it serves to prove how deeply Nature is pervaded by religion. The study of Nature belongs to two departments of human thought, Science and Poetry, one having regard to the physical aspect of visible Creation, the other to the æsthetic: and in one respect at least Science and Poetry are in harmony;—we mean in bearing witness to the close connection between Nature and Religion. Shallow men indeed are fond of crying out that science is a dangerous thing, and one that leads away from God; but in reality, properly understood, it is a study little less than sacred. And in the same manner it is often asserted that the poetical side of Nature too is calculated to ensnare man by its beauty and mislead the heart; but surely it is not hard

To look through Nature up to Nature's God.

Those who can see nothing in the vast and awful Universe but

* See "Blessed Sacrament," note, p. 344, 2nd edit.

† A translation may be found in "The Life and Labours of S. Thomas of Aquin," by Prior Vaughan, i. 82.

‡ We may also remind the reader that Catholic theology holds that there is a very intimate connection between the Angelic powers and the material universe. S. Thomas of Aquin says, "Omnia corporalia reguntur per angelos." (*Summa I. q. 110.*) And S. Augustine's sentence is often quoted: "Unaquæque res visibilis in hoc mundo habet angelicam potestatem sibi præpositam." (*Quæst.*, lib. lxxxiii. quæst. 79.)

a landscape or a panorama, as well as those who run into the opposite extreme and mistake God's handiwork for God Himself, have only themselves to blame. Nature's teachings, if duly studied, are faithful, and true, and holy; and therefore it is well written—in spite of all the blasphemies which have been uttered in her name—that

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her.

ART. III.—MR. MILL ON THE FOUNDATION OF MORALITY.

An Essay in aid of a Grammar of Assent. By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D., of the Oratory. London: Burns, Oates, & Co.

Dissertations and Discussions. By JOHN STUART MILL. London: J. W. Parker.

Utilitarianism. By JOHN STUART MILL. London: Longmans.

The Emotions and the Will. Chap. XV.: The Moral Sense. By ALEXANDER BAIN, A.M. London: J. W. Parker.

IN our last number we argued against Mr. Mill, that mathematical truths possess the attribute of "necessity"; and in the present article we are to argue against him, that *moral* truths also are of the same kind. We have done important service, we consider, in our October article, not only towards the particular conclusion there advocated, but towards the conclusion also which we are now to maintain. The doctrine that there are truths possessing that very singular quality expressed by the term "necessary"—this doctrine is *a priori* both so startling, and also pregnant with consequences so momentous, that the philosopher may well require absolutely irresistible evidence, before he will accept it. This was our reason for placing mathematical truths in the very front of our controversial position; because they afford so much less room than others for confusion and equivocalness, that their "necessary" character is on that account more irresistibly evident. When the philosopher is once obliged to admit that there *are* propositions of this character, it is a matter of comparative detail *which* they are.

This therefore is the position of advantage, from which we approach our present theme.

But from another point of view, we are *less* favourably circumstanced in our present than in our former undertaking. There is no difference of opinion worth mentioning as to what those propositions *are* which are called mathematical axioms: and there are only therefore two possible alternatives; viz. whether those axioms are, or are not, self-evidently necessary. All phenomenists are on one side, and all objectivists as a matter of course on the other. But those who hold most strongly the "necessary" character of moral science, differ nevertheless importantly from each other, as to what are those axioms on which the science is founded. Whatever theory we adopt, we must necessarily have for our opponents, not only all phenomenists, but a large number of objectivists also. Even among Catholics, there are some subordinate differences on the subject; and before we enter on our reply to Mr. Mill, there are three little matters of domestic controversy which we must briefly consider, in order to make clear the precise position which is to be our controversial stand-point.

The first of these relates to a phrase, which we have more than once used in this REVIEW. We are here assuming for the moment, what we are afterwards to defend against Mr. Mill, that there are certain moral axioms intuitively known: * and we have frequently used the phrase "moral faculty," to express that mental faculty whereby such axioms are cognized. F. Liberatore (*Ethica*, n. 32) understands this phrase to imply, that moral truths are not discerned by the intellect and reason, but assumed by blind propension and instinct. With great deference to so distinguished a writer, we must nevertheless say that this seems to us a complete misapprehension of Reid's and Hutcheson's meaning; and it is certainly removed to the greatest possible degree from our own. By the phrase "moral faculty" we mean neither more nor less (as we have said) than the power, which resides in man's intellect, of cognizing moral axioms with self-evident certitude. For various reasons, it seems to us of extreme importance that attention should be carefully fixed on this power; and we think it very desirable therefore to give it a special name.†

* By the term "axioms" are here meant "self-evidently necessary truths." See our article in July, 1869, on "Philosophical axioms."

† It may be worth while also to cite Liberatore's own statement—"hominem individuum universamque societatem ad perfectionem moralem jugiter amplificandam *vi nature incitari*, atque ideo typo quodam honestatis *in animis insculpto* gaudere, quo dijudicet quibus defectibus liberari et quibus bonis augeri debeat." (Introductio ad *Ethicam*, art. iii.)

F. Newman habitually uses the word "conscience," to express substantially the same thing; nor could any word be better adapted to the purpose, so far as regards the ordinary usage of Englishmen. Our own difficulty in so using it arises from the circumstance, that the word "conscientia" has a theological sense, importantly different from F. Newman's, and yet not so far removed from it as to prevent real danger of one being confused with the other. The theological word "conscientia" does not commonly express an intellectual power or *habit*; but an existing *declaration* of the intellect, as to the morality (*hic et nunc*) of this or that particular act: and so one hears of a "correct" or an "erroneous," of a "certain" or a "doubtful" conscience. Then again, and more importantly, its office is the cognition, not so much of moral *axioms* as of moral *conclusions*: and the first premisses too on which it proceeds, are not merely moral axioms, but include God's positive precepts, the Church's interpretation of the Divine Law, and the Church's positive commands. We cannot then but think it will be more conducive to clearness, if we avoid using this word in F. Newman's sense.

We now proceed to our second preliminary. It is a very prominent doctrine of F. Newman's, that "conscience" testifies emphatically God's existence. And very many Catholic writers hold (as will be presently seen) that whenever reason notifies to me the intrinsic turpitude of this or that act, it thereupon notifies to me the existence of some Supreme Legislator, who forbids it. This doctrine however may be advocated, in two essentially different senses.

On the one hand it may merely be alleged, that whenever reason notifies to me the intrinsic moral turpitude of this or that act, it further notifies, by most prompt and immediate consequence, the prohibition of that act by some Supreme Legislator. We incline to think that such is F. Newman's meaning. At all events we ourselves heartily accept this doctrine, and are to maintain it in the course of our present article.

But on the other hand it may be alleged, that the idea itself—"moral turpitude,"—is either identical with, or includes, that of "prohibition by a Supreme Legislator." We cannot assent to such a proposition. We accept S. Ignatius's teaching in the "Spiritual Exercises," that evil acts possess a "*foeditas et nequitia*" of their own, "*ex natura sua, vel si prohibita non essent.*" We follow Suarez in holding, that they would be "*mala, peccata, culpabilia,*" even if (per impossibile) there existed no law strictly so called forbidding them. We follow Vasquez, Bellarmine, Lessius, and other eminent theologians, in their use

of similar expressions.* We are not here arguing against those excellent Catholics who think otherwise:† we are but explaining the position we shall assume, in this part of our controversy against Mr. Mill.

Thirdly the question has been raised among Catholics, whether there can be *obligation*, properly so called, apart from man's knowledge of a Supreme Legislator. So far as this question is distinct from the preceding, it seems to us purely verbal. If, by saying that act A is of obligation, you only mean that its omission would be culpable and sinful,—we hold (consistently with our previous remarks) that there may be true obligation, without reference to a Legislator's prohibition. So F. Chastel (Dr. Ward, p. 482) says "there would still remain *moral obligation*, real duty; though one made abstraction of God and religion." On the other hand, if the term be understood as implying the correlative act of a Legislator who obliges, of course there can be no obligation without full means of knowing such a Legislator.

Without further delay, let us set forth the precise issue which we are to join with Mr. Mill. There is a large number of cognizable truths, which may be expressed in one or other of the following shapes. "Act A is morally good"; "act B is morally bad"; act C is morally better than act D." All these, it will be seen, are but different shapes, in which emerges the one fundamental idea called "moral goodness." We will call such judgments therefore "moral judgments"; and the truths cognized in them "moral truths."‡ Our allegation against Mr. Mill is, that a certain number § of these truths are cognized as

* A considerable number of passages to this effect have been cited by Dr. Ward, in his "Philosophical Introduction," from the most eminent Catholic theologians and philosophers, including the expressions mentioned in the text (pp. 429-490). Since that work was published, the phrase used in it—"independent morality"—has been adopted by some French infidels to express certain tenets, which we consider to be as philosophically despicable as they are morally detestable. But the phrase had not been dirtied, to his knowledge at least, when Dr. Ward used it. F. Chastel, S.J. (Dr. Ward, p. 481) raises the question, whether "there is a moral law *independently* of all Divine Law," and proceeds to answer it in the affirmative. Suarez (ib. p. 433) says, "*dictamina rationis naturalis, in quibus hæc lex [naturalis] consistit, sunt intrinsecè necessaria et independentia ab omni voluntate etiam Divinâ.*"

† Dr. Ward has done so in his "Philosophical Introduction," pp. 78-90.

‡ We need hardly say that a "moral judgment" may be *mistaken*; and that in that case there is *no* corresponding "moral truth."

§ "'Parentes cole'; 'Deo convenientem cultum exhibe'; 'rationem sensibus ne subicias'; et *alia innumera generis ejusdem.*" (Liberatore, n. 80.)

self-evidently necessary. These we call "moral axioms." Mr. Mill admits of course that moral judgments are very frequently elicited; but, denying as he does the existence of *any* necessary truths, he denies inclusively that there are *moral* truths self-evidently necessary. The ground which he often seems to take is, that no moral judgments are *intuitions*, but that all are *inferences*; though these inferences, he would add, are so readily and imperceptibly drawn, as to be most naturally and almost inevitably mistaken for intuitions.

That we may bring this vital question to a distinct issue, it is highly important to dwell at starting on the fundamental idea "moral goodness." There is probably no psychical fact, so pregnant with momentous consequences in the existing state of philosophy, as man's possession of this idea. Very many philosophers hold, that it is complex, and resolvable accordingly into simpler elements; we contend earnestly and confidently that it is simple.

The strong bias of our opinion is, that Mr. Mill (as we shall explain in a later part of our article) so far agrees with ourselves; though his *expression* of doctrine would no doubt be importantly different. It is very possible however that the case may be otherwise; and that he may regard the idea before us as consisting of simpler elements. In that case he must consistently say, that "morally good," as applied to human acts, means neither more nor less than "conducive to general enjoyment." Provisionally therefore we shall assume this as Mr. Mill's position.

Now this is an issue, one would think, which must admit of speedy and definitive decision: for there is perhaps no one idea which so constantly meets one at every turn, whether in literature or conversation, as that of "morally good" with its correlatives. "I am bound to do what I am paid for doing"; "how conscientious a man H is!"; "K behaved in that matter with much more uprightness than L"; "M is an undeniable scoundrel"; "no praise can be too great for N's disinterested benevolence and self-sacrifice"; "whatever God commands, men of course are bound to do." At this moment we are in no way concerned with the truth or falsehood of such propositions, but exclusively with their *meaning*. Our readers will see at once, that these judgments, and a thousand others of daily occurrence, contain unmistakably the idea "morally good," under different aspects; and if they consider the matter with any care they will further see, that this idea is as distinct from the idea "conducive to general enjoyment," as any one can possibly be from any other. This is the proposition, which we now wish to illustrate and establish.

Take the last instance we gave: "whatever God commands, a man is bound to do"; or, in other words, "whatever God commands, a man acts morally ill in failing to do." Does the Theist mean by this judgment, that the individual's disobedience to God *militates against general enjoyment*? This latter statement may or may not be true; but it is no more equivalent to the former, than it is to a geometrical axiom. Or let us take such a case as would be most favourable to Mr. Mill's argument; the case of one whom he would regard as among the greatest benefactors of his species. "How noble," Mr. Mill would say, "was the self-sacrificing generosity of Howard the philanthropist!" Would he merely mean by this, that Howard's generosity *conduced immensely to general enjoyment*? He would be the first indignantly to disclaim so poor an interpretation of his words. By the term "noble" then, or "morally good," Mr. Mill means much more than "conducive to general enjoyment."

But the particular idea—"moral evil"—deserves our especial consideration, as exhibiting in clearest light the peculiar character of moral judgments. Take any very obvious case of wickedness. Consider, e.g., the judgment elicited by David concerning his own past course of action, when Nathan had said to him "Thou art the man." Or suppose I had been guilty of such conduct in an exaggerated shape, as that ascribed to Lord Bacon (truly or falsely) by Lord Macaulay. A politician of high and unblemished moral character, with whose political principles I am heartily in accordance, has admitted me to his friendship and trusted me with his dearest secrets. I find however, as time goes on, that my best chance of advancement lies in attaching myself to the opposite side. Filled with passionate desire for such advancement, I make political capital by disclosing my friend's confidences to his opponents; and I embark heartily in a course of political enterprise, which has for its end his ruin. As I am about to reap the worldly fruit of my labours, I am seized with a violent illness: and in the tedious hours of slow recovery, I "enter into myself," to use the expression of ascetical writers; I judge, that my successive acts have been "morally evil," "wicked," "sinful." I judge, as a consequence of this, that I have rendered myself worthy of punishment; that if there be a Moral Governor of the Universe, He views my conduct with detestation; &c. &c. We are not at this moment alleging that these various judgments are true, but only considering their correct analysis. And surely Mr. Mill will not on reflection maintain, that when I am pondering on the moral turpitude of my past conduct, I am in fact merely thinking of its evil effects on general enjoyment. Doubtless, when I reflect on the malitia of having supported a political

cause which I deem unsound, I base this malitia greatly on the evil which I have thereby tried to inflict on my country; but I base it also in part on the *concomitant* judgment, that to inflict such injury is intrinsically evil. And when I reflect on the malitia of my ingratitude, and of my having perfidiously violated my friend's confidence,—in all probability the question does not ever so distantly present itself, whether general enjoyment is promoted or retarded by such practices.

We are arguing against the theory which we provisionally ascribe to Mr. Mill; viz., that the idea "morally good" is equivalent with the idea "conducive to general enjoyment." But it seems to us that this whole matter may be clenched, so as to render all evasion impossible. If this theory were true, it would be a simply *tautologous** proposition to say, that "conduct, known by the agent as adverse to general enjoyment, is morally evil." This proposition, we say, would be as simply tautologous, as the proposition that "two mutual friends desire each other's well-being"; or the proposition, that "a hard substance resists muscular pressure." These two latter propositions are really tautologous: for a desire of each other's well-being is expressed by the *very term* "mutual friends"; and "resistance to muscular pressure" is expressed by the *very term* "hard substance." Now it is an evident logical truth, that the contradictory of a tautologous proposition is simply unmeaning; because its predicate denies that very thing, which its subject affirms. (See "Mill on Hamilton," p. 92.) "There are two mutual friends of my acquaintance, who do not desire each other's well-being";—"some hard substances I have met with, do not resist muscular pressure";—for any *meaning* that such propositions convey, we might even better (to use Mr. Mill's illustration) say that "every Humpty Dumpty is an Abracadabra." Let us look again then at the proposition, that "conduct, known by the agent as adverse to general enjoyment, is morally evil." If this proposition were tautologous, its contradictory would be unmeaning; it would be simply *unmeaning* to say, that "some conduct, known by the agent as adverse to general enjoyment, may be morally good." Will Mr. Mill *himself* say that this is unmeaning? On the contrary, the energetic protest, with which he would encounter its enunciation, sufficiently evinces how clearly he apprehends its tenour.

Indeed Mr. Mill himself, in a very remarkable passage which

* An able writer in the "Spectator" has criticised our use of the word "tautologous" in our last number. Our readers will see his remarks, with our reply, among the "Notices" at the end of our number.

we shall quote at length before we conclude, contradicts the doctrine which we are here opposing. He says in effect, that it would be morally better for all mankind to undergo eternal torment, than to worship such or such a being, whom he imagines and describes. Now most certainly eternal torment, endured by all mankind, is *less conducive to general enjoyment*, than would be the worship of such a being; and Mr. Mill does not therefore consider "morally good" as synonymous with "conducive to general enjoyment."

Arguments entirely similar to those which we have here given, would equally suffice to disprove any *other* analysis which might be attempted, of the idea "morally good":* and we conclude therefore, that this idea is simple and incapable of analysis.

We are now in a position, to consider satisfactorily the direct point at issue: the self-evident necessity of certain moral truths. Let us go back to the moral judgments on which we have already dwelt; the moral judgments, elicited on his sick-bed by the recently unscrupulous politician. Take any one of their number: for instance; "my divulging what my friend told me in confidence, was morally evil." We maintain that this judgment is the cognition of a self-evidently necessary truth.

On this point let us refer to the remarks we made in October (pp. 288-9), on the notes of a self-evidently necessary truth; and let us apply them to the case before us. It is known to me by my very idea of this my act—so soon as I choose carefully to consider it—that it was morally evil; I intue irresistibly, that in no possible sphere of existence—the relevant circumstances remaining unchanged—could such an act be otherwise; that omnipotence itself could not prevent such an act from being intrinsically base and abominable.† In

* Dr. Ward, in his "Philosophical Introduction," has argued similarly, against supposing that the idea "morally evil" is equivalent with "prohibited by God."

† We do not for a moment forget the power, possessed by God, of changing (as theologians express it) the "materia" of the Natural Law: but the existence of this power, so far from conflicting with, on the contrary confirms what is said in the text. The classical instance in point, is the command imposed by God on Abraham, of sacrificing his son; and what all Catholic theologians say is this. God, as the Creator of mankind, could (without disparagement of His sanctity) inflict death on Isaac or on any one else; and it is no more repugnant to His Attributes that He should do this by human inter-mediation, than that He should do it directly. God's command then intrinsically changed the *circumstances* of Abraham's act; but in either case the morality of the act is intrinsically necessary, and external to the sphere of God's Power. It would have been intrinsically wrong in Abraham, if he had refused to slay

other words, if it be a self-evidently necessary truth (see p. 289 of our last number) that a trilateral figure is triangular,—it is no less indubitably a self-evidently necessary truth, that such an act as we are considering is morally evil.

How may we consider Mr. Mill to stand in reference to this argument? He agrees with us of course, that mankind do again and again form legitimately, and with good reason, what we have called "moral judgments": judgments reducible to the type "act A is morally good"; or "act B is morally evil"; or "act C is morally better than act D." He adds however, what is quite true, that we have no right to consider any of these judgments *intuitive*, until we have clearly shown that they are not *inferential*: for, as he most justly observes, inferences from experience are often so obviously and spontaneously drawn, that unless we are very wary we may most easily mistake them for intuitions. We are next therefore to show, that there are indubitably some moral judgments, which are not inferential. Our argument runs thus.

If the idea "morally good" be really simple—as we consider ourselves to have now conclusively established—then that idea cannot possibly be contained in the conclusion of any syllogism, unless it be expressly found in one of the premisses.* Take then any one of those moral judgments, which Mr. Mill admits to be legitimately formed. If he alleges that that judgment is an *inference*,—as indeed it very possibly *may* be—he does but shift his difficulty, and in no respect lessens it. If the judgment be really the conclusion of a syllogism, then (as we have said) that syllogism must contain some *other* moral judgment as one of its premisses. If this premiss be itself a conclusion, we are thrown back on an earlier moral premiss; until at length we come to some moral judgment, which is immediate and not inferential. If this primary moral premiss be not cognizable as true, then neither is the ultimate *conclusion* so cognizable: and this is against the hypothesis; for Mr. Mill admits that many moral judgments *are* cognizable as true, and it is

Isaac when commanded to do so as God's vicegerent; and God Himself could not make such refusal innocent. On the other hand, it would have been no less necessarily wrong to slay Isaac *on his own authority*; and God Himself could not make such slaughter innocent. It should be added, that no such "*mutatio materiæ*" can affect the internal acts and dispositions of the will. For instance, God could not possibly command His reasonable creatures to hate each other; and still less to hate Himself. Dr. Ward has stated this doctrine at length as clearly as he could, "Philosophical Introduction," pp. 165–190.

* If "morally good" were a complex idea,—it might be contained of course in the conclusion of a syllogism, without appearing in the premisses except in its constituent elements.

one of these which we are here considering. If on the other hand the primary moral premiss *be* cognizable as true,—then a moral proposition is cognizable as true, which is not inferred from experience; and Mr. Mill is obliged to abandon the keystone of his position.

It seems to us then, that the real issue between Mr. Mill and ourselves turns on the question, whether the idea “morally good” be capable of analysis. If it means “conducive to general enjoyment,” then no doubt all moral judgments are inferential and founded on experience; but if it be incapable of analysis, then a certain number of moral judgments must be intuitive. And if Mr. Mill once admits that they are intuitive, he will certainly find no difficulty in further admitting, that they are cognitions of self-evidently necessary truths.

We have worded our argument throughout, in harmony with the opinion which to us seems true (see our last number, pp. 306, 307), that axioms are first intueed in the individual case, though capable of being universalized. According to this view, what Catholics call “the first principles” of morality, are simply these universalized axioms. Firstly for instance I intue, as a self-evidently necessary truth, that my own betrayal of my friend’s confidence was intrinsically wicked; and I then further intue as self-evidently necessary, that all such betrayal in really analogous circumstances possesses the same evil quality. Those philosophers on the contrary who hold that axioms are always intueed in the universal, will regard every *individual* moral judgment as the conclusion of syllogistic reasoning, whereof some universal moral axiom has been a premiss. But their substantial argument against Mr. Mill may be precisely the same as our own.

Moreover we have assumed throughout no other datum, except the one for which we argued in July; viz. that whatever my cognitive faculties indubitably avouch, is infallibly true. The strong bias of our own opinion is, that this is the very doctrine which Mr. Mill will call in question; but most certainly he has no right to do so. On one hand, no experience is possible to me—I have no knowledge whatever except of my present consciousness—unless I first unreservedly believe the truth of whatever my memory distinctly declares; while on the other hand (as we have more than once pointed out) Mr. Mill fully admits that I have no ground whatever for this belief, except the present avouchment of my faculties. See our last number, pp. 309, 310. If my faculties convey to me infallible knowledge when they distinctly declare to me a certain past experience,—no less must they convey to me infallible knowledge, when they declare to me (if they do declare) the

self-evident necessity of certain moral truths. If I do not firmly trust them in the latter avouchment, I have no right firmly to trust them in the former. Nay, as we pointed out in October (p. 310), I have really *stronger* grounds for accepting the distinct declarations of my moral faculty, than the distinct declarations of my memory. In the first place intrinsically, it would be in some sense less utterly impossible to believe that I never did betray my friend's confidence, than to believe that such betrayal is not morally detestable. And in the second place extrinsically, I find these obvious *moral* judgments confirmed by every one I meet: whereas for the trustworthiness of my *memory*, I can have no external warrant at all; because my absolute trust in its testimony is a strictly requisite preliminary condition, in order that I may know or even guess what any one human being thinks or says. But we are to meet Mr. Mill in detail on this point, a few pages hence.

This datum then being assumed, we consider that we have built thereon an argument absolutely irrefragable. We consider our reasoning to have established conclusively, (1) that the idea "morally good" is incapable of analysis; and (2) that various moral judgments are cognitions of self-evidently necessary truths. We may add, that if the Catholic reader desires to apprehend the relation which exists between necessary truths and the One Necessary Being, we would refer him to our number for July, 1869, pp. 153, 154. We there stated with hearty concurrence F. Kleutgen's doctrine, that all necessary truths are *founded* on God; that they are what they are, because God is what He is.

Our next thesis is a very simple one; and indeed almost (if not altogether) tautologous. All acts, morally good, are "admirable" and "praiseworthy"; all acts, morally evil, are "the reverse of admirable" and "blameworthy"; all acts are more admirable and more praiseworthy, in proportion as they are morally better.

But now lastly—in order to express the whole doctrine which we would place before our readers—we must make a very important supplement to what has hitherto been said. Let us renew our old picture. I am lying on a bed of illness; and looking back remorsefully on my shameful violation of my friend's confidence, and on a life of dishonest practices directed (as I myself knew) to the detriment of my country's highest interests. Not only I intue that a large number of my past acts have been morally evil, but I further intue that they violated the command of some living Personal Being.* This is

* "*Ipsa ratio naturalis . . . discernendo actiones convenientes aut repug-*

the further thesis, which we are now to advocate. The general axiom, we maintain, is cognizable, that all morally evil acts are prohibited by some living Personal Being.

Now here let us distinctly explain our meaning. We by no means say—on the contrary, in an earlier part of our article we have denied—that the idea—"morally evil"—either includes or is equivalent with the idea—"forbidden by some living Personal Being." The predicate of an axiom is not commonly included in, or equivalent with, the idea of its subject; for were it so, there would be no axioms except tautologies. Take the parallel case, on which we insisted in our last number: "all trilaterals are triangular." So far is it from being true (as we there pointed out) that triangularity is included in the *idea* of trilaterality, that on the contrary I call a figure "trilateral" in the fullest sense of that word, before I have so much as considered any *question* as to the number of its angles. Nevertheless the proposition is axiomatic: because, to use F. Kleutgen's expression, "by merely considering the idea of the subject and predicate, I come to see that there exists between them that relation which the proposition expresses"; or (as we ourselves expressed the same thought) because, from my very conception of a trilateral, I know its triangularity.

This then is what we maintain in the present instance. If after such an ill-spent life as we have supposed, while lying on my sick-bed, I ponder in anguish of soul the idea "morally evil" as truly applicable to so many of my past acts,—I find myself to know, by my very conception of that attribute, that these acts have been acts of rebellion against some living personal authority, external to myself. We make this allegation, on the sole possible and the abundantly sufficient ground, of an appeal to the indubitable facts of human nature. We say, "external to myself"; because to say merely that the lower part of my nature has rebelled against the higher, is absurdly inadequate to express my deep conviction. And we say "living personal authority," because it is still *more* absurd

nantes naturæ humanæ, prohibitionem vel imperium divinum nobis offert." (Liberatore, *Ethica*, n. 79.) "Hoc" dictamen rationis "sic auditu quodam interno homo percipit, ut verè imperio aliquo se astringi sentiat. . . . Cui voci intrinsecus percipienti si quis non pareat, sic stimulis angitur ut ipsemet se accuset et arguat et poenam a *supremâ quâdam potestate* sibi infligendam expectet" (ib. n. 80). "Semper in illis" iudiciis practicis "involvitur obscurus saltem et indistinctus conceptus *alicujus occultæ potestatis*, quæ objectivè spectata non est nisi Deus" (ib. n. 83). On the other hand: "Divina voluntas bonitatem vel malitiam actionibus impertire non posset, nisi ante præsumatur bonum esse et honestum Deo percipienti parere, turpe et illicitum reluctari. Hoc non supposito, actio manebit *indifferens* etiam post Dei jussum vel prohibitionem" (ib. n. 27).

to suppose, that there can be rebellion against an impersonal thing; least of all against an abstraction, which is in fact nothing at all. I intue then the axiom, that all morally evil acts are also forbidden me by some living personal authority external to myself.

It is of vital moment here to make manifest, how completely distinct are the two ideas; "morally evil" on one hand, and "prohibited by a Personal Being" on the other. For this purpose, let us take the following proposition: "to do what is prohibited by my Creator, is to do an act morally evil." A moment's consideration will show, that this proposition has an entirely distinct sense from the purely tautological one, that "what is prohibited by my Creator is prohibited by a Personal Being." The term "morally evil" expresses an idea entirely external to, over and above, the idea expressed by the term "prohibited by a Personal Being." And as on the one hand it is no tautology but an axiom, that "to do what is prohibited by my Holy Creator is to do an act morally evil";—so on the other hand we are here urging, that it is no tautology but an axiom, that "all acts morally evil are prohibited by some Personal Being."

But further—as Viva argues*—this Personal Being has on me such paramount claims, that though all other beings in the universe solicited me in an opposite direction, my obligation would in no degree be affected, of submitting myself unreservedly to His command. His Will then is more peremptorily authoritative, than the united will of all existent or possible beings who are not He.

Nay further—and this is put by F. Franzelin†—moral laws hold good for all persons existent or possible; all other persons therefore, existent or possible, are as unreservedly subject to His command as I am. Consequently He is no less than Supreme Legislator of the universe.

F. Kleutgen expresses substantially the same doctrine with Viva and Franzelin, where he says that, "when we vividly represent to ourselves our imperfection and dependence," "God makes Himself felt within us by His moral law, as an August Power to which we are subject." See our number for last April, p. 263.

But there are further facts of human nature to which F. Newman conclusively appeals, as showing how universal and how undeniably intuitive is man's conviction, that acts morally evil are offences against a Supreme Ruler. We will remind

* Treating the condemned proposition on "philosophical sin."

† "De Deo Uno," p. 52.

our readers indeed of what we have already said, concerning F. Newman's use of the word "conscience." But we need hardly beg them to observe, how singularly his remarks combine exquisite beauty of expression with strong and irresistible appeal to facts. The italics are our own.

In consequence of this prerogative of dictating and commanding, which is of its essence, Conscience has an intimate bearing on our affections and emotions, leading us to reverence and awe, hope and fear, especially fear. No fear is felt by any one who recognizes that his conduct has not been beautiful, though he may be mortified at himself, if perhaps he has thereby forfeited some advantage; but, if he has been betrayed into any kind of immorality, he has a lively sense of responsibility and guilt, though the act be no offence against society,—of distress and apprehension, even though it may be of present service to him,—of compunction and regret, though in itself it be most pleasurable,—*of confusion of face, though it may have no witnesses.* These various perturbations of mind, which are characteristic of a bad conscience, and may be very considerable,—self-reproach, poignant shame, haunting remorse, chill dismay at the prospect of the future,—and their contraries, when the conscience is good, as real though less forcible, self-approval, inward peace, lightness of heart, and the like,—these emotions constitute a generic difference between conscience and our other intellectual senses,—common sense, good sense, sense of expedience, taste, sense of honour, and the like.

Conscience always involves the recognition of a living object, towards which it is directed. Inanimate things cannot stir our affections: these are correlative with persons. If, as is the case, we feel responsibility, are ashamed, are frightened, at transgressing the voice of conscience, *this implies that there is One to whom we are responsible,* before whom we are ashamed, whose claims upon us we fear. If, on doing wrong, we feel the same tearful, broken-hearted sorrow which overwhelms us on hurting a mother; if, on doing right, we enjoy the same sunny serenity of mind, the same soothing satisfactory delight, which follows on our receiving praise from a father, *we certainly have within us the image of some person,* to whom our love and veneration look, in whose smile we find our happiness, for whom we yearn, towards whom we direct our pleadings, in whose anger we are troubled and waste away. These feelings in us are such as *require for their exciting cause an intelligent being:* we are not affectionate towards a stone, nor do we feel shame before a horse or a dog; we have no remorse or compunction on breaking mere human law; yet, so it is, conscience excites all these painful emotions, confusion, foreboding, self-condemnation; and on the other hand it sheds upon us a deep peace, a sense of security, a resignation, and a hope, which there is no sensible, no earthly object to elicit. "The wicked flees, when no one pursueth"; then why does he flee? whence his terror? *Who is it that he sees in solitude, in darkness, in the hidden chambers of his heart?* If the cause of these emotions does not belong to this visible world, the Object to which his perception is directed must be Supernatural and Divine; and thus the phenomena of Conscience, as a dictate,

avail to impress the imagination with the picture of a Supreme Governor, a Judge, holy, just, powerful, all-seeing, retributive; and is the creative principle of religion. (pp. 104-7.)

We affirm then, as an axiom, that all acts morally evil are prohibited by some Living Person external to the agent; and we affirm, as an obvious inference, that this Person is Supreme Legislator of the Universe.*

We may sufficiently sum up what we have now maintained, in three propositions: (1) the idea "morally good" or "morally evil" is simple and incapable of analysis; (2) there are various human acts, self-evidently known to be morally evil; (3) such acts are further known to be prohibited by a Supreme Ruler of the Universe. If Mr. Mill admitted the two former of these propositions, he would feel no difficulty in the third: in considering therefore the objections he may be expected to bring against our doctrine, we will for brevity's sake dismiss from consideration the last of our three above-named theses.

These objections—as in other similar instances—may be of two different kinds: they may be objections against the *reasoning* adduced for our conclusion, or they may be objections against the conclusion itself. Of the former kind, there is only one which occurs to us as possible; and we believe this to be the very objection, on which Mr. Mill will mainly insist. Take the judgment, applied to some very obviously immoral act,—“act B is morally evil.” Mr. Mill may probably admit, both that this judgment is immediate, and also that the idea “morally evil” is perfectly simple: yet he may allege, that such an avouchment is not intuitive, because

* It seems to us (speaking with all diffidence) that the view expressed by us in the text is serviceable, on two different doctrinal heads, in harmonizing Catholic writers with themselves, with each other, and with facts. Thus firstly Liberatore, Dmowski, and (we think) all modern Catholic philosophers hold on the one hand that God (according to human modes of conception) cognizes any given act as intrinsically evil, antecedently to prohibiting it by the Natural Law; and yet they hold that, in intuiting its moral evil, men spontaneously and inevitably cognize the fact of its being prohibited by some Supreme Legislator. It is not easy to see how these statements can be combined, except according to the exposition which we have drawn out.

Then for another matter of doctrine. The vast majority of theologians follow S. Thomas in holding, that the existence of God is not “*per se nota quoad nos*”; though they regard it as a truth, *deducible* from first principles by a very obvious and immediate consequence. On the other hand it is admitted by all, that a large number of moral axioms are self-evident and intuitively known; while yet those very writers, who deny that God's existence is “*per se nota quoad nos*,” say that some knowledge of God is included in the cognition of a moral axiom. According to the view given in our text, the knowledge of a Supreme Legislator of the Universe is an *inference*—though a very prompt and obvious one—from the self-evident truths of morality.

it would not have issued from the mind "at the time when the mind's revelations were in their pristine purity." The quality of immediately* eliciting on occasion this or that moral judgment, however indubitably *now* possessed, may be no part (Mr. Mill will say) of the mind's *original constitution*; but on the contrary may result, by natural process, from various experiences, through which every man has passed.† Consequently (so he will conclude) this subjective persuasion is no guarantee whatever of objective truth. Such an objection brings us back to certain expressions of Mr. Mill's, on which we animadverted last July (pp. 61—64), and which here again require comment.‡ But we must preface this comment, by a brief exposition of terminology.

We believe there is no difference whatever, among those philosophers who use the word "intuition," as to the signification of that word. Of course nothing could be known at all, unless some truths were known immediately and by their own light; and these are called "first truths." Moreover it is absolutely indubitable, that the facts of "consciousness" properly so called—the mental phenomena which I experience at the present moment—are "first truths" to me. Now the word "intuition" is used, by all who do use it, to express those *other* truths, over and above facts of consciousness, which are known to me immediately and by their own light. Sir W. Hamilton however uses the expression "facts of consciousness," to express *all* first truths: and we think never was there a mode of speech, more exquisitely infelicitous; more singularly adapted to introduce equivocation and perplexity, and to surround the whole subject with almost impenetrable fog. Mr. Mill, while justly disapproving this use of language, yet (much to our regret) adopts it for purposes of argument with Sir W. Hamilton ("On Hamilton," p. 193 et alibi); and this fact must be remembered, in looking at those passages of his, to which we shall

* We need hardly say, that we here use the word "immediately" as opposed to "inferentially."

† It should be explained that, in Mr. Mill's opinion, by a process of what he calls "mental chemistry," some idea may *result* from others of the past, while nevertheless in its *present* state it is simple and incapable of analysis. See "Logic" (seventh edition), vol. ii. p. 437. He calls such an idea indeed "complex"; because (as he considers) it "*results from*," it has been "*generated by*," other ideas: but he adds, that it does not "*consist of*" simpler ideas; and its true name therefore in its present state is surely "simple."

‡ Since we wrote that article, we have again examined Mr. Mill's philosophical writings, with a special view to this question; and we find his meaning much more pronounced and unmistakeable than we had fancied.

presently refer. Let us now therefore pass from this question of words to the question of things.

The main thesis of our July article on "Certitude" was, that man's cognitive faculties infallibly testify objective truth; and (as part of this) that I intuitively know whatever my mind immediately avouches. We admitted expressly (in full agreement so far with Mr. Mill) that inferential judgments are again and again *mistaken* for intuitive ones; and in our present article accordingly we have shown (we trust) conclusively, that certain moral judgments are not inferential but immediate. Mr. Mill however in various passages goes much further than we have here implied: he affirms, that the very thing, which my faculties now immediately declare, is not thereby intuitively known; and that I must not accept it as self-evidently true, until I can show that it was declared by my intuitive faculties, at the time "when they received their first impressions"; "at the first beginning of my intellectual life"; when they were "in their state of pristine purity." See "On Hamilton," pp. 152, 160, 171, 176, 185; "Logic," vol. ii. p. 439. In one place ("On Hamilton," p. 173, n.) he repudiates the opinion, that man's intuitive faculties admit of development and improvement by means of practice; and in another (p. 172) implies that no one's intuitive faculties can be trusted, except an infant's "when he first opened his eyes to the light."

Now the answer to all this is really very obvious and conclusive. There is one class of intuitions, of which Mr. Mill heartily admits the existence; those which are called acts of *memory*. In consistency however he must maintain, that he can trust no avouchments of his memory, however clear and distinct,—until he can show that that faculty, "at the first beginning of his intellectual life," before it had received "development and education," nay, "when he first opened his eyes to the light," would have been *capable* of those avouchments. But it is indubitable that he can never prove this: because, so soon as he *attempts* to prove it, he takes for granted at every turn the very thing to be proved; viz. the trustworthiness of his present memory. See our July article, p. 50. So long as Mr. Mill adheres to the philosophical tenet which we are opposing, he cannot in consistency have any reasonable ground whatever for trusting his memory; and *unless* he trusts his memory, he knows nothing whatever of any kind or description, except only his mental experience of this particular moment. In brief, there is no middle term whatever. Either the mind's *present* avouchment must be accepted as infallibly declaring objective truth,—or blind, hopeless, and universal scepticism is the inevitable lot of mankind.

Here also we must repeat a remark, which we made in July (p. 63). Never was there a philosophical proposition more preposterously unfounded, than that which Mr. Mill makes the foundation of his whole philosophy; viz. that the *primordial* avouchments of the human mind certainly correspond with objective truth. We may safely challenge him to allege so much as one colourable reason for this proposition, unless he first *assumes* that the mind's *present* avouchments are infallibly true. It is this *latter* proposition which is primarily certain; and the former proposition has no other evidence whatever, except of *inference* from the latter. He denies that very truth, which alone can supply any reasonable ground for what stands as the sole basis of his intellectual speculations. Our reason for this confident statement will be at once understood by those who have read the article to which we refer.

This is our answer to the objection, which Mr. Mill will probably raise. We might have replied to it from an entirely different point of view: for we confidently deny the psychological allegation on which it is built; we confidently deny, that men go through any series of experiences, which could by possibility have generated their present moral judgments. On this head we can refer to an unusually able article, contributed to the "Macmillan" of July 1869 by Mr. R. H. Hutton, called "A Questionable Parentage of Morals." Mr. Hutton's arguments indeed are directly addressed against a theory ascribed by him to Mr. Herbert Spencer;* but they apply *à longè fortiori* to Mr. Mill's. For ourselves however, we think it better to abstain altogether from this psychological question. We thus abstain, in order that our readers' attention may be more undividedly fixed on what we consider the glaring unreasonableness and utterly subversive tendency of that principle of Mr. Mill's, which alone could give any controversial *value* to such a psychological allegation. Never could we have expected so able a thinker as Mr. Mill, to take up a position so relentlessly suicidal.

We hold then that no such objection will stand for a moment—or has so much as the slightest plausibility—against the reasoning adduced for our two theses. And since we know of no *other* objection, we assume that they are conclusively established. We next therefore proceed to consider such objections as may be raised against our theses themselves, and no longer against the arguments which we have adduced in their behalf. There is only one of these which

* We use this form of expression, because Mr. Spencer afterwards disclaimed that theory.

impresses us as presenting any even superficial difficulty; we refer to the divergence of moral standard, which has prevailed in different times and countries. Mr. Bain lays much stress on this in the chapter, which we have named at the head of our article, and which Mr. Mill (in his "Utilitarianism") commemorates with the warmest commendation. Mr. Bain lays stress e.g. on such points, as "the change that has come over men's sentiments on the subject of slavery" (p. 312). He lays stress again, on the inexhaustible varieties of what may be called ritual morality: on such facts, as that the Mussulman women think it a duty to cover their faces in public (p. 300); the men to abstain from wine (p. 301); the Hindoos to venerate the cow (p. 308); the Buddhists to avoid animal food (ib.). How are such fundamental differences of moral judgment, he asks, consistent with any supposition, that the first principles of moral truth are self-evidently known to mankind as universally and necessarily true?

F. Harper gives the true reply to this obvious objection, in the sixth of his papers contributed to the "Month" on F. Newman's "Grammar." "First," he says, "I observe with Sir J. Macintosh, that people may differ as much as they please about what is right and wrong, but they all nevertheless agree that there is something right and something wrong." But further and more importantly, "we have forgotten the influence that the will has over the intellect in moral matters; and the influence again which passion, affection, prejudice, evil education, custom, have in such subjects over both. By means of these and similar causes, the perception of right and wrong has been blunted, often choked. Still more often it is liable to be misdirected." "These varieties therefore," he adds, "of popular or national judgment, however extensive, prove nothing against the objective evidence and certitude of moral principles; or against the possibility of their subjective evidence and certainty, as reflected in the individual conscience, when left free to its unbiassed determination and in its right balance."

The question however is of immeasurably more prominent importance in our controversy with Mr. Mill, than it was in F. Harper's criticism of F. Newman; and we will therefore draw out, at much greater length and in our own way, what is substantially identical alike with the doctrine of F. Newman and F. Harper.

Firstly however we must observe, that phenomenists here are in the habit of trying most unfairly to shift the burden of proof from themselves to their opponents. We allege with confidence, that we have demonstratively proved our theses. Unless therefore Mr. Bain *demonstrates* the validity of his objection, he

does nothing whatever; for great probability on one side is simply valueless against *proof* on the other. At the same time however we do not for a moment admit, that our antagonists can give even *probable* ground for the validity of their objection.

Then further we would point out, that they appeal from what is known to what is unknown. I am most intimately aware of my own present or habitual thoughts and feelings: I am also in various degrees well acquainted with those of my friends, my compatriots, my contemporaries. Our antagonists appeal from these, to the sentiments of barbarous tribes, separated from me most widely by time or place or both, and of whose circumstances I know next to nothing. And they make this appeal on a question, in which *everything depends on circumstances*: a very little divergence in these often sufficing to change an act, from intrinsically evil to intrinsically good.

We now proceed to give our own explanation of the facts, to which Mr. Bain has appealed: reminding our readers however, that it is no business of ours to prove our explanation sufficient; but Mr. Bain's business to prove (if he can) that it is otherwise. We have already conclusively (we trust) established our position: Mr. Bain has no standing in court, unless he conclusively establishes *his*.

(1) Firstly then, in one respect the most barbarous nations emphatically *confirm* our view. As F. Harper quotes from Macintosh, they may differ as to what is right or wrong, but they all agree that there *is* a right and a wrong. And so it has often been said—though the present writer has no such knowledge as would justify him in affirming it from his own researches,—that every nation, however savage, has some word in its language to express “duty,” as distinct from “expediency.” Mr. Bain admits throughout, that all those to whom he appeals have that very same idea of what is meant by “right,” or “wrong,” or “moral obligation,”—which is possessed by Europeans of the nineteenth century.* It is true that he explains the origin and authority of this idea, in a way fundamentally different from our own. But in raising *this* issue, he is amenable to the court of modern and civilized experience; and by considering the most undeniable facts of human nature as it exists around us, we are able (as we trust we have shown) conclusively to establish our own doctrine.

Nay (2) the number of moral axioms is by no means incon-

* For instance. “Every man may have the feeling of conscience, that is the feeling of moral reprobation and moral approbation. All men agree in *having these feelings*, though all do not agree in the *matters to which they are applied*” (pp. 297–8).

siderable, which are intued by all men possessing the use of reason throughout the world. In other words, men not only agree everywhere on the *existence* of a "right" and a "wrong," but in no inconsiderable degree on the acts to which they *ascribe* those respective attributes. Take the two instances on which we have ourselves insisted; the sins of David, and of the dishonest and treacherous politician. In either case there is no one, capable of *understanding* such actions, who will not in his cool judgment condemn them without a moment's hesitation. We say "in his cool judgment": because it is manifest that men who are wholly absorbed and excited in the pursuit of some temporal end, refuse commonly even to *consider* the moral character of what they do. But otherwise, "there must be admitted to exist," says Mr. Bain himself (p. 300), "a tolerably uniform sense of the necessity of recognizing some rights of individuals": "there are to a certain point '*eternal and immutable*' moral judgments . . . in the repudiation of the thief, the manslayer and the rebel": and we may add, no less, of him who becomes the wanton enemy of his benefactor; or who for private ends violates his solemn promise; or who, for personal reward, inflicts on his country what he knows to be a heavy injury.

(3) We shall still further see the existing amount of agreement on moral matters, by another consideration. There are several classes of actions, on which there may be indeed no universally received axiom of the form "act B is morally evil"—where nevertheless all mankind agree in holding as self-evident, that "act C is better than act D." Thus men everywhere will consider some course of conduct more *admirable* *cæteris paribus*, in proportion as it is more *unselfish*; however little they may agree, as to what *amount* of selfishness is actually immoral. It is said again, that the most barbarous nations regard celibacy as a higher state than marriage, while differing most widely from each other as to the limits of actual *obligation* in such matters. If this be true, we should be disposed to hold that the moral judgment in question is really cognized by all men as self-evidently true. For though Protestants earnestly repudiate this axiom, we should regard this as one of the not infrequent cases, in which men refuse to recognize what they really cognize; we should say that the preternatural hatred of these Protestants for Catholicity, in this as in many other cases, prevents their explicit perception of the most obvious moral truths. But there is no need whatever of insisting on this.*

* Mr. Bain, when reciting cases in which "strong antipathies" have been arbitrarily "made into moral rules" (p. 309), has the following shameless

(4) But no consideration perhaps so impressively shows the unanimity of moral conviction even *now* prevalent among mankind, as the following. All mankind, we say, are agreed in holding, that justice, beneficence, veracity, fidelity to promises, gratitude, temperance, fortitude—that these and not their opposites are the virtuous ends of action. By this phrase we mean to express two propositions. On the one hand, every act, otherwise faultless,* is accounted by all men as good, if done for the sake of justice, beneficence, or any one of the rest; while on the other hand every act is accounted by all men to be evil, if it *contravene* these ends. Take any one in their number—say justice—as standing for the rest. Many men doubtless in various times and places have thought it right to do many an act, which Catholics know to be unjust: still they have never thought it right *because* unjust; they have never thought it right, for the sake of any virtuousness which they have supposed to reside in injustice; but because of the virtuousness of *beneficence*, or *gratitude*, or the like. Similarly many men think an act wrong, because they think it unjust; but they never think it wrong, because they think it *just*. They regard this or that just act as wrong, because they regard it as opposed to *beneficence* or *gratitude*, but never because they regard it as required by *justice*. In one word, they think many an act good, simply because prompted by *justice*; but they never think an act good, because prompted by *injustice*. And the same remark applies, to the other virtuous ends of action which we have named above. A “good man,” in the judgment of all mankind, means “a man possessing in various degrees the qualities of justice, benevolence, veracity, fidelity to promises, gratitude, temperance, fortitude.”

So much on the existing concurrence of moral judgments. Our further remarks are directed, to explain the existing *divergence*.

(5) The moral faculty, like all other faculties and perhaps more than any other, is perfected by cultivation; and the means

remark. “There has been a very prevailing disposition to restrict the indulgences of sex. Some practices are so violently abhorred, that they are not permitted even to be named” (p. 310). We must do Mr. Mill the justice to say, that no sentiment can be more violently opposed than this to *his* way of regarding similar subjects.

* We say “otherwise faultless”; because it is perhaps possible, that an act, known to be intrinsically evil, may be done for the virtuousness of some good end. It is perhaps possible e.g. that I may commit what I know to be a theft on A, for the virtuousness of benefiting some very deserving person B. For ourselves however we doubt whether this is possible.

whereby it is cultivated is moral action.* If I only know two or three moral axioms and no others whatever, I know that there are certain acts, intrinsically wrong and prohibited by the Supreme Ruler: or in other words I know that there is a Natural Law—whether its extent be wide or narrow—possessing irrefragable claims on my obedience; and strictly binding, though the whole universe solicited me to rebellion. Every other course of conduct then is glaringly unreasonable, except (1) to obey its precepts carefully, so far as I know them; and (2) to use every means at my disposal—by interrogating my consciousness, by praying for light to this Supreme Ruler, and in every other attainable way—in order to discover the full extent of its enactments. In proportion as I give myself more energetically to this task—and specially in proportion as I labour, not only to comply with strict *obligation*, but to do what is morally the *better* and more pleasing therefore to my Supreme Ruler—in that proportion two results ensue. Firstly the utterances of my moral faculty become far more readily distinguishable from all other intellectual suggestions †; and secondly the number of moral axioms within my cognizance is very rapidly increased. Certainly we maintain with confidence, that no

* Similarly F. Harper, as we have seen, holds that the perception of right and wrong has been blunted, often choked, still more often misdirected, by passion, evil education, affection, prejudice, custom. He adds that "the great aim of a true education must be to strengthen the principle of law, and then to direct it in a right channel." F. Newman again is constantly laying extreme stress on the proposition stated in the text.

† There is one especial means, by which moral judgments become more and more pointedly distinguished from all others, in proportion as the agent grows in a habit of virtue; viz. that they are so intimately connected with a sense of *sin*. Moral perception grows so far more quickly than moral action, that a prevailing sense of sinfulness may be taken as an infallible measure of advance in true goodness. It is a peculiar merit of F. Newman's philosophy, to our mind, that he is ever so urgent in insisting on this. Mr. Lecky—whose views as a whole are to us simply revolting—nevertheless speaks well on this point. He criticises ("European Morals," p. 67, note) the language, so commonly found among philosophers of either school, about the delight which is supposed to accrue to every good man from the testimony of his approving conscience, and the pleasure which the good man is supposed to receive from *reflecting* on that delight: like "little Jack Horner," says Mr. Lecky, "who said 'what a good boy am I!'" And he quotes a truly fatuous passage from Adam Smith. "The man who . . . from proper motives has performed a generous action . . . feels himself . . . the natural object . . . of the esteem and approbation of all mankind [!!!] And when he looks backward to the motive from which he acted, and surveys it in the light in which the indifferent spectator will survey it, he still continues to enter into it, and *applauds himself* by sympathy with the approbation of this supposed impartial judge. In both these points of view his conduct appears to him in every way agreeable. *Misery and wretchedness can never enter the breast, in which dwelleth complete self-satisfaction.*"

man's intellect really avouches as self-evident a false moral verdict, on the case brought up to it for judgment. But nevertheless, in consistency with what has just been said, we have no difficulty whatever in admitting, (1) that those whose moral faculty is uncultivated may easily be mistaken as to its true utterances; and (2) that very often indeed they will see no wickedness in many an act, which those more advanced in moral discernment will intuitively cognize to be evil.

(6) We have said that no man's intellect avouches as self-evident a false moral verdict, *on the case brought up to it for judgment*; and we are now to express our meaning in this qualification, on which we lay great stress. The very notion of an "axiom"—as we have so often quoted from F. Kleutgen—is that it exists wherever, by merely comparing the *ideas* of subject and predicate, I come to see the truth of a proposition. But suppose those *ideas* did not correspond with *objective facts*: in that case of course the supposed axiom is simply delusive, as *applied* to these facts. A first-rate lawyer may give a faultless judgment on a case proposed to him for consideration; but if the case be wrongly drawn up, the judgment is valueless or mischievous. The same is true concerning *moral judgments*; and we will give one obvious instance. To the uninstructed and non-Catholic reader of that unprincipled book Pascal's "Provincial Letters," such a circumstance as the following will happen again and again. He will read in Pascal some propositions, advocated by illustrious Catholic casuists, and will regard it as axiomatic that they are immoral. And yet, if he comes to apprehend those very propositions, as illustrated by the context and taken in connection with the general drift of these casuists, he will entirely revoke his former judgment, and not improbably accept as self-evident the very opposite.

This misstatement of the case is a most fruitful source of apparent divergences in moral judgment. Whether from prejudice and moral fault indefinitely varying in degree, or from mere intellectual inaccuracy and want of comprehensiveness,—it happens again and again, that men totally misapprehend the phenomena on which they judge. We may take an illustration from negro slavery, on which Mr. Bain twice insists (pp. 299, 312) as illustrating his theory. A and B are equally good men, and have therefore equally cultivated their moral faculty. A however has lived mostly among slaves, and is intimately acquainted with their circumstances and character. B on the contrary has derived his scanty information on the subject entirely from slave-holders; and moreover has never had any reason for pondering carefully on such light as the matter would receive, from the known laws of human nature.

Some definite act of harshness to a slave will be cognized by A as self-evidently wrong; while B forms no moral judgment on it at all, axiomatic or otherwise. Mr. Bain himself admits in substance what we are now affirming. "When an abolitionist from Massachusetts," he says (p. 299) "denounces the institution of slavery and a clergyman of Carolina defends it, *both of them have in common the same sentiment of justice and injustice.*"

(7) There are other instances, which are explicable by a process very familiar to Mr. Mill. This writer is constantly pointing out, how very easily an *inference* may be mistaken for an *intuition*; and we have always heartily concurred in his remark. Now many of the judgments cited by Mr. Bain, on the obligatoriness of some ritual observance, are conclusions of a syllogism. "Whatever the Supreme Ruler commands is of obligation: but He commands this; therefore this is of obligation." The only *moral axiom* here is the major premiss, which is indubitably true; and it is an historian's business, not a philosopher's, to trace the origin of the minor. Moreover, although some of these ritual observances should be both intrinsically immoral, and self-evidently *cognizable* as such by one who has duly cultivated his moral faculty;—this admission (as is obvious) does not in any way affect our argument.

(8) In other cases again a moral judgment is the conclusion, not of unconscious, but of explicit and prolonged reasoning. Mr. Bain seems really to speak (p. 312) as though the question, whether slavery be or be not permissible, could be *axiomatically* answered. We do not ourselves think that it is capable of any universal solution; we think that what is permissible or even preferable in some circumstances, is intrinsically evil in others. But however this may be, the true conclusion can only be reached by a sustained process of reasoning: a process, in which moral axioms doubtless play a large part; but in which a large part is *also* played by various psychological and social data. And the *moral axioms* will be precisely those premisses, on which *both* parties in the controversy profess agreement.

(9) Finally the instances are by no means few, in which mere antipathy has been mistaken by philosophers for moral disapprobation. It by no means follows, because some body of men abhor some practice, that they regard it as morally wrong. And most fortunately for our purpose, it happens that we have irrefragable proof of this, in facts, which to the grandfathers of living Englishmen were matters of every day experience. We refer to the time, when *duelling* was of social obligation. Some hundred years ago, any layman who refused to fight a duel under circumstances in which public opinion required it, was treated as a veritable Pariah: he was received into no society

of gentlemen; no gentleman would give him his daughter in marriage; nay, to associate with him was to be socially excommunicate. From such usages as these, had they occurred in some distant and very partially-known period, Mr. Bain would have confidently inferred, that those who practised them accounted as *morally evil* the refusal to fight duels; and yet no fact in the world is more certain than the reverse of this. These men were in general so firmly convinced of the truth of Christianity, that they regarded with horror the very suspicion of infidelity. On the other hand it is equally undeniable, that they knew duelling to be forbidden by Christianity; because for this very reason no clergyman was expected to fight.* Again, suppose one of themselves—a man too of otherwise profligate life—were lying on his death-bed: they would probably experience a momentary misgiving about his future lot; though they would very likely soon reassure themselves, by some blasphemous plausibilities about God's mercy. But suppose a man of spotless life were on his death-bed, who had been under their ban for his faithfulness to God and his consequent refusal to fight: the very notion would not occur to them, that he had placed his *salvation* in jeopardy by conduct, which nevertheless they so intensely abhorred. A defaulter was accounted by them "no gentleman"; but they never doubted that he might be an admirable Christian. They abhorred his act, because it indicated (as they thought) mental qualities, which to them were intensely distasteful; but not because they regarded it as wicked or sinful.

Some reader may object, that he cannot believe such absurd inconsistency to have existed in "enlightened" England of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. We reply firstly, that the facts are simply notorious, and that no one will dream of calling them in question. We reply secondly, that we willingly concede one premiss on which this difficulty is based; viz., these men's ludicrous and contemptible inconsistency. There is no amount of imbecile and childish self-contradiction, we verily believe, which may not be expected from those truly pitiable persons, who deliberately permit themselves in any other course of conduct, than that of labouring earnestly to make their conscience their one predominant rule of life.

Mr. Mill himself admits, that an unfavourable judgment is often formed of acts, which judgment is *mistaken* for one of moral disapprobation, without being so. "All professed moralists," he says (Dissertations, vol. i. pp. 386-7), "treat the *moral* view of actions and characters . . . as if it were the sole

* See, in our number for last July, p. 84, Dr. Hampden's amazing letter to Mr. Newman.

one; whereas it is only one out of three. . . . According to the first we approve or disapprove; according to the second we admire or despise; according to the third we love, pity, or dislike."*

We pointed out above, that the onus probandi in this matter rests entirely with Mr. Mill and Mr. Bain. We are in no respect called on to *prove* that we have correctly explained the facts on which they insist; but they are called on to *disprove*, if they can, the satisfactoriness of our explanation. We have proved our theses on ground totally distinct. They do not advance their cause one step, unless they demonstrate conclusively that their objection to those theses is valid; unless they demonstrate conclusively, that the existing variety of moral judgments cannot be explained by the considerations we have set forth, and by others which might be added. We are very confident, not only that they *cannot* demonstrate this conclusively, but that they cannot render such an opinion even probable. Here however is the advantage of controversy with living men. If they honour us with their attention, we may beg them to name that particular instance of moral diversity, on which they would especially insist; and to give their reasons for thinking, that this instance is conclusive against our position. We promise beforehand that, if they make such attempt, we will give it most explicit notice, and grapple with it in the face of day.

There are no other objections to our doctrine—so far at least as we know of them—which impress us as having the slightest plausibility. Mr. Bain e.g. complains (p. 291) that objectivists assign no *standard* of moral truth. It might as well be said, that they assign no standard of *mathematical* truth. A mathematical proposition is established, if it is either on one hand cognized as axiomatic, or on the other hand deduced from propositions which *are* so cognized: and precisely the same thing may be said of a moral proposition.

Supposing indeed Mr. Bain's opponents alleged that moral truth is purely subjective and created by the human mind—such an objection as his would be intelligible. But this is the very thing, which is denied by objectivists in general, and most emphatically by Catholics in particular. An evil action is undoubtedly called by them "*difformis rectæ rationi*"; but

* We must incidentally protest against this doctrine of Mr. Mill's, so far as he applies it to what *ought* to be and not merely to what *is*. In proportion as a man advances in virtue and love of God, in that proportion (we must maintain) he approaches to that state of mind, in which he admires and loves those acts most, which God most admires and loves; i. e. those which are most excellent.

quite as often "*contraria naturæ hominis*," or "*perturbatio ordinis naturalis*." There is an objective "natural order" of actions then, a *moral scale* so to speak; and it is the office of human reason to cognize, not to create it.

It is a favourite argument of Mr. Mill's, that objectivism keeps moral science in a stationary state, and interferes with its legitimate progress. Now the only progress of which, consistently with his principles, he can here be speaking, is that which arises from fresh light being thrown on the *consequences* of this or that action. But objectivists hold as strongly as phenomenists, that the morality of actions is importantly affected by their consequences; and that any light therefore, thrown on the latter, importantly affects the former.

A Catholic philosopher indeed does undoubtedly hold, that in a very true sense moral science is stationary; but this conclusion does not result from his objectivism, but from a different Catholic doctrine altogether. He considers, that moral truths are an integral part of Divine Revelation; and that though, like other revealed verities, they admit elucidation and development,—yet they are not progressive in that sense, in which progressiveness may be truly ascribed to a purely secular science. But this whole question—though of the gravest moment—is entirely external to our present theme.

We are not aware of any other arguments, which Mr. Mill has ever alleged against our position. And how insufficient those arguments are, may be seen from the very unsuspicious testimony of Mr. Mill himself; who has not been prevented by them, from unconsciously embracing one principal part of the very doctrine which he opposes. He says with profoundest truth (*Dissertations*, vol. i. p. 384), that "mankind are much more nearly of one nature, than of one opinion about their own nature"; and it is the very reason of our own sympathy with many exhibitions of his personal character, that he has been quite unable to confine the breadth of his own nature, within the limits of what we must call his own most narrow and *contra-natural* theory. His theory is purely phenomenistic; viz., that "morally good" is simply equivalent with "conducive to general enjoyment," and "morally evil" the reverse. Yet, in almost every page of his writing on moral and political subjects, he assumes the *transcendental* axiom, that "benevolence is morally good" and "malevolence is morally evil": the idea "morally good" being that very transcendental idea, on which objectivists insist, but which Mr. Mill in theory regards as delusive.*

* On the terms "phenomenistic" and "transcendental," see our last number, pp. 307, 309.

We are confident that all familiar with his writings will concur in this remark, when they understand what we mean. This view, constantly implicit, occasionally finds explicit mention. Thus in a passage we shall immediately quote, he says in effect that a benevolent being *may*, but that a malevolent being can *not*, be a legitimate object of *worship*. Elsewhere he describes a habit of disinterested benevolence, as the true "standard of *excellence*"; * he affirms ("On Hamilton," p. 123) that he "loves and *venerates*" moral goodness; and says (Dissertations, vol. iii. p. 340) that "the cultivation of a disinterested preference of duty for its own sake" is "a *higher* state than that of sacrificing selfish preferences to a more distant self-interest." What can he mean by the word "*excellence*," or the word "*venerate*," or the word "*higher*," consistently with his theory? Undoubtedly he is at liberty, without transcending the bounds of phenomenism, to allege that benevolence is *beneficent* and conducive to *the happiness of mankind*: for happiness consists in a series of phenomena; and experience can teach what conduces to the *increase* of such phenomena. But Mr. Mill constantly goes further than this: he calls a habit of disinterested benevolence "*high*," "*excellent*," worthy of "*veneration*" and the like. What right has the phenomenist to such notions as these? What *phenomena* do these notions represent? Wherein is their objective counterpart discerned by *experience*?

But there is perhaps no one passage throughout his entire works, in which Mr. Mill so unveils his innermost nature—nor is there any other to our mind so eloquent—as the following well-known invective of his, against a view ascribed by him to Dean Mansel.

If instead of the "glad tidings" that there exists a Being in whom all the excellences which the highest human mind can conceive exist in a degree inconceivable to us, I am informed that the world is ruled by a being, whose attributes are infinite, but what they are we cannot learn, or what are the principles of his government, except that "the highest human morality which

* "Man is never recognized by" Bentham "as a being capable of desiring for its own sake the conformity of his own character to his standard of excellence, without hope of good or fear of evil from other source than his own inward consciousness." (Dissertations, vol. i. p. 359.) But one "*cocqual part*" of morality "is self-education; the training by the human being himself of his affection and will" (ib. p. 363) into accordance, of course, with the true "standard of excellence." We assume, that the habit of disinterested benevolence is what Mr. Mill here intends to describe as the "true standard of excellence"; for otherwise he would be more inconsistent with his professed principles, than we even allege him to be.

we are capable of receiving" does not sanction them : convince me of it, and I will bear my fate as I may. But when I am told that I must believe this and at the same time call this being by the names which express and affirm the highest human morality, I say in plain terms that I will not. Whatever power such a being may have over me, there is one thing which he shall not do ; he shall not compel me to worship him. I will call no being good, who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow-creatures ; and if such a being can sentence me to hell for not so calling him, to hell I will go." (*"On Hamilton,"* pp. 123-4.)

We have two preliminary remarks to make on this most impressive passage, before using it against Mr. Mill's consistency. In the first place, all Catholics will substantially agree with what we understand to be its doctrine. Let the impossible and appalling supposition be put for argument's sake, that men had been created by a malignant being, who commanded them to cherish habits of pride, envy, mutual hatred, and sensuality. The case is of course utterly and wildly impossible : but supposing it, undoubtedly men would be strictly obliged, at whatever sacrifice, both to disobey those commands, and to withhold worship from the being who could issue them.* In the second place, we are quite confident that Dean Mansel meant no such doctrine as Mr. Mill supposes ; though we cannot acquit him of having expressed himself with singular incautiousness.

The first inference we draw against Mr. Mill's consistency from the passage just quoted, has been already expressed. He accounts malevolence not merely to be maleficent—which is all that can be said by a consistent phenomenist—but as intrinsically evil and base : so evil and base, that he would rather undergo eternal torment, than worship a malevolent being.

But secondly he brings utilitarianism to a distinct issue ; for he says in effect that all men, individually and collectively, should rather undergo everlasting torment, than worship a malignant being who commands them to do so. His professed theory—the fundamental principle of his whole moral philosophy—is that morality consists exclusively and precisely in promoting the happiness of one's fellow-creatures. Yet here he says, that in a particular case the true morality of all men would lie, in promoting, not the happiness, but the everlasting torment

* On the other hand we should say, that they would *also* be under an obligation, of not doing that which would impair their permanent happiness. Nor of course is there any difficulty whatever in the circumstance, that an intrinsically impossible hypothesis issues legitimately in two mutually contradictory conclusions.

of all mankind.* He says in effect, that all men would act basely and wickedly, if they worshipped a malevolent being. And he cannot possibly mean, by the words "basely" and "wickedly," that they would act "*adversely to the promotion of general enjoyment*"; because he holds that this baseness and wickedness would remain, even if such conduct were the sole means of exempting all mankind from an eternity of woe. When a crucial case really comes before him, his better nature compels him to decide sternly, peremptorily, effusively, indignantly, against his own doctrine.

We have now concluded our own case. We must forego that would have been a great accession to our argument, by being obliged to postpone our detailed consideration of Mr. Mill's own moral scheme. But we have already reached the extreme bounds which we had prescribed to ourselves; and in what remains of our present article, can give no more than a most perfunctory criticism of Mr. Mill's doctrine.

Through his whole philosophical career, that gentleman has consistently and most earnestly disclaimed what he calls "the selfish theory"; the theory, which regards morality as consisting in "enlightened self-interest." On the other hand, as we have just pointed out, he cannot, consistently with his phenomenonism, admit the existence of transcendental virtue or transcendental obligation; he cannot speak of benevolence as intrinsically excellent, or of its opposite as intrinsically detestable. Disclaiming thus at once the morality of self-interest and the morality of transcendental goodness,—it is difficult at first to see what possible footing is left him: yet he is not left entirely without means of answering the relevant questions. Thus we may ask, what men *mean* when they say that A's conduct is morally detestable, and they therefore abhor it; while B's conduct is morally good, and they therefore approve it. They mean to express—so Mr. Mill may reply without inconsistency—on the one hand that abhorrence which arises in their mind, from a sense that A's habits tend to their grievous detriment; and on the other hand that complacency which arises in their mind, from a sense that B's conduct tends to their enjoyment. See e. g. "*Dissertations*," vol. i. pp. 155-6; "*On Hamilton*," p. 572. But then we further ask Mr. Mill, why should I, a given individual, aim, not at my own interest, but that of my fellow-men? why is it my reasonable course to sacrifice myself in

* This remark has already been made by Mr. Mivart, in his admirable "*Genesis of Species*" (p. 194). He states himself to have derived it from Rev. Father Roberts.

their behalf? And to this question, so far as we can see, his answer is glaringly inadequate. He will say indeed very truly, that there is an unselfish element in human nature; that "the idea of the pain of another is naturally painful and the idea of his pleasure naturally pleasurable" (*Dissertations*, vol. i. p. 137); and that in this part of human nature lies a foundation, on which may be reared the habit of finding a constantly increasing part of my gratification in the happiness of others. Mr. Mill may further say, and indeed does say, that all mankind are prompted by the strongest motives of self-interest, so to educate each individual, as that he *may* thus find gratification in other men's enjoyment. Nay, and he may add further still, —though he would find much difficulty in proving this,—that those who have *been* thus trained lead happier lives in consequence, than they would otherwise have led. But when he has gone so far as this, he has exhausted his resources. He can give no reason whatever why I, a given individual, who have *not* been thus trained,—and who (as a simple matter of fact) find very much less pleasure in other men's enjoyment than in my own—should sacrifice the latter in favour of the former.

We will illustrate the most essential and characteristic part of this doctrine by a little fable, wildly absurd from the standpoint of natural history, but none the less fitted to express our meaning. The cats and rats are in a state of internecine warfare; and the fleas, if left to their natural habits, perform acts, which in various ways injure the former and benefit the latter. Moved by this circumstance, the cats capture a large number of young fleas, and train them to take their pleasure in acts which have an opposite tendency. The cats accordingly dearly prize the trained fleas, and the rats the natural fleas: so much is quite intelligible. But Mr. Mill should add, that the cats feel toward the trained fleas, and the rats towards the natural fleas, that very sentiment, which is called in human matters "moral approbation"; while the rats feel towards the trained fleas, and the cats towards the natural fleas, the sentiment of "moral disapproval."

We are well aware, that Mr. Mill will indignantly repudiate the parallel. What we allege is, that his spontaneous view (so to call it) is directly contradictory to his speculative theory; that the doctrine, constantly implied by him whenever he treats of human affairs, is that very objectivist doctrine, which in theory he denounces. We do not of course mean that his implicit doctrine is *Theistical*; but we do say that it is *objectivist*, as ascribing intrinsic and transcendental excellence to the practice of beneficence. And the indignation with which he will regard

such an analysis of moral sentiments as is contained in our little fable, is to our mind a measure of his wide distance from the genuine utilitarian philosophy.

In theory however, he has made his doctrine even more untenable and (we must be allowed to add) even more odious, by his denial of human free will. There is perhaps no one philosophical theme, on which he has enlarged with so much earnestness and so much power as on this; and yet (so weak is his cause) we think there is no one on which he can be so triumphantly refuted. In our next philosophical article then (which however may or may not appear in our very next number) we shall first meet him, hand to hand and step to step, on this battle-field; and we shall secondly express that detailed criticism on his moral system as a whole, which we had hoped to give on the present occasion.

Since the above was in type, the "Fraser" of this month has published a comment on our philosophical article of last April, called "Certitude in Religious Assent." Our readers will find our reply, in the Notices at the end of our number.

ART. IV.—FICTIONS OF THE FUTURE.

The Next Generation. By JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE, M.P. Second Edition. In Three Volumes. Hurst & Blackett. 1871.

Anno Domini 2071. Translated from the Dutch original. With Preface, &c. By DR. ALEX. V. W. BIKKERS. W. Tegg. 1871.

The Coming Race. Third Edition. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1871.

SENSATIONAL fiction has taken various forms within this century. Bulwer, who happily half belongs to ancient literature, led the way by introducing us to aristocratic and intellectual criminals. Ainsworth, and now Miss Braddon, have followed suit with their criminals, less intellectual and less aristocratic, if we may say so with Lady Audley's leave. Dickens gives us a murder or a violent death with the circumstantial details of a coroner's inquest. Through all these productions, to name no others, runs the vein of horror which constitutes the sensation. It is a horror interwoven with

various other matters, grave and gay; but we know it is coming, and look out for it. It flavours the preceding passages, to readers who delight in such mental experiences. So, in lionizing the ruinous and haunted mansion, visitors are restless until they have reached the one thrilling room, with the ineffaceable stain upon its floor.

But the sated Roman emperor announced a prize to him who should invent some new pleasure. And so, in the literary epicurism of readers who have supped full of horrors, and who have come to yawn even in face of the grinning death's-head at their banquet, a something was needed to spur the jaded appetite into a fresh sensation. Into what region, then, shall the caterer travel for "pastures new"? Whence shall he procure for his imperial patron, the many-headed public, a pabulum, a dainty, yet unknown? To an ordinary imagination, the prospect might seem discouraging. Every crime in the Newgate Calendar has been already presented to the young ladies and gentlemen of England for their affectionate admiration and hearty acceptance. Every production of an unfettered Parisian fancy has found an English translator or plagiarist on the spot. The characters in our fictions have been flung into wells, hurled from steeples, cut into pieces on railways, roasted alive; which catastrophes they have abundantly deserved, inasmuch as they have fired houses, forged wills, starved widows and orphans, put their nearest relatives out of the way, and shown vivacity of spirit and muscular Christianity by playful peccadilloes of a like trifling nature, till we weary of the monstrous that has even become a monotony. *Ohe, jam satis*, we exclaim, with a yawn. Violence, according to the sensational writer, is the normal condition of human life. But even violence can weary, as the howling tempest can lull.

Only, before we throw aside our shilling volume, let us glance beyond it at the results. Schiller's "Robbers" was the sensational novel of the day; and behold, the youth of Germany turns out, hault sentiment on its lips, and pistol in hand, to enact the hero on the highway. Turpin rides to York on his famous black mare; and young brains have reeled with excitement to follow his adventures. Jack Sheppard, the delight and glory of youthful aspirant cracksmen, has reappeared in the conviction of 'prentice burglars, long since inappreciative justice cut short his brilliant career. And the Bulwer and Braddon sensations may have borne fruit, partially unknown to us hitherto. Truth may yet in actual life be displaced from its well by the body of some victim of a lady murderess, hurled in thither by the force of powerful fiction.

The field of sensational literature being thus already occupied by industrious tillers, and even exhausted by their succession of crops, it has become necessary to escape beyond it, through some gap in the hedge, if writers are to glean a harvest. And lo! a bright thought flashes, all but simultaneously, on several minds. *Eureka!* the Future! A sensation of what may possibly come; or what, though impossible, may be represented under certain extravagant conditions as coming.

We are, perhaps, in danger of rendering scant justice to the writer who stands first on our list, if we suppose him led into this enticing region in the mere search of a sensation. Mr. Maguire's book, with all its fun, which is "fast and furious," gives token of being written with something of a serious purpose. And herein, we confess, lies our chief regret at seeing it in print. Taken by itself, it might be interpreted as a righteous satire against that American importation into our modern thought, which we must not hesitate to stigmatize as odious, known as Woman's Rights. But, taken in conjunction with a vote given in the House of Commons by the honourable member for Cork, just when the first edition of his book appeared, and supported by some (apparently) serious passages in the book itself, we must suppose him, surprising as it seems, an advocate of the said movement. Certainly, in that case, the ladies who aim at becoming Chancelloresses of the Exchequer, Vice-Presidentesses of the Council, or desire to emulate his Dr. Florence Baldwin or his Miss Elmsley in the keenness and coolness of their surgical operations, have cause to wish that they may be defended from their friends. If anything could overwhelm their cause with inextinguishable laughter, it would be the realization of what the movement means, and what would be its details, as presented in Mr. Maguire's vivid pictures. But if, when the laughter died down, the face of the author should be found more serious than befits a satirist, then the public feeling, if we at all represent or interpret it, would have a tendency to pass from lively to severe.*

* A theory is like what the old proverb says about poverty; it makes people acquainted with strange companions. Victor Hugo and Mr. Maguire are about as incongruous rowers in the same boat as can well be conceived; yet the author of "Les Misérables" is here at one with the author of the "Next Generation"; or rather, as we are sorry to put it, *vice versa*. The "Avenir des Femmes," the Woman's Rights organ in France, has the following letter:—

"PARIS, Nov. 7, 1871.

"SIR,—You were right in reckoning on me to support the future of woman. As far back as 1849, in the National Assembly, I made the reac-

In the shock of battle, during those days when men, locked up in steel, charged one against the other from opposing sides, it must by times have chanced to some knight in full career to note on the shield of his opponent the crescents, or crosslets, or Saracen's head *couped*, denoting that he had fought for Christendom. And doubtless, that moment of recognition of one who shared a brotherhood in arms higher and more cogent than the accidental differences of the present strife, would induce him to raise his lance, or to strike on the shield as gently as the laws of combat might allow. Such is the divided impulse we feel, while a deep conviction renders it impossible to withhold an expression of disapproval from Mr. Maguire's book, supposing him serious. We do not forget that the writer, from whose views in this particular we utter total and grave dissent, has been the eloquent advocate of such causes as the Papacy and Ireland. He has fought for Christendom; and the cross on his shield shall save him from the home-thrust to which we would otherwise lend every nerve.

But what are we to think of such passages and representations as the following? Is the writer in any degree serious in desiring the public concerns of the next generation in England to be thus conducted?

"I say," said Lawless, in a tone prompt and decisive, "we must find a match for Clara Carter; or, in spite of our policy and our leaders,—Selina Bates, our able Chancellor—Meliora Temple, our popular First Commissioner of Works—Eva Robertson, our Minister of Education, and all our other people, men as well as women,—why we must go to the dogs. That is my opinion."

"Lawless has hit it," said Sir John. "We must match Clara Carter, or be content to go out; and I must confess the movement would be rather a humiliating one under the circumstances. If we have to go out, it is for

tionary majority laugh by declaring that the natural corollary of the rights of man were the rights of women and children. In 1853, at Jersey, when in exile, I made the same declaration over the tomb of a woman named Louise Julien, who had been driven from her native country for her political opinions; but that time nobody laughed, everybody cried. I continued my efforts in the cause of justice to women in *Les Misérables*, renewed them at the Lausanne Congress, and I have just repeated them in the *Rappel*. The equilibrium between the rights of men and the rights of women is one of the conditions of social stability. That equilibrium will be established sooner or later. You have, therefore, done well to put yourself under the protection of that supreme word, the future. I am with those who, like you, desire progress and nothing but progress.—I shake your hand.

"VICTOR HUGO."

Clara Carter the Sovereign should send ; for, beyond question, she—and she alone—is the cause of the present crisis.”

“But where are we to find Clara Carter’s match ?” inquired Hassell.

“Can we get her ?” asked Cameron.

“Is she to be had ?” doubted Hassell, who had been more than once suspected of a tender leaning to Carterism.

“We must find her, and we must get her, and she must be ours,” said Lawless, with emphasis. . . .

“Perhaps the Widow Coleville ?” suggested Hassell.

“No, little Fogarty,” said Danvers.

“I guess Janet Macpherson,” said Cameron. . . .

“Lawless is right again,—he does know whom I mean,” said Sir John. “And, gentlemen, if there be a girl in the Three Kingdoms who can save us from falling to pieces, it is she on whom I calculate. The Widow Coleville goes in exclusively for Indian affairs, and thinks in Hindostanee ; little Fogarty is too flighty and skittish,—that affair of Mackintosh’s hat was too bad.” . . .

“Oh, yes, I saw something of it in the Parliamentary Jottings of the *Daily Champion*. But, Sir John, why not Janet Macpherson ?” inquired Cameron, with national eagerness.

“Janet is too sedate ; she hasn’t go enough in her for the post. The girl I rely upon is—Grace O’Donnell.”

The mention of the much-expected name was received with a burst of approval. (vol. i. pp. 23–29.)

Accordingly, Sir John’s sister goes on a mission to Grace, to induce her to become the “Whip” of the Ministerial Party.

“My brother says Mr. Lawless would not oppose what was really necessary to the safety of his Party. But you won’t refuse—you can’t—I know you won’t. Sir John says you are a brave, high-spirited girl, a match any day for Clara Carter—I call her odious. For my part, I can’t understand what the men see in her. To be sure, she has eyes—”

“Mary, say to Sir John I will think of what you tell me. But I must, of course, consult Papa. But go, Mary dear, and leave me to myself ; for I must put on my wisdom cap, and think—oh, so profoundly.”

“Grace, you are a positive love, a downright darling ; and I am so glad, and John too will be so glad—and Grace—but—but, dear, dear, I am so happy ! Thank Heaven, Miss Carter has got her match at last !”

* * * * *

“There, Fitz, don’t mind what I say. I am low-spirited, perhaps on account of Papa. But it is trying to one’s nerves, under such circumstances, to hear of nothing but Clara Carter and her brown eyes, and how she winds the Scotch round her little finger ; and how, after subduing the Welsh, she is to try her skill on the Irish—you, Sir, I suppose, among the number !” (pp. 47, 52.)

Now, if all this were meant as a lively skit on the absurdities

of a theory which is grotesque at a distance, and only becomes hateful as one draws near enough to see it in detail, it might be condoned; though, even then, three volumes make up rather a large dose. Nor can we quite suppose the author to have really fallen into such an *ignoratio elenchi* as to give us these representations as any serious step to advance the cause of "Woman's Rights." We are left to the conclusion that Mr. Maguire made the first sketch of his book with a purpose, more or less defined, of saying something in its favour; and then, overcome by his quick perception of the ludicrous, filled up his canvas in a less determinate and a lighter strain. We picture him to ourselves somewhat as Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy, in Reynolds' celebrated picture. The high-souled Muse lays on the great mime a firm but tranquil hand, and points with the other to the lofty destiny of expounding her inspirations. But Comedy, buoyant and impetuous, will not have it so, and drags him away; while Garrick, and so, after him, Mr. Maguire, can do no more than cast an ex-postulating look back on Tragedy, as if to argue the unreasonableness of expecting from him a resistance to the brighter fancy. We repeat our conviction that the serious advocates of woman's political rights, like Tragedy in the picture, will be malcontent at the wayward desertion of their truant advocate. He should have written more gravely, to escape the dilemma of being charged as a conscious, or else an unconscious, satirist.

The ladies, of course, when they obtain their rights, will have their reunions, and of a kind hitherto monopolized by the more tyrannous half of humanity.

Next day it was known in all the Clubs that the Ministry had obtained a Whip, and Clara Carter a rival. The Women's Clubs were in a flutter of excitement; and for that evening the new appointment absorbed all other topics. The Minerva, which was then strongly Ministerial, was hopeful, without being too confident. The Mermaid, of which Miss Carter was a brilliant ornament, was rather disdainful. The Amazon was impartial, and suspended its judgment. . . .

The Minerva may be said to be one of the legitimate consequences of the Rights-of-Woman movement, which, some quarter of a century since, was the fruitful theme of popular ridicule and masculine contempt, but whose wonderful success has long since been accepted with a satisfaction almost universal. The Minerva may be said to be the temple raised to its triumph. In the sculpture that adorns its halls, in the painting that beautifies its principal apartments, the chiefs of the movement have their apotheosis or their memorial. In its list*—and its latest shows it is fast rising to 700 members

* That for 1893.

—are to be found many of the most eminent names, not only in Art, Literature, and Science, but in Law and Medicine, Commerce and Politics. Much of the intellectual energy of the present hour has its origin or its best support in the Minerva. . . . The Mermaid, though some years younger than the Minerva, is quite as successful in its way, though, from its very nature, it does not appeal to so many interests and motives as its powerful rival. . . . The Mermaid by no means disdains the cultivation of the higher faculties. On the contrary, very many of its members hold an enviable position in Literature and Art ; and among the gayest and cheeriest of these were, at the time of which we write, two of the most eminent Professors of the Athena, the well-known Woman's University of London. . . .

The building erected near the Minerva, on a portion of the ground sold by the Crown, is somewhat *bizarre* in its character—one of those strange conceptions of the younger Pringle, who may be said to compose a fantastical poem in stone and iron, of which, pillar, and cornice, and marvellous tracery, and rare colour, and gilding, and mosaic-work, are the embellishments. Fortunately for the success of the Club, it had some members on its committee who combined great wealth with fervid enthusiasm and large generosity. Three of these, the Duchess of Braganza, the Duchess of Wherryton, and Mrs. Bullion, the young widow of the old banker and capitalist, contributed splendidly towards the building fund. There was no lack of money, and no want of sympathy ; and now, with its 580 members, from all parts of the Three Kingdoms, the Mermaid is one of the best circumstanced of the Clubs of London.

The Amazon was then, as it is now, the virtual head-quarters of the Lady Volunteer organization ; and on every second Wednesday throughout the season—which is governed by the sitting of Parliament—the members dine together in full-dress uniform. (pp. 58-67.)

Before dismissing these Amazons, Mermaids, and the rest, we must not fail to record that what is, among ourselves, still a thing to come, is come already among our precocious cousins across the Atlantic. It is a difference of pace, or, as grammarians would say, of tense. With us, it is the paulo-post future, if Mr. Maguire is a prophet ; and we are thankful for any reprieve which hinders its being actually present. For the present, then, it is on the Hudson, not on the Thames, that an achievement is witnessed, described in the "Echo" of November 9th, 1871 :—

The ladies in America seem resolved not to leave "the tyrant, man," a vestige of his claim to superiority unchallenged. They have already invaded the college class-room and the laboratory, the lecturer's platform and the stump-orator's rostrum, the bar, the hospital, the pulpit, even the bench, and they are asserting their claim to a seat in Congress and to the Presidency. But, at least, he flattered himself they would not dare to compete with him in feats demanding physical strength. Vain boast ! They not only dare do it, but they have actually done it. Women have lately rowed at a New

York Regatta. It is true, indeed, that the committee basely refused to allow them to compete against men, as these doughty heroines desired. But they compromised matters by offering prizes for two races to be rowed by women alone. And great was the interest excited by the event. The street cars, we are told, were packed almost up to the limits of human endurance by the crowds thronging to see the races, while the Harlem boats were loaded to an extent that made even veteran excursionists stare and gasp. The women's races were the third and the fifth, but the multitude came to see these alone, and, in their impatience, they scarcely deigned to look at the male rowers. The oarswomen are described as respectable girls, and all were dressed in the ordinary habiliments of the sex. The reporters ungallantly state that they did not pull in good form, but we must allow for male jealousy.

But why linger on such details, when a debate in the House of Commons awaits us? Not in the miserable, inconvenient rooms to which the last generation's lack of public taste has condemned our incarcerated lawgivers: for we are to inform our readers of "the accidental destruction, by fire, of that portion of the main building of which the House of Commons formed a principal feature."

We cannot refuse a smile to perhaps the most extravagant touch in this extravaganza; though, before parting company with the book, we shall return more seriously upon a kindred topic:—

There was another feature in the filling-in of the picture which enhanced the general effect—the variety and colour of ecclesiastical costume in the gallery reserved for members of the Upper House and the Diplomatic Body. The Papal Nuncio and the English Cardinal wore their robes of purple and scarlet; one or two Bishops were in episcopal dress, worn specially in honour of the day; and a number of the dignitaries of the Anglican Church in their traditional lawn. The Cardinal seemed—if one were to judge from the animation of their manner—in the happiest relations with the Archbishop of Canterbury; while the conversation between the Papal Nuncio and the venerable Marquis of Sidonia—the Nestor of the House of Peers—was grave and earnest, as if on matters of the highest import. The Irish Cardinal was not present, it was said from ill-health; but it was agreeable to observe the friendly interchange of compliments between the Prelates of Rome and Geneva. (pp. 99–100.)

The business of the House proceeds:

Mrs. Grimshaw announced her intention of bringing certain of the Standing Orders under the early notice of the House, with a view to their revision. It may be remarked that Mrs. Grimshaw had won the right of speaking with authority on all the matters of procedure, from her singular assiduity, clear good sense, and intuitive respect for order and regularity. It was well known that her judgment was much relied upon by the Speaker, by whom she was

treated with uniform courtesy. Indeed her luminous evidence before the Select Committee of the previous Session was much spoken of on both sides of the House. Nominally belonging to the Opposition, her sense of justice was so great, as very much to modify her political leanings, if she might be said to have any of a decided character.

Sir Hector Penguin gave notice that, on the first supply day, he would ask questions respecting our alleged Reserve Force, and as to the advisability of restricting the Volunteer organization to its legitimate and natural limits. This announcement was received with partial expressions of approval from certain old officers of Volunteers, and with ironical laughter from several of the younger members, including the more prominent of the Amazons.

Mr. Pride Calvin gave notice that he would ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as leader of the House, "If it were true that the Papal Nuncio assumed the right of leading the Diplomatic Body on all public occasions; and if so, and that there were no special provisions in the Act against such assumption, would the Government bring in a Bill with the view to amend the defective law?" Much laughter, which the hon. member rebuked with a solemn look of indignation, the weight of which rested principally on the Catholic members, who replied to it with a mocking "Hear, hear!"

"Your Excellency," said the Marquis of Sidonia* to the amused Nuncio, "we spoke a while ago of change and progress; but here, in this excellent gentleman—right-judging and sensible in ordinary matters of life—we have an instance of fixed and unalterable obstinacy of belief. Pity that a quarter of a century since he did not get rid of that incubus of his—the Papal Nightmare."

"Was he the sole victim of that malady, my lord?" asked the Archbishop of Orvieto, with a peculiar smile.

"Spare me, your Excellency! For a time, I may have exhibited symptoms of the disease; but the fever never went farther than the faintest maculation. With a good dose of self-administered ridicule, I purged myself of the pernicious folly," said the statesman.

* It would be unjust to this venerable and distinguished nobleman to allow him to fade from the dissolving view without recording the magnanimous *palinodia* which the Next Generation, according to Mr. Maguire, may expect from him. With a high degree of complimentary ability, the Nuncio addresses him; and with the noble disinterestedness, earnest purpose, and transparent candour which have illustrated his lordship's political career, the Marquis replies. "The life of a great Statesman—one who leaves his mark upon his age in the works he has accomplished (!)—is not worthless or without fruit. Yours, my lord, has surely not been all vanity, though it has not been without vexation of spirit. The privilege of sealing their convictions with their blood is given only to a few."

"True, your Excellency; but though I have striven with all my might to undo any mistakes of my earlier political life, or to compensate for tardy admission of error, still I not unfrequently, especially of late, think how precious is the privilege, and certainly the glory, of making the greatest human sacrifice we mortals can make for that which is so much beyond all those things for which we toil and wrangle here below."

"These are noble thoughts, my lord," said the Churchman, "come when they may." pp 113-14.)

"Then it was a noble instance of the physician curing himself."

The Chancellor of the Exchequer gave notice of bringing in the Budget on the following Monday week. Mrs. Bates was greeted with a loud cheer.

Then follows one of those passages which render it difficult to believe the writer otherwise than in earnest; making us regret, that if he intended satire, he did not make the satire more transparent, and, if serious advocacy, that he should have written at all. After the Chancelloress (we must be permitted so to call her, for sake of clearness) has given notice of her Budget, the Marquis of Sidonia continues to the Nuncio,

"There, your Excellency, is a proof of progress—nay, of revolution. A woman leading the House of Commons! the greatest and proudest public assembly of the world!"

"It is indeed. Fifteen years ago I should as soon have expected to witness what I do to-day, as to hope that the Arch of Titus would pay a visit to the Vatican. But, my lord, how do you really find it to work?—is it prejudicial or otherwise? I ask, because, though the reform has spread to other countries, I have not had time to observe its operations closely," said the Nuncio.

"Well, I must admit, that for a considerable time I gave no consideration, no serious thought to the movement; if anything, I rather regarded it with masculine superciliousness. But it grew with the force of its own inevitable logic, and forced the scoffers to resistance, and the careless or indifferent to adopt their sides. I may have been a somewhat late convert, but I certainly am now a firm believer—Indeed, I have been so for a considerable time. In the general management of the affairs of Parliament—of the Commons especially—we are indebted to women for many valuable reforms. And I have remarked that in Committees, where the work is more in detail, their assistance is most valuable. They see matters in a different light from what we do, and they make suggestions that never would have occurred to men. Hence, the Nation may now be said to see with all its eyes, and to avail itself of all its intellectual resources. In the more public duties, and in the treatment of great questions, particularly those which intimately affect the material and moral well-being of the masses, women not only hold their own with men, but their influence, in the more elevated tone of our legislation, and also of what I may call our public morals, has been extremely beneficial. This I am constrained, rather perhaps than willing, to admit."

"Very strange, very wonderful," said the Nuncio, who added—"Yet why strange or wonderful? Many of the most illustrious members of the Church were its daughters; and in the management of affairs, and in the governing of even great communities and vast institutions, women display extraordinary wisdom and sagacity."

"Order! order!" cried the Speaker; for a buzz of conversation had made itself rather too audible.

Mrs. Ditchley gave notice of a Bill to alter and amend the Law of Divorce, so as to place it more in harmony with modern civilization. This announcement occasioned a perceptible movement. (pp. 117-124.)

The Royal Speech, which follows, contains at least one clause over which we trust the Catholics of the Empire, in the next generation, will exercise a jealous vigilance. A Bill was promised, which was to provide further for the training of Destitute Children. Now, we would ask Mr. Maguire, with all earnestness, whether a writer holding Catholic principles has the right to sport with a topic which we all regard as involving the greatest and most pressing danger of the age? Still more we would ask, whether, if a grain of seriousness be supposed to mingle with the tints of the picture, an artist has the right, so far as his art extends, to smile upon the continuance and extension of that danger? Of what England, and of what Parliament, in the name of common sense, is Mr. Maguire here speaking? Are we to imagine that a scheme of State education for our poorest classes, to be propounded to Parliament, say thirty years hence, will be less secular, less imperial, and less godless, than now? Will "the Rev. Peter Carmody," who, together with Mrs. Rebecca Sturge, Miss Angelica Hamilton, and Sir Jacob Nathan, is to be decorated by Royal command (p. 127) with the Collar and Star of the Order of Merit, have the unreserved Catholic training of such destitute children as, spite of other privations, retain the inheritance of the faith? And will this courtly, this slightly latitudinarian Nuncio, whom we trust the Holy See in the Next Generation will send to any court, Timbuctoo inclusive, rather than to St. James's, will he find descendants and representatives of the Professors Huxley and Tyndall of to-day, as polite and pliant as himself? Will there be bowing exchanged between Noodle and Doodle, with mutual assurances, down to the ground, that they would not for the entire universe place the shadow of a restriction in the way of the religious beliefs of these poor waifs and strays? Does all this take place in Utopia, or on the banks of Father Thames? To us it appears "ower bad for blessing," if it is "ower good for banning." It is a degree of provocation, if nothing more serious; and the tripudiations of a rollicking fancy raise the dust, and cast it in our eyes.

In truth, the inherent weakness of a political and secular parable like "The Next Generation," be it satire or be it

seriousness, is this: that it can hardly be sustained, except by endangering or running counter to the assertion of inflexible principle. And as Mr. Maguire is a man of high and undoubted principle, it follows that his parable here and there breaks down under that weight. This is one part of the vast disadvantage—in a merely human sense—under which Catholic writers, like Catholic artists, inevitably labour. They are restrained by conscience, which, as an inconvenient check-string, pulls them back in the very apogee of their airiest flights. Like young Romilly in his leap across the Strid, they are balked by this faithful attendant and companion, this sense of right, of truth, which cannot be disengaged from the perceptions of a practical Catholic. Thus, where Swift would have jumped without hesitation, as he has jumped in Laputa, and landed safely, at least consistently, on terra firma, because his Christianity was that of “A Christian unattached,” Mr. Maguire falters under the restraints of a well-principled man, and goes plumb into a bathos of absurdity. That he must have so faltered, in his calmer moments of speculation as to what the coming generation of men and events is likely to be, we cannot doubt; for, like Ulysses, he has made acquaintance with the minds of men under many phases and climes. He cannot seriously imagine that the future relations of Church and State in England, or the cheek-by-jowl and mutual-admiration-attitude-association of Catholics and Protestants in his future Ireland, as given in this book, have a semblance of probability. Nor can he assert, that in view of faith in the eternal truths, and of the paramount and exclusive claims of the Holy See to be the evangelizer of nations and the depository of the divine oracles, such a proclamation of “Peace, peace, where there is no peace,” is a result to be lauded or desired.

In taking leave of a book, the publication of which we heartily regret, we are glad to record one passage which we can as heartily endorse:—

“My dear good friend,” continued the Rector, stopping on the highroad, and placing his hand impressively on the arm of his companion, “there is one influence, whether for good or for evil, to which I must allude, and which you must thoroughly appreciate, if you desire to form a right notion of one of the principal causes of the change of feeling on the part of our people towards England. That is *your Press*,—I would rather use the more comprehensive word, and say—*your Literature*. You cannot rightly appreciate either the strength and intensity of the former state of feeling in this country towards yours, or estimate the beneficent change of later years, unless you consider how the English Press—be it what it might,—daily, weekly, monthly,

quarterly,—be it history, or be it fiction, or be it so-called philosophical disquisition,—wrote and writes of Ireland, and of things Irish.”

“I comprehend,” said Sir Martin.

“Yes, Sir Martin; every intelligent man must comprehend the influence, for evil or for good, exercised by this enormous power,—a power perpetually appealing, on the one hand, to the prejudices, the interests, the passions of a people; or, on the other hand, to their higher feelings, their nobler impulses—to their sense of right and justice—to their wisdom and patriotism, their kindness and generosity. We know that water will wear away stone, that rust will eat into steel, that the moth will devour and destroy various substances; but what are all these to the incessant action of a hostile Press, —of a Press inspired by a feeling of hate, which it veils under an affectation of that pity which is in itself the worst form of contempt? The constant dripping of water will wear away the hardest rock. That we know. But what is to be said of a perpetual flood of abuse and vituperation?—of the grossest misrepresentations of the nature, character, and genius of Irishmen?—of never-ending taunt, and ridicule, and insult?—of systematic vilification? Why, Sir Martin, who can wonder that this enormous engine of evil,—coupled, mind you, with other evils, such as blundering and neglect,—filled the heart of this Island with hatred of England; and that so far from there being, as there ought to be—and as I say *there now is*—a feeling of pride and sympathy in her greatness or her glory, there was a sense of satisfaction at any reverse she met with, whether in arms or diplomacy? Of course, I am not speaking of what may be described as the privileged classes,—I speak of the Nation at large. Thank Heaven for it! all this is a thing of the past, and thus I can speak of it freely at this moment. But, believe me, Sir Martin, if this Press Evil, as I may term it, had not ceased, as it happily has done, not all the legislation, not all the wise and good measures that could be passed, could have reconciled this country to England.”

“That, Moran, I can well believe.”

“The evil done by the Newspaper Press was enormous. The more wicked or venomous the article, the more sure might its writer be of its wider diffusion, and the more certain were we to have it brought into our very midst. Printed in London, or in the Provinces, it was sure to find its way to our homes and our breakfast-tables, either as an object of attack or reprobation, or as a thing to be admired.”

“Admired! Do I understand you rightly!—you said ‘admired’?” inquired Sir Martin.

“Well, yes—at least ostensibly so; for in past times it was too much the habit with certain of our public writers to defame their own people, or those of their people to whom they were antagonistic, and seek to lower them in the esteem of the English public; and when they found ready to their hand the means of gratifying their political or sectarian feelings, they did not scruple to make free use of your blisters, Sir Martin,—and, I can answer for it, the Spanish flies made your English blisters rise,—aye, my friend, and establish many a raw too.”

“I will be bound they did,” said Sir Martin. “And a moral blister is a tickler.”

"Especially, Sir Martin, when applied to that most sensitive of all living organs—the heart of a nation quivering with nervous excitement, partly constitutional, partly the result of circumstances. Take my word, the feeling of scorn or contempt—call it what you wish—was returned by one of hate, of whose bitterness and intensity you can have no possible idea—nay, not the remotest. And yet it has not only died away—faded out of the heart and brain of this Irish nation; but it has been replaced by a feeling most grateful to witness,—simply because, for years past, your literature has had a better and wiser inspiration." (vol. iii. pp. 167-73.)

"Anno Domini 2071" is a translation from the Dutch, and comes therefore with a twofold disadvantage as a work of literature and fancy. The flats of Holland have produced, it is true, and now contain, much that is valuable in men and minds. Nevertheless, the first idea of their men of letters would rather suggest patient investigators, compilers, basing their productions on a substratum of facts, building up judicious and solid inferences. To think of a Dutchman as an airy visitor to the realms of fancy, is a new "sensation" in literature. To be sure, there was the Flying Dutchman; and—now we think of it—the Man with the Cork Leg was a Hollander. Perhaps it is his descendant who gives us, in "Anno Domini 2071," the

AGE OF ALUMINIUM,

The latter commenced or dates from the second half of the twentieth century, when it was first discovered how to produce aluminium in large quantities from common clay, old tiles, potsherds, china, and earthenware. (p. 14.)

But, upon the whole, we cannot speak very highly of this production, as a work of fancy, or as conveying any distinctly useful suggestions under its fantastic garb. "I love," says Old Touchstone in 'St. Ronan's Well,' "I love a quick and rattling fire in these vanities—Folly walking a funeral pace, and clinking her bells to the time of a passing knell, makes sad work indeed." Now, we are not accusing "the Dutch Original," nor Dr. Alex. Bikkers, his commentator, of folly, or anything akin to it; but we are charging "2071" with a defect in pace. The book is rather a slow one, though the dimensions are small. Moreover, the author labours under one disadvantage to an English reader, of which he could hardly be conscious, and which cannot therefore be laid to his charge. Selecting Roger Bacon, or his shade, as the exponent of the physical discoveries of two hundred years hence, he comes in collision—we cannot say competition—with Sir F. Palgrave's charming impersonation of the mediæval philosopher in "The Merchant and the Friar." The Bacon

of 2071 is as dull and matter-of-fact as a verger in Westminster Abbey, checking off the names of the tombs to visitors at the small charge of sixpence a head.

Here again, in the pages of the sober Dutchman as of the lively Celt, we come across the inevitable, the irrepressible and ubiquitous topic of—

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.*

"Male and female parties!" exclaimed I, in utter astonishment. "Have those then become the two contending parties in politics?"

"Naturally enough," replied [Bacon]. "Nothing else could have happened; it is the direct and natural consequence of the emancipation of women, whereby all rights have been granted them that were formerly exclusively accorded to men."

I could not help expressing my surprise at such a result, and added that I was afraid that it must have materially affected the relation between the sexes.

A sarcastic smile seemed for once to ruffle the placid features of Bacon as he laconically answered, "Perhaps so." But Miss Phantasia, who suddenly from a listener became a speaker, made the following oral affidavit: "I will just tell you the truth of the matter. . . . The old feeling of chivalry has given way to the habit of rudeness. Politeness, though the word is not quite expunged from men's vocabulary, is seldom extended towards our sex. You must have noticed how, on going upstairs this morning, the men rudely pushed us aside so as to secure the best seats for themselves. This is a slight

* Almost as we are going to press we come across the new number of the "Woman's Suffrage Journal" for January, 1872. We had not previously had the advantage of seeing this periodical, which is edited by Miss Lydia E. Becker, and contains, *inter alia*, reports of that lady's speeches, with those of Miss Craigen, and of John Bright's niece, Miss Ashworth. One of Miss Becker's sentiments, delivered at the Wuerdle and Wardle Liberal Association, sets us thinking. We fear that, on the whole, the lady speaker overrates the magnanimity of the masculine portion of the human race, but we offer no comment or distinct view. "When nations got into the habit of thinking that they were nations of men and women, they would be less likely to go to war; a man who did not object to fight a man would not like to fight a woman." (Hear, hear.) We turn with some little curiosity to the table of contents (sent with this number) for volume II. of the same Journal, January to December, 1871, and should wish to see what was said, *e.g.*, about Mr. Maguire's "Next Generation," which is mentioned among the books reviewed. Other articles are:—Buckinghamshire Husbands—Legal Disabilities of Women in California—Chinese Women—Mr. Disraeli on the Health and Duties of the Queen—Grave Question for English Women—Lecture by a Hindu Lady—Lancashire Husbands—Daniel O'Connell on Women's Rights—Women's Right to enter a Church—Alfred the Great—Deaconess admitted by the Bishop of London into the Church of England—The Echo on the Treatment of Wives—The Graphic on the Sale of Wives—Heroines of the Amazons—Lady Students at Edinburgh University—Man putting his Wife on the Fire—"Old Catholic" Congress—"Sauce for the Gander," &c.

specimen of what happens and is tolerated in 'modern' society. Opposite man's violence is to be found woman's cunning, and the ultimate chances of success are pretty well balanced on both sides; but to whichever victory may fall, it can only be bought at the price of domestic peace and bliss, and of all those nobler qualities which then only will be properly developed when both sexes keep within the sphere allotted them by nature and disposition. Whatever we have gained in direct political influence we have lost in the indirect influence on the hearts of men, and it remains to be seen whether the gain has been greater than the loss. No, Stuart Mill, you who two hundred years ago were the first to put the dormant idea of female emancipation into the shape of words, and supported the agitation with all the weight of your name, you may have been a great philosopher, you may have known every possible thing about political economy, but you did not understand the human heart; and with regard to us women, you have played us a very bad trick."

That Miss Phantasia was earnest in her conviction was evinced by the unusual warmth with which she had spoken. Yet it appeared to me that she was a little too hard upon Mill. All that he and his followers undoubtedly intended to carry was that the right of voting should be extended to unmarried women, and to those that were possessed of some property. They could not be blamed for the extremes rushed into by their junior adherents. But there recurred to my mind the dreadful qualification scale, which had been lowered and lowered again, and I began to recognize that, here as elsewhere, all arguments have to give way before the so-called principles and logical consistency. (pp. 116-19.)

Roger Bacon, in the twenty-first century, will oppose no argument to confute the Darwinian theory. He will hear it stated in his presence, and not have a word to say. Now this, we think, without hypercriticism, is an abuse of the *magni nominis umbra*, and a violation of historical justice and truth. The "Genealogical Museum" (p. 43 *et seq.*) into which he ushers the author, and the author ushers us, is the scene of a lecture on the Genesis of Species from Miss Phantasia, while Bacon stands by in silence. What would be thought of a political fiction in which Lord John Manners should be represented as folding his arms and listening, without reply, to an oration of Sir Charles Dilke's? This, and the advocacy of the theory itself, especially in a note by the translator, is our only serious quarrel with the book, and we could not avoid stating it in few words.

Meanwhile, it is consoling to know that the London, on whose devoted inhabitants in this century our English rain, sleet, snow, and hail descend unchecked, will then have expanded into a Londinia, protected—as we care not to protect our present metropolis—from the inclemencies of the national climate.—

"Londinia? Is that the same as London?"

"Not quite; ancient London formed but a small portion of the present city of Londinia. The latter occupies a considerable part of the south-east of England, and has a population of something like twelve millions."

As we continued our tour, I chanced to hit upon the trivial remark that we had "very mild weather indeed, considering the time of the year."

"You are mistaken," Bacon said; "on the contrary, it is bitterly cold; only you forget that we are in town. Just feel the heat of the current of air which rises from the sieve-like plate on which you are walking, and you will doubtless agree with me that the

DISTRIBUTION-OF-WARM-AIR SOCIETY

is by no means unfaithful to its obligations. Then look above you. Had the distribution been insufficient, we should still see the glass roof over our heads covered with this morning's snow."

I looked up, and saw that the street was vaulted over with glass plates of considerable length and width, joined together by thin bars, with here and there an aperture as the means of ventilation.

"I apprehend, then, that we are in a so-called arcade?"

"Well, yes; if you mean to apply that name to the greater part of our city. That which in the nineteenth century was only to be found *occasionally* in the great towns of Europe, has become a *regular* institution in the twenty-first, owing to the manufacture of our inexpensive

VERRE SANS FIN,

or 'Endless Glass,' as our people generally call it."

"I have no doubt that this must be a considerable improvement on your town-life throughout winter; but in summer-time I should say this must be intolerably hot."

"Not at all; the same society which undertakes the supply of warm air in winter also provides for us during the summer months a cooling draught. Nothing can be easier than that. You are doubtless aware of ice having been manufactured in the middle of summer for at least a couple of centuries. During the warm season the air is made to pass over the glass vault above us before it reaches the pavement through the sieve-like plate, and if the warm-air inspectors properly attend to their duties, there is scarcely any difference in our temperature throughout the year."

"Then probably you warm your houses by a similar process, and you never use any stoves or fireplaces now?"

Neither of my companions could help smiling at these words, betraying again, as they did, my very old-fashioned notions. Bacon, however, gave me a kindly nod of assent as he proceeded to explain: "Just as a cold-water bath may be heated at pleasure by opening the hot-water tap, we can warm the air in our apartments by means of a valve, which when opened, not only affords a supply of warm air, but has the additional advantage of producing a most delightful refreshing of the atmosphere without any idea of draught."

"I really cannot understand," Miss Phantasia here remarked, "how the

people in those barbarous times managed to live amid the smoke and ashes and dust of their horrible fireplaces." (pp. 10-12.)

"The Coming Race" winds up our list, because in truth nothing in the way of fiction can go beyond it; few things in the way of fact. It reaches the *ne plus ultra* in the tremendous character of its vaticinations. This final race of unplumed though not wingless bipeds, who must from the nature of things stretch out to the crack of doom,—if the author contemplates any ultimatum of that kind,—are not such men and women as we have ever contemplated. They are not intensified Anglo-Americans, nor the last development of the Aryan race. They would despise locomotives and balloons, as we despise our defunct hackney-coaches. They would regard chassepots, needle-guns, and the giants of destruction at Shoeburyness much as Dalgetty regarded the bows and arrows of the Highland savages. It is a subterranean race of men with whom we have to deal. Or rather, of subterranean women, who are their chief intellects, and children, who are their chief destroyers. And here again comes in that element, the Woman's Right question, which so remarkably and with such unpleasantness, underlies these fictions. Formidable, nay resistless, are these Ana, or men; yet more formidable these Gyes, Gy-ei, or women. With the all-potent *vril*, their agent in destruction, they are one day, it seems, to arise out of their lower world, and take possession of this. Accordingly, it is below ground that the author goes to seek them.

The "Coming Race" appears to us to be a book of remarkable ability. Given its *πρωτον ψευδος*—the extravagance of the assertion it starts with, and maintains—this description of subterranean life, and of the highly cultivated, indeed heroic, race of men and women who are supposed to live it, is worked out very consistently, and leaves a strong impression on the mind. We are happy to add another topic of praise, the possibility of which, it is mournful to realize, seems to grow more infrequent every day. A work of fiction, written in our nineteenth century, is written purely, notwithstanding. We have detected little or no offensiveness in the atmosphere in which we were moving through those strange realms below. In saying this, it is not to be denied that a topic so incongruous to our best notions of the fitness of things, and trenching in divers departments so closely on "all we hate," as the assertion of Woman's Rights, renders it difficult for an author to steer among the shoals without grating upon them here or there. When a world is turned topsy-turvy, the laws of gravitation become easily confused.

The author of the "Coming Race" is supposed to be a youth of good education, wandering over the face of the earth, with a taste for travel and adventure. We have no name for him, except that by which he was afterwards called by his subterranean friends; "Tish," a familiar term of endearment from a superior to an inferior, as we might call a kitten "pussikins."

In the year 18—, happening to be in —, I was invited by a professional engineer, with whom I had made acquaintance, to visit the recesses of the — mine, upon which he was employed. . . .

Let me say, then, as briefly as possible, that I accompanied the engineer into the interior of the mine, and became so strangely fascinated by its gloomy wonders, and so interested in my friend's explorations, that I prolonged my stay in the neighbourhood, and descended daily, for some weeks, into the vaults and galleries hollowed by nature and art beneath the surface of the earth. The engineer was persuaded that far richer deposits of mineral wealth than had yet been detected, would be found in a new shaft that had been commenced under his operations. In piercing this shaft we came one day upon a chasm jagged and seemingly charred at the sides, as if burst asunder at some distant period by volcanic fires. Down this chasm my friend caused himself to be lowered in a 'cage,' having first tested the atmosphere by the safety-lamp. He remained nearly an hour in the abyss. When he returned he was very pale, and with an anxious, thoughtful expression of face, very different from its ordinary character, which was open, cheerful, and fearless.

Pressed by his companion, the author, to account for this:—

At last he said, "I will tell you all. When the cage stopped, I found myself on a ridge of rock; and below me, the chasm, taking a slanting direction, shot down to a considerable depth, the darkness of which my lamp could not have penetrated. But through it, to my infinite surprise, streamed upward a steady brilliant light. Could it be any volcanic fire? in that case, surely I should have felt the heat. Still, if on this there was doubt, it was of the utmost importance to our common safety to clear it up. I examined the sides of the descent, and found that I could venture to trust myself to the irregular projections or ledges, at least for some way. I left the cage and clambered down. As I drew nearer and nearer to the light, the chasm became wider, and at last I saw, to my unspeakable amaze, a broad level road at the bottom of the abyss, illumined as far as the eye could reach by what seemed artificial gas-lamps placed at regular intervals, as in the thoroughfare of a great city; and I heard confusedly at a distance a hum as of human voices. I know, of course, that no rival miners are at work in this district. Whose could be those voices? What human hands could have levelled that road and marshalled those lamps?

"The superstitious belief, common to miners, that gnomes or fiends dwell within the bowels of the earth, began to seize me. I shuddered at the thought of descending further and braving the inhabitants of this nether valley. Nor

indeed could I have done so without ropes, as from the spot I had reached to the bottom of the chasm the sides of the rock sank down abrupt, smooth and sheer. I retraced my steps with some difficulty. Now I have told you all." (pp. 2-6.)

The next day they descend together: the engineer is killed by a fall, and the author finds himself as much alone in the subterranean world as the renowned Captain Lemuel Gulliver in the flying island of Laputa. On his first arrival below, he encounters one of the inhabitants of the subterranean world, who turns out to be the "Tur," or chief magistrate of the city.

And now there came out of this building a form—human ;—was it human? It stood on the broad way and looked round, beheld me, and approached. It came within a few yards of me, and at the sight and presence of it an indescribable awe and tremor seized me, rooting my feet to the ground. It reminded me of symbolical images of Genius or Demon that are seen on Etruscan vases or limned on the walls of Eastern sepulchres—images that borrow the outlines of man, and are yet of another race. It was tall, not gigantic, but tall as the tallest men below the height of giants.

Its chief covering seemed to me to be composed of large wings folded over its breast and reaching to its knees; the rest of its attire was composed of an under tunic and leggings of some thin fibrous material. It wore on its head a kind of tiara that shone with jewels, and carried in its right hand a slender staff of bright metal like polished steel. But the face! it was that which inspired my awe and my terror. It was the face of man, but yet of a type of man distinct from our known extant races. The nearest approach to it in outline and expression is the face of the sculptured sphinx—so regular in its calm, intellectual, mysterious beauty. Its colour was peculiar, more like that of the red man than any other variety of our species, and yet different from it—a richer and a softer hue, with large black eyes, deep and brilliant, and brows arched as a semicircle. The face was beardless; but a nameless something in the aspect, tranquil though the expression, and beauteous though the features, roused that instinct of danger which the sight of a tiger or serpent arouses. I felt that this manlike image was endowed with forces inimical to man. As it drew near, a cold shudder came over me. I fell on my knees and covered my face with my hands. (pp. 15-17.)

We will here cap this extract with a parallel passage towards the end of the volume, where the same formidable Memnon reappears. It has been decreed in the council of the subterranean race that the foreign and superterrestrial intruder is to be put to death, partly that the College of Sages may advance their science by dissecting him as a remarkable specimen, partly because a daughter of the Vrilya seems to regard him with favour. The execution of this decree is intrusted to the child Taë with his vril-staff. Taë inwardly grieves, but of

course has no idea of disobedience ; he invites the stranger forth to a walk, with the intention of *vrilling* him to a cinder.

Just at this moment a shadow fell on the space between me and the group ; and, turning round, I beheld the chief magistrate coming close upon us, with the silent and stately pace peculiar to the Vril-ya. At the sight of his countenance, the same terror which had seized me when I first beheld it returned. On that brow, in those eyes, there was that same indefinable something which marked the being of a race fatal to our own—that strange expression of serene exemption from our common cares and passions, of conscious superior power, compassionate and inflexible as that of a judge who pronounces doom. I shivered, and, inclining low, pressed the arm of my child-friend, and drew him onward silently. The Tur placed himself before our path, regarded me for a moment without speaking, then turned his eye quietly on his daughter's face, and, with a grave salutation to her and the other Gy-ei, went through the midst of the group,—still without a word.

When Taë and I found ourselves alone on the broad road that lay between the city and the chasm through which I had descended into this region beneath the light of the stars and sun, I said under my breath, "Child and friend, there is a look in your father's face which appals me. I feel as if, in its awful tranquillity, I gazed upon death."

Taë did not immediately reply. He seemed agitated, and as if debating with himself by what words to soften some unwelcome intelligence. At last he said, "None of the Vril-ya fear death : do you ?" (pp. 278-280.)

Before we further notice his adventures, let it be said, he is not the first Transatlantic* writer of fiction who has led his readers into the subject of his volume through the deep shaft of a mine. There is an American extravaganza, entitled "*Warwick*," from the name of the favourite horse that figures as a chief character. The hero, a young *littérateur* of great promise, suffering an unjust family persecution, is resolved to explore, plumb-down, the deepest recess of the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. Down he goes accordingly, leaving an old negro to pay out the rope by a windlass a-top. But, with all his go-ahead recklessness, he is a young man with one excellent quality, not characteristic, we fear, of his country or his time. He has a respectful estimate of his progenitors. With a filial piety truly uncommon, he descends on his venture,

* Such is the nationality which, with great internal probability, he claims. "I am a native of —, in the United States of America. My ancestors migrated from England in the reign of Charles II. ; and my grandfather was not undistinguished in the War of Independence. . . . My father once ran for Congress, but was signally defeated by his tailor. . . . Being left well off, and having a taste for travel and adventure, I resigned, for a time, all pursuit of the almighty dollar," &c. (Chap. i.)

accompanied by his grandfather's umbrella; an ancient gingham structure, ample and homespun, superior in frame and texture to the mere parasols carried in these degenerate days. When the rope breaks above his head, he shoots downward with a velocity that takes away his senses, still clutching in desperation this ancestral defence. The more than parasol expands into a parachute, retards his descent, and lands him safely in a mine of unsunned gold, by which he achieves his fortune.

Less happy than his compatriot, the discoverer of the "Coming Race" is well off when, after a sojourn among them sufficient to impress himself and his readers with the tremendous prospect of their future coming, he evades a sentence of death pronounced against him for his intrusion. He returns to the upper mine by means of the mechanical wings with which the Vril-ya, or vril-possessors, the inhabitants namely of this mysterious region, are provided.

But what is *vril*? Not to know vril is to be unable to appreciate the Coming Race. By means of vril they have raised themselves through progressive ages in the scale of being: nay, developed in power and intelligence from the aboriginal frog. For the author does himself injustice if he is wholly free from the Darwinian theory; or from a Batrachian theory that out-Darwins Darwin. There is a serio-comic passage, leaving us in as much doubt as Mr. Maguire's sketches do, as to whether it belongs to the sock or the buskin; but it decidedly looks that way.

Vril, then, is a subtle resistless force in nature, of which our present knowledge of electricity and magnetism is a mere rudimentary indication. Vril is more than any odic or psychic force dreamed of, as yet, in our philosophy. It has been subdued by this race, the Vril-ya, to be their powerful, destructive, yet obedient slave. Enclosed in a vril-staff, it becomes a weapon of offence, projected with a destructive power simply incalculable. It can shoot and kill, nay shatter and reduce to cinder, at a distance of six hundred miles. Even, without the weapon, it resides in the possessor, rendering him, at will, as perilous to touch as a gymnotus, or a highly-charged Leyden jar. The sublunary intruder into this vril-world becomes bewildered in his alarm at the majestic presence of Aph-Lin, one of its chief officials.

As extreme fright often shows itself by extreme daring, I sprang at his throat like a wild beast. On an instant I was felled to the ground as by an electric shock, and the last confused images floating before my sight ere I became wholly insensible, were the form of my host kneeling beside me with

one hand on my forehead, and the beautiful calm face of his daughter, with large, deep, inscrutable eyes intently fixed upon my own. (p. 35.)

But steam, the poor, insufficient and perilous vril that has given immortality to Watt and Stephenson, can wield a ponderous Nasmyth hammer, or crack a nut. So, much more, can vril be concentrated upon mild beneficent ministries for the benefit of the race. The author is *vrilled* (if we may coin a verb out of it) into slumber at the will of Aph-Lin, and Zee his daughter, the latter being a member of the College of Sages, as a Vril-lady has every right to be. During his vril-sleep, his entertainers extract from his brain, by means of vril, a complete knowledge of the English language, which he finds them speaking, when he wakes, with perfect fluency, and probably with a slight nasal intonation. In short, vril lights their subterranean streets instead of oxy-hydrogen; vril yields a medicated bath that beats Schlangenbad to nothing; vril opens rocks or closes them again, sets their machinery in motion, jogs their wits, makes itself generally useful, and only does not roast the joints for their repasts, because they are strict vegetarians as well as teetotallers.

On the other hand, as an engine of destruction, a vril-staff in the hands of a child is so much more than a rifle in the deer-forest or the tiger-jungle, that we must leave the author to describe its effects.

This people have invented certain tubes by which the vril fluid can be conducted towards the object it is meant to destroy, throughout a distance almost indefinite; at least I put it modestly when I say from 500 to 600 miles. And their mathematical science as applied to such purpose is so nicely accurate, that on the report of some observer in an air-boat, any member of the vril department can estimate unerringly the nature of intervening obstacles, the height to which the projectile instrument should be raised, and the extent to which it should be charged, so as to reduce to ashes within a space of time too short for me to venture to specify it, a capital twice as vast as London.

Certainly these Ana are wonderful mechanicians—wonderful for the adaptation of the inventive faculty to practical uses.

I went with my host and his daughter Zee over the great public museum, which occupies a wing in the College of Sages, and in which are hoarded, as curious specimens of the ignorant and blundering experiments of ancient times, many contrivances on which we pride ourselves as recent achievements. In one department, carelessly thrown aside as obsolete lumber, are tubes for destroying life by metallic balls and an inflammable powder, on the principle of our cannons and catapults, and even still more murderous than our latest improvements.

My host spoke of these with a smile of contempt, such as an artillery officer might bestow on the bows and arrows of the Chinese. In another

department there were models of vehicles and vessels worked by steam, and of a balloon which might have been constructed by Montgolfier. "Such," said Zee, with an air of meditative wisdom—"such were the feeble triflings with nature of our savage forefathers, ere they had even a glimmering perception of the properties of vril !" (pp. 127, 128.)

This book, it must be acknowledged, is worked out ably and consistently. We recognize in it a good deal of the naturalness and unforced description which so wonderfully keep up the illusions in Swift and Defoe. And it would be unjust to the author not again to notice, in contradistinction to the former writer, a refinement and total absence of any such offences as are rife in the Dean of St. Patrick's. *En revanche*, the religion of his Vril-ya, or people possessing vril, appears to be a mild, inexpressive, and very uninfluential materialism, in which the all-permeating vril plays its part, and "transmits (p. 97) to the well-spring of life and intelligence every thought that a living creature can conceive." The Darwinian theory is touched off with sublime ridicule, though not from the standpoint of faith, nor as we have already said, with a total freedom from its entanglements. The passage (chap. xvi.) is too long to quote, but of which we give the conclusion.

"An," it must be observed, is their word for *man*, and Koom-Posh means a republic, a form of government of which the subterraneans had some idea from books and tradition, even before their American visitor suddenly "dropped in" among them; and of which they always spoke to him with unimpassioned but decided contempt.

"And do no wranglers or philosophers now exist to revive the dispute; or do they all recognize the origin of your race in the tadpole?"

"Nay, such disputes," said Zee, with a lofty smile, "belong to the Pah-bodh of the dark ages, and now only serve for the amusement of infants. . . . The An in reality commenced to exist as An with the donation of that capacity, [*i. e.* to receive the idea of a Creator,] and, with that capacity, the sense to acknowledge that, however through the countless ages his race may improve in wisdom, it can never combine the elements at its command into the form of a tadpole."

"You speak well, Zee," said Aph-Lin; "and it is enough for us short-lived mortals to feel a reasonable assurance that whether the origin of the An was a tadpole or not, he is no more likely to become a tadpole again than the institutions of the Vril-ya are likely to relapse into the heaving quagmire and certain strife-rot of a Koom-Posh." (pp. 143-4.)

Here is a passage to please Mr. Maguire, who will find the prototype of his Miss Elmsley in this nether world:—

They have few professional and regular practitioners of medicine, and these are chiefly Gy-ei, who, especially if widowed and childless, find great delight in the healing art, and even undertake surgical operations in those cases required by accident, or, more rarely, by disease. (p. 150.)

If doctors would hardly be encouraged to emigrate to a new home there below, the lawyers would find still sorrier prospects:—

The supreme magistrate was not distinguished from the rest by superior habitation or revenue. On the other hand, the duties awarded to him were marvellously light and easy, requiring no preponderant degree of energy or intelligence. There being no apprehensions of war, there were no armies to maintain; being no government of force, there was no police to appoint and direct. What we call crime was utterly unknown to the Vrîl-ya; and there were no courts of criminal justice. The rare instances of civil disputes were referred for arbitration to friends chosen by either party, or decided by the Council of Sages, which will be described later. There were no professional lawyers; and indeed their laws were but amicable conventions, for there was no power to enforce laws against an offender who carried in his staff the power to destroy his judges. There were customs and regulations to compliance with which, for several ages, the people had tacitly habituated themselves; or if in any instance an individual felt such compliance hard, he quitted the community and went elsewhere. There was, in fact, quietly established amid this state, much the same compact that is found in our private families, in which we virtually say to any independent grown-up member of the family whom we receive and entertain, "Stay or go, according as our habits and regulations suit or displease you." But though there were no laws such as we call laws, no race above ground is so law-observing. Obedience to the rule adopted by the community has become as much an instinct as if it were implanted by nature. Even in every household the head of it makes a regulation for its guidance, which is never resisted nor even cavilled at by those who belong to the family. They have a proverb, the pithiness of which is much lost in this paraphrase, "No happiness without order, no order without authority, no authority without unity." The mildness of all government among them, civil or domestic, may be signalized by their idiomatic expressions for such terms as illegal or forbidden—viz., "It is requested not to do so-and-so." (pp. 62-3.)

Imagination is apt to play us strange vagaries: and not only "bodies forth the forms of things unknown," but represents collisions between bodies known, or read of. With Mr. Maguire and the nameless Tish before us, side by side, we cannot keep ourselves from speculating on the momentary struggle and inevitable result that would ensue, if the Coming Race should arise with their vrîl-staves, and invade the Next Generation. We say, the inevitable result; for, as Tish very sensibly observes,

If they ever emerged from these nether recesses into the light of day, they would, according to their own traditional persuasions of their ultimate destiny, destroy and replace our existent varieties of man. . . . The Vril-ya, on emerging, induced by the charm of a sunlit heaven to form their settlements above ground, would commence at once the work of destruction, seize upon the territories already cultivated, and clear off, without scruple, all the inhabitants who resisted that invasion. And considering their contempt for the institutions of Koom-Posh or Popular Government, and the pugnacious valour of my beloved country, I believe that if the Vril-ya first appeared in free America—as, being the choicest portion of the habitable earth, they would doubtless be induced to do—and said, “This quarter of the globe we take; citizens of a Koom-Posh, make way for the development of species in the Vril-ya,” my brave compatriots would show fight, and not a soul of them would be left in this life, to rally round the Stars and Stripes, at the end of a week. (pp. 271-3.)

But suppose that, instead of a Koom-Posh, they were to emerge within the territories of a constitutional monarchy. Say that some fissure in Kensington gravel-pits, or a deep crack in the London clay, should prove the destined avenue through which the Vril-ya shall arise,

Ad summas emergere opes, rerumque potiri.

A debate is going on in the House of Commons: Clara Carter and the Opposition whip, whatever her name, have used every persuasion to secure a full attendance. Distinguished strangers throng the gallery. The Marquis of Sidonia is there, with his curls and his eye-glass. Lord Lancaster is hob-nobbing with the ambassador from the (once) Cannibal Islands. There is a hush of expectation, for Mrs. Bates has risen to speak. The Chancelloress of the Exchequer never seemed in better plume. It is going to be one of her great efforts. Arachne Binks, the leader of the Opposition, sits a little uneasily, for it is a critical debate: she is conscious of a flaw, a weak point, in the argument she has just concluded—conscious, too, that Mrs. Bates’ keen mental eye is fixed on it. The Chancelloress is going to take up that stitch in Arachne’s embroidery. “Now, I would not,” whispers Portia Jackson, a chancery barrister in high practice, to her confidential clerk, Nerissa Stokes, “I would not, for double the value of my next brief, be sitting opposite to Selina Bates at this moment.” “Or-der, or-der,” drawls the sonorous barytone of the Speaker, Boadicea Maddox, always so dignified in the chair.

Dead silence. Selina Bates raises her hand, fixes her eye. The Opposition trembles in its shoes. But what is that ominous trampling, of many feet, and heavy ones too, at

the door? "Or-der, or—" recommences the Speaker. Nay, but it is the new Order, about to replace the old. The door swings back—it is opened by *vril*!

First, a skirmishing party of children with their *vril*-staves; the Zouaves and Turcos of the Coming Race. Over them, towering and terrible, a phalanx of Gy-ei. Their wings are folded; they have the statuesque calm, the deep unfathomable eyes, belonging to their race, and to their conscious resistless power. A grave compassion, lofty, emotionless, is theirs, as of the executioners of Destiny: Eumenides without the vehemence; unrepulsive, unattractive, unmoved. They brandish no snaky scourges; they do but bear the *vril*.

What can Selina avail, or Portia, or Boadicea herself? The Coming Race is come. The Next Generation simply has to go.

"Take away that bauble," says Zee, like a dozen Cromwells *vrilled* into one. She points her *vril*-staff towards the mace. The words are passionless, as though from the porphyry lips of a Memnon. You might have read them from a scroll of papyrus, or deciphered them on the Rosetta stone. The Gy-ei stand around, like a range of statues from Karnack.

But now the Speaker, recovering from her astonishment, thinks it time to assert the dignity of the House, and Woman's Rights. Woman's Rights, forsooth! what are they, matched against the Rights of Gy-ei?

"Madam,"—begins Boadicea, in her most approved manner.

It is enough. That first word of the super-terrestrial announces the moment of destiny. Tishes and Koom-Poshes are to be no more. A sheet of *vril* pours its lightning current through St. Stephen's. Little heaps of cinders mark the places where the members sat. The blackened roof reels, falls in; crushes the palace into a charred mass of ruin. But not where the Gy-ei have taken their stand, calm, resistless, inscrutable, with a marmorean compassion in their deep eyes. The clock tower remains, gaunt and desolate, solitary as the Monument on Fish-street Hill.

And now, when London shall have been rebuilt on Vriylan principles, and the Ana and Gy-ei composing the "next generation" of that Coming Race shall assemble, on wings and in aerial boats, to hear a lecture on the extinct Tishes by Professor Zee, what will be the probable course of her observations? But we need exercise no imagination. Zee has furnished, in words to the author, one suggestive topic in such a discourse.

Wherever goes on that early process in the history of civilization, by which

life is made a struggle, in which the individual has to put forth all his powers to compete with his fellow, we invariably find this result—viz., since in the competition a vast number must perish, nature selects for preservation only the strongest specimens. With our race, therefore, even before the discovery of vril, only the highest organizations were preserved; and there is among our ancient books a legend, once popularly believed, that we were driven from a region that seems to denote the world you come from, in order to perfect our condition and attain to the purest elimination of our species by the severity of the struggles our forefathers underwent; and that, when our education shall become finally completed, we are destined to return to the upper world, and supplant all the inferior races now existing therein. (pp. 119, 120.)

But whether the civilized world, or what calls itself so, into the midst of which the Vril-ya will thus majestically stalk to destroy it, will be Koom-Posh or Glek-nas; or what progress it may have made towards the discovery of vril, so as to meet the Coming Race on equal terms, let him declare who knows.

ART. V.—IMPERIAL AND REPUBLICAN DIPLOMACY
IN FRANCE, FROM 1866 TO 1870.

Ma Mission en Prusse. Par le Comte BENEDETTI. 2me Edition. Paris : Plon. 1871.

Rome et la République française. Par JULES FAVRE, de l'Académie française. Paris : Plon. 1871.

THE reader may remember the universal clamour which arose among our neighbours against the diplomatic agents of the Empire. Their negligence in not informing their Government of the silent, yet steady preparations of Prussia for the inevitable conflict; their total ignorance as to the Bismarckian intrigues, so warily laid for the accession of a Hohenzollern to the throne of Spain; finally, their utter incompetency to their task, were branded as one of the chief causes of the downfall of their country. For any man to stand up in defence of Count Benedetti or of Baron Stoffel, the French agents at Berlin, or for M. Mercier, ambassador at Madrid, would have been deemed the height of folly; too fortunate, indeed, if the poor man was not arrested as a Prussian spy by those Parisian wiseacres who, day after day, proved to demonstration before a gaping multitude how the

Germans might be annihilated, and France restored to her wonted supremacy, if Government would but listen to their sapient devices.

Well, time rolls on, and France is now paying dearly for the incapacity of her Imperial ruler, as well as for her own folly in provoking a deadly war, when so little prepared for its risks and hazards. No man who knows France will deny that, during the first half of 1870, no government whatsoever would have been able to withstand the torrent of public opinion, rushing forth with a sort of infuriated rapidity against the German nation, now likewise rising in arms.

It could hardly be expected that the men thus condemned, though unheard and undefended, should tamely sit down under their sentence, and submit patiently to this wrong verdict of public opinion. We say *wrong verdict*, for of late a flood of evidence has come forth, all tending to prove that, at any rate, the diplomatic agents of France were not in fault, and that if the Government which they served chose to shut its eyes to evidence, the men intrusted with the French interests at Berlin and Madrid are to be acquitted both of ignorance and dereliction of duty. The real onus of the late unparalleled disasters must fall on another head; but we have no taste for having our fling at fallen grandeur, and prefer to set aside the question as irrelevant to our present purpose. It is sufficient to observe, that of correct, precise, and constant information, Napoleon had a store, for which any government would have been thankful, and lavished, perhaps, upon its donor its choicest honours. This we are bound to assert at once, through a mere feeling of fair play.

As long as the war lasted, as well as its horrid concomitant, the Commune, it was next to impossible for the accused to raise their voices. All men in Paris and out of Paris were waiting in breathless anxiety to see whether Christian civilization would be able to stem the tide of atheistic barbarism, or whether God had doomed France to utter destruction by her own hands. But peace was hardly restored, when pamphlets and books of every description poured in from all sides. Some related the incidents of the late campaign; others the deeds of the mobocracy, that lorded paramount over Paris for two long months; others again endeavoured to vindicate their conduct during the latter days of the Second Empire. Among these, Baron Stoffel was the first to break silence. For several years he had been attached to the French embassy at Berlin as military agent, and it was thus his peculiar duty to report on the progress and organization of the Prussian army. Counts without number had been brought against this gallant officer:

—he knew nothing of his craft; he had been blindfold to what was going on under his own eyes; he did not even know one word of the German language; and as to new inventions and discoveries in tactics, ordnance, and drill, he was evidently incapable of forming any opinion on the subject. It so happened, however, that some of M. Stoffel's reports to the Emperor himself were found in the Tuileries, when it was sacked by the mob, and their contents proved so important, so pithy, so full of matter of fact, were so teeming with political observation of high interest, that people began to wonder how they had allowed themselves to be hurried away by the hasty conclusions of the daily papers. Encouraged doubtless by this fact, which turned public opinion in his favour, the ex-military "attaché" deemed it proper to publish the whole body of his successive reports, with a view of vindicating his own character. The undertaking was a decided success, and those reports are now considered as models of their kind, which are still quoted and discussed throughout all Europe.

It is, perhaps, no idle surmise to affirm that Count Benedetti has been induced by this example of his friend, Colonel Stoffel, to follow in his footsteps, and to publish his diplomatic correspondence whilst holding the difficult post of French ambassador at Berlin between the years 1864 and 1870. Such a publication is certainly contrary to the practice of all times. For reasons of evident utility and propriety, no government would allow its agents at foreign courts thus to disclose prematurely its most confidential communications, which are usually consigned to the Record Offices of State papers, and reserved for the study of future ministers or future historians. But we live in strange times, and no man can be assailed because, in order to maintain his own honour, he overleaps certain boundaries of political decorum. Such seems to have been M. Benedetti's opinion; and every intelligent reader will hesitate to complain of this breach of diplomatic rules.

Can M. Jules Favre appeal to the same necessity, when he prematurely lays before the public his official instructions to the French agents at Rome during the short period of his tenure of the Foreign Office? We were all was perfectly aware that the old leader of the Republican party in France was a sworn enemy to the temporal power of the Pope, and we expected, as a matter of course, that he would favour the sacrilegious designs of the Italians on Rome. But it is difficult to see the reason which could induce him to let the whole world into the intrigues at Florence, when, on the face of his own declarations,

he has been duped by the Italian Government. M. Favre owns that he hoped by so doing he might lead Victor Emmanuel to form an alliance with France, in her deplorable condition, against the Prussians. How the Italian king and Prince Bismarck must have laughed in the sleeve at such a preposterous idea! Whatever may be said of the Imperial diplomacy, its officials would never have fallen, and Count Benedetti least of all others, into such a gross error. It is really unfortunate for M. Jules Favre, that some confidential friend did not dissuade him from so useless a disclosure of his own haphazard diplomacy. It shows indeed that a first-rate democrat may thunder for years and years against a government, may denounce every institution on which rests the social fabric, and yet be totally ignorant of the very rudiments of international policy and statesmanship.

But the lesson tends likewise in another direction. It is easy to see from the very first pages of the former minister, that he is at once struck with the serene dignity and majesty of the supreme Pontiff. Throughout every despatch—nay, almost throughout every line—there breathes a tone of sympathetic interest, of respect for the sufferings and trials of Pius IX., which really takes us by surprise. In many a page we could almost fancy ourselves to be listening to a practical Catholic; and in such cases we can but lament that M. Jules Favre should have given himself up so totally to the vagaries of his party. But time and age bring their lessons with them, and M. Favre has himself lately undergone so many severe trials of a moral character, that it may induce him to advance a few steps farther, and to lay utterly down his prejudices of former days. He would certainly not be the first man brought back to truth through the mysterious and rugged path of domestic tribulation.

However indiscreet may be in the eyes of a statesman the premature publication of these pages, Catholics will thank the author for having revealed to them so many pathetic incidents previous to, and following on, the occupation of Rome by the Italians.

The publications of Count Benedetti may be divided into three distinct parts. The first is relative to the war of 1866 down to the battle of Sadowa and the treaty of Prague, which was its immediate consequence.

The second part includes the confidential and diplomatic intercourse of France and Prussia between the years 1866 and 1870.

The last shows us the plot laid by the Cabinet of Berlin for

the succession of a Hohenzollern to the Spanish crown, and closes with the declaration of war between both countries. Few books it must be allowed, could offer contents of more immediate and thrilling interest.

Count Benedetti was accredited to the Court of Berlin a few months after the close of the Danish war. According to the terms of the treaty concluded at Vienna, the King of Denmark gave up the disputed territories to the Austrian and Prussian sovereigns, who became their lawful possessors, but with collective rights. It would be useless to dwell on the shameful conditions, and still more shameful pretexts, on which the Danish duchies were invaded and conquered by the two great German powers. It is now an undisputed fact, that in the above undertaking Prussia had no other object in view but to appropriate those duchies to herself, whilst Austria aimed secretly at preventing the fulfilment of her plans.

When the new French ambassador arrived at Berlin, the Prussian Cabinet had already modified its attitude towards the Court of Vienna: it now was endeavouring to induce that court to give up to King William its rights over the duchies. And yet the war itself had taken place in the name of the German Confederation and in the interest—so was it affirmed at least—of the Duke of Augustenburg, who claimed by his own right the duchy of Holstein. This had been positively maintained at the London conference both by the Prussian and Austrian plenipotentiaries.

But the King of Denmark had scarcely made the sacrifice imposed upon him by sheer might, when Prussia trod underfoot the pretensions of the Duke of Augustenburg, maintained that the treaty had constituted the two powers sole possessors of the duchies, and formally rejected the competence of the German Diet to decide the case. On the part of the Cabinet of Berlin, this was directly cancelling its own previous declaration. At a time like ours, when right is so infamously repudiated, it is not amiss to recall its paramount supremacy, were it but for the sake of those Divine laws which are, after all, the corner-stone of human society. Such therefore was the conduct of Prussia, whilst Austria, acting with greater consistency and good faith, persisted in laying the question before the Diet of Frankfort. On this ground it was impossible for the two governments to meet, and consequently, waiving the question of sovereignty, both courts signed in 1865 the famous convention of Gastein. It was agreed that Prussia should govern Schleswig, and Austria Holstein, putting off till a later period all definitive arrangements.

Such an agreement could have but one object in the eyes of

M. de Bismarck :—to annex purely and simply both duchies to Prussia. If it could be done through diplomacy and persuasion, all good, but if not, well, let the worst come to the worst. In other words, the Prussian minister was disposed to fight out the matter at the head of a powerful army. To win for Prussia the ascendancy over Germany was well worth the trouble,—so he set about his work *per fas et nefas*.

Prince Bismarck is not a man troubled by many qualms of conscience. He leaves scruples to men of a more vulgar clay. He knows equally well, when it serves a turn, how to parade the privileges of kingship by Divine right ; but he is no less deep in the art of cajoling revolutionists and abetting their blackest crimes.

How, in fact, had he himself risen to the Premiership ? The King of Prussia, at the very beginning of his reign, had been intent upon remodelling and strengthening his army. At present we all know his object in so doing. But such a plan was full of difficulty with a Parliament systematically refusing the subsidies necessary for the furtherance of that plan, and with a Liberal cabinet endeavouring to satisfy royalty without dissatisfying Parliament. This was indeed an invidious task, and could not last long. There was a clash between the two powers, and King William intrusted to M. de Bismarck the mission of forming a new ministry. He was certainly the right man in the right place for the king's purpose, and also for other purposes of his own. When, after the critical period of 1848, he first came forth as a public man, he attracted notice by his ultra-conservative principles. When afterwards he represented his country at Frankfort, at Petersburg, and at Paris, he was equally remarkable for the bitter hatred he bore to Austria. He made no secret of his firm determination to vindicate for Prussia the supremacy over Germany, and therefore he was brought to consider the Austrian Government as the real enemy of Prussia—as the sole obstacle to her designs of aggrandizement. In his mouth Austria was something like the *Delenda Carthago* of old Cato, and, like old Cato, M. de Bismarck was not over-scrupulous in point of morality. Such language was doubtless very singular in a diplomatist, but at any rate it won him the reputation of a stern and resolute statesman.

The King was well aware of this, and so was the Parliament, and so was the nation, and public opinion in Germany and out of Germany, on the day when M. de Bismarck became the Prussian Premier. That accession meant that the sovereign, being bent upon maintaining every tittle of his royal prerogative, and every part of the policy he deemed

necessary to the prosperity of his kingdom, had called to his help a strong will,—a man who would care neither for party ties, nor for long-standing relations of amity, nor for the complicated links which knit together the German states. The issue proved how sagacious were those forebodings, for in a short time arose between the new cabinet and the Chambers one of those fierce, obstinate struggles which must end in the downfall of one of the contending parties. Sadowa was the field of battle on which both effected their reconciliation, and the victorious campaign in France is the result of that reconciliation. "During four years," says M. Benedetti, "and until the war of 1866, no budget was voted regularly by the Chambers; on both sides, the constitution was interpreted in an opposite meaning; for whilst the Government professed to follow it strictly, an enormous majority in the House of Representatives accused it of a no less constant violation."

Such was the internal state of affairs in Prussia when the war against Denmark broke out, and after its easy conclusion it became a matter of necessity for M. de Bismarck to reap the fruits thereof. It became in fact his be-all and end-all,—the pledge of still greater achievements, or the signal of his utter ruin as a statesman. How could he face the Chambers, if the annexation of the duchies did not offer a sop for so many millions of thalers spent on the army in spite of parliamentary votes? Or how, again, continue the same policy, if Prussia did not assume the foremost rank in Germany, by remodelling its constitution, even at the cost of a war with Austria. Nay, it is highly probable that the Prussian Prime Minister enjoyed the prospect exceedingly, as leading on to his own complete triumph. So, as we said above, he went to work with a good will, and with the strenuous support of his royal master.

Contemplating as he did an aggressive policy, the Gastein convention was an obstacle in his way, which, at any cost, must be surmounted. As early as the month of January, 1867, all his endeavours were banded to the purpose of bringing out of it such complications as would force Austria either to yield to her rival her share in the supremacy over the duchies, or to run the risk of a war.

But at the same time that the Bismarckian policy was aggressive towards Vienna, it likewise threatened more or less other countries, and it became the immediate duty of their agents at Berlin to follow up with intense attention the underground manœuvres of the Prime Minister. That Count Benedetti fully understood this duty is evident by the numerous and pithy despatches he has published on this part of his mission, to which we must refer the reader. Day after

day, and almost hour by hour, he apprises his Government of every new scene in this highly interesting drama. We would fain give copious extracts of these despatches, were we not obliged to hurry on to still more absorbing matters. It will be sufficient to say that M. de Bismarck took hold of every opportunity to show that Austria administered Holstein in a way essentially inimical to Prussian interests. Why did she admit in any degree the pretensions of the Duke of Augustenburg,—pretensions which Berlin would by no means acknowledge? Why did she allow liberal manifestations of public opinion in the duchy? Why commit herself by certain acts of administration, denoting her resolution to retain a final and absolute possession of Holstein? Was not all this going against the rules mutually laid down at Gastein? To be sure, they had not bound themselves by any written engagement; but everything had been settled in an honest, friendly spirit, as was but proper between two such great sovereigns. All this might have been very well had not M. de Bismarck at that very moment ruled Schleswig with a sway, showing his firm determination never to lose his grasp over the poor little duchy; had he not been doing his best to create difficulties for Austria both in Holstein, Hungary, and elsewhere; had he not been stealthily, silently preparing his armaments for the inevitable struggle. In one word, Prince de Bismarck wanted nothing else but to pick a quarrel.

So not content with the above accusations, the Prussian Premier soon began to speak boldly of the armed preparations which Austria was making against his own poor countrymen, who, lamb-like, had everything to fear from the wolfish spirit of the Cabinet of Vienna. It is one of the great arts of M. de Bismarck to throw the odium of aggression upon his adversary, whilst underhand he does all in his power to evoke the demon of war. He played exactly the same part in regard to France, as we shall see hereafter, making Europe believe, or appear to believe, that the French were solely responsible for the unparalleled calamities of last year. In regard to Austria, that unprincipled man, who audaciously advocated the supremacy of might over right, goaded her on to such a pitch of exasperation, that in an evil hour she hurled down the gauntlet of defiance. The world knows the result. But previous to the contest itself, the Prussian minister did his utmost to secure the neutrality of the French emperor, by flattering his long-standing wish for an extension of territory on his eastern frontier. It was all very well for M. de Bismarck to send last summer to the *Times* the copy of a despatch in which M. Benedetti had drawn up a rough sketch of a treaty, by

which Belgium was to be annexed to France. The trick was just such a one as he was wont to use, and for the time being served his purpose most admirably. It turns out, however, from M. Benedetti's despatches, written when he could have certainly no interest in disguising the truth, that the plan was none of his own, but originated by M. de Bismarck himself. First of all, however, let us place before the public a brief statement of his affirmations.

According to the Prussian minister, France had never ceased to allure him by certain offers, all at the expense of Germany and Belgium. In his opinion, such offers could by no means be accepted.

I indeed deemed it useful, for the sake of peace, to flatter in the French diplomatists certain illusions, which are peculiar to themselves, and as long as this became possible, without even committing myself to verbal promises. For that purpose I remained silent as to the demand thus put forth, and I negotiated on a dilatory plan, without ever making any promise. When the negotiations with the King of the Netherlands, relative to the acquisition of Luxemburg fell to the ground, France renewed her previous proposals concerning Belgium and Southern Germany. It was then that M. Benedetti communicated his manuscript. To suppose that the French ambassador should have drawn up those proposals with his own hand, delivered them over to myself and discussed them on several occasions, and all this without being authorized thereunto by his sovereign—such a supposition, I say, is totally improbable.

..... Relatively to the text of the above proposals, I must observe that the treaty is from one end to the other written in M. Benedetti's handwriting, and on paper belonging to the French Embassy, and that the ambassadors and ministers of Austria, England, Russia, Baden, Bavaria, Belgium, Hesse, Italy, Saxony, Turkey, and Wurtemberg, who saw the original, recognized M. Benedetti's handwriting. On reading Art. I. for the first time, he immediately gave up the final clause, and placed it between a parenthesis, as soon as I made him remark that it supposed on the part of France an interference in the internal affairs of Germany. M. Benedetti spontaneously made, in my presence, another correction of less importance on this second article.

The publication of the above statement took Europe by surprise, even among the astounding events of those days. For a short time every man seemed to hold his breath, and this moment of suspense was followed by a universal vote of censure against the unprincipled conduct of the Imperial Government and its agent in thus plotting underhand for the possession of unoffending Belgium. In the British Parliament, several members, and among others Sir Henry Bulwer, denounced the doings of the Tuileries, and nobody believed that our own Government had not been informed of the

fact. Of course, in France, every journal and every hand was lifted against the double-dealing of Napoleon III. So for a certain time M. de Bismarck had it all his own way. A few reflective minds alone had their misgivings; to them it seemed somewhat astonishing that the Prussian Chancellor should have appealed to a special jury of diplomatists in order to verify M. Benedetti's handwriting, which, at any rate, was only a secondary matter in the case. How, again, was it that an ambassador—nay, even “an adventurous ambassador”—should of his own accord have originated such a plan; and above all, have left it so carelessly in the hands of the wily minister? Here was certainly matter for doubt and suspicion. But again we say it, for a time M. de Bismarck had it all his own way, for M. Benedetti could not yet command his means of reply. The investment of Paris was an effective bar to every effort on his part.

We may now, however, study the other side of the question in a series of despatches, which challenge the closest scrutiny. Every reader will fully apprehend that, previous to the war of 1866, during that war, and after that war, M. de Bismarck had the greatest interest in securing the neutrality and even the favour of France in regard to his plans of aggrandisement. Of the connivance of Russia he was sure, of the indifference of England he was certain; but an armed neutrality, or simply a watchful coolness on the part of the French emperor, might baffle all his designs. Hence arose in his mind a feeling amounting almost to fear, and prompting him to spare no effort in order to secure, for a certain period at least, the latent support of his powerful neighbour. Of this feeling and tendency we may trace vestiges in almost every despatch sent by M. Benedetti to his court during the eventful year of 1866. Thus he writes to M. Drouyn de Lhuys on the 10th of May of that year:—

Yesterday I found M. de Bismarck evidently in a great state of alarm. On every subject, M. de Goltz (the Prussian ambassador in Paris) gives rise in his mind to the greatest anxiety. Whilst, on the one hand, he informs him of efforts made in Paris to induce Austria to enter into arrangements with the Court of Florence about Venetia, on the other, he is constantly modifying, from one hour to another, his own opinions in regard to the Emperor's personal dispositions, so that the King and the President of the Council hardly know what to think of the value and exactitude of the information which he sends them. (p. 155.)

And, indeed, M. de Bismarck might well be alarmed, for had Napoleon succeeded in his endeavours, the secret treaty of alliance which the Prussian minister had concluded with

Italy would have come to naught, and Austria would have had 150,000 men more to concentrate in Bohemia. The result showed how sagacious in this respect were the views of the French Emperor. "Now while not concealing his apprehensions," continues M. Benedetti, "M. de Bismarck gave me to understand, that if Italy were to betray Prussia, the latter was not so far advanced as to be unable to retrace her steps,—an easy matter indeed, through a simple change of cabinet."

The subject is so truly interesting, that we shall offer no apology for making a few more extracts. In a despatch dated May 19th, the French ambassador writes :—

If the Emperor (said M. de Bismarck) deserts us and refuses to combine with us, if he likewise facilitates the surrender of Venetia to Italy, Prussia will stand alone to cope with Austria and her allies, and we shall have nothing else to do but to disarm Austria by our submission, which she must boast of for a long time to come, or to fight out boldly a most formidable struggle, after which Prussia will cease to balance the ascendancy of the House of Hapsburg throughout Germany. If the king listens to my advice, we shall fight it out. Our army is splendid, it was never more numerous, never in a better state of organization, never better equipped. I am confident that it would overcome our enemies, or at least would obtain such successes as to allow us to conclude an honourable peace. After all, we might call into power the Liberal party, proclaim the constitution of 1849, and carry with us the national feeling from Hamburg to Munich.

After quoting these words, M. Benedetti may well add, by way of comment: "The above language shows the real state of mind of the Prussian premier"; for here we have doubtless the under-current of that powerful intellect at a moment when perhaps the very existence of his country as a first-rate power was in jeopardy. It is likewise no less apparent that M. de Bismarck was sincere in the above professions of his inmost thoughts;—no double-dealing here, no dilatory negotiation to flatter "the delusions peculiar to French diplomats." Could he but know the real policy of the Emperor Napoleon! Could he but rely on his steadfast alliance! If the Emperor would but enter fully into Prussia's plans of aggrandisement, and take his share in them by an extension of the French territory towards the east! France and Prussia banded together might defy all Europe; for what power would be a match for them, placed at the head of the finest armies in the world?

That such were the thoughts which filled the mind of M. de Bismarck at this crisis of his career, is shown by almost every despatch of the French ambassador to his court but two months before Sadowa. Now it stands to reason that the

Prussian minister, intent upon his purpose of securing such a useful ally, would hardly scruple at any offer or combination which might tend to gain that end. At a certain moment, however, he cools all of a sudden, and shows ill-humour because the French Government is so reserved. "He observed in a peevish tone," writes M. Benedetti on the 22nd of May, "that Prussia was of all other countries the one towards whom we show the least confidence (*à laquelle nous mesurons notre confiance avec le plus de parsimonie*). Now he was perfectly disposed to advise the king to accept the plan of a congress after a *previous understanding* with ourselves; but we seemed to take such an overture into no account."

The French Government *did* turn a deaf ear to this overture, and in a later conversation M. de Bismarck was obliged to be more explicit.

He would be most desirous, goes on M. Benedetti, of conferring again with yourself [Drouyn de Lhuys] and the Emperor. He told me yesterday, whilst professing anxiety as to our intentions, that he would wish to sound you before the war opens, more particularly as to the case when Prussia should obtain important successes, of which he feels confident. Here I reminded him of what he told me about the King refusing to admit of any cession of German territory. According to his Majesty's views, if I am to believe M. de Bismarck, the compensations to which France would be entitled *must be selected wherever the French language is spoken on her frontier*. The President of the Council himself observed to his sovereign that, in order to dispose of those territories, it would be first of all necessary to conquer them. However, the Premier allowed the following words to escape him:—"If France claims Cologne, Bonn, and even Mentz, I, for one, would prefer leaving the stage rather than consent to it." And though I by no means pressed him to enter into any further explanation, he told me he did not believe it impossible to determine the King to give up to us the banks of the Upper Moselle (the province of Treves, I suppose, though he did not name it), which, added to Luxemburg, where a reunion with France would be well received, might rectify our frontier, so as to afford us every sort of satisfaction. I confined myself to observing that Luxemburg, no more than Belgium, and certain Swiss cantons, was a property without a master. Besides, *as I did not wish to accept a discussion on such eventualities, nor allow him to suppose that his combinations had any chance of being examined in Paris, I broke off the conversation on this subject, so as to make him feel that I did not wish to continue it*. I cannot tell whether M. de Bismarck, by thus opening his views to me on these matters, *without the slightest pretext afforded by myself*, merely wanted to probe me, or give you to understand, through me, what concessions he would offer us, and what we ought not to ask for. But I should by no means be astonished at it, for he is accustomed to such expedients. (pp. 164-166.)

Evidently M. de Bismarck was playing his own game, and

endeavouring to satisfy the French Government by alluring it on gradually to unsafe ground. But whatever may have been his object, it is now clear that the idea of offering Belgium and Luxemburg as a compensation for France was a creation of his own brain, not of Napoleon's, still less of Benedetti's; for no one could foresee just at that juncture the complications which were to arise four years after. M. Benedetti stands out here, as well as elsewhere, as a faithful reporter of what he sees and hears around him; and this was exactly conformable to his instructions. But what are we to think of the minister who boldly endeavours to throw the odium of such proposals on the shoulders of a man positively refusing even to discuss them? Success justifies a good deal, but not dishonesty, and justice comes at last, though *claudio pede*.

Just at this juncture the Emperor seemed to take a bold step by addressing a public letter, in which he openly claimed territorial compensations for France, in case Prussia should be victorious in the impending struggle. In Germany, public opinion was greatly excited by this document; yet nobody for one moment imagined that those compensations should consist of such neighbouring countries as had no share in the war. It was an hour of breathless anxiety, for every man felt that the Emperor expected to acquire certain portions of German fatherland. The press was unanimous in denouncing any pretension of the kind, and even M. de Bismarck's friends were taken by surprise. They had fancied that France would remain benevolently neutral in any case; and lo! the fond delusion now faded before their eyes. As to the minister's enemies, they made the best of the hold he had given them; in fact, there was a general burst of indignation, and the notion of a transaction issuing in the loss of any portion whatever of German territory was scouted by all parties.

Now what was the Prime Minister's attitude at such a critical moment? If we are to believe M. Benedetti, he freely "acknowledged that the opinions expressed in the Imperial letter coincided exactly with those he had manifested when he [M. de Bismarck] had the honour of approaching him. Such," continued the President of the Council, "was likewise the sentiment of the King." The above lines were written on the 15th of June, just on the eve of the war, and yet we discover that even then the Prussian minister would have consented to give up Mayence, so intense was his wish to secure the alliance of France at any cost.*

* In a volume recently published, M. Jules Favre gives us an account of his first interview with M. de Bismarck at Ferrières, in September last. It is truly remarkable that, in the course of this interview, we find the German

After the conclusion of the war, his attitude was of course altered, and the wavering, irresolute policy of the French Emperor having allowed the golden opportunity to slip through his fingers, M. de Bismarck was not the man to lose any of his advantages. Yet, strange to say, he appears to have still entertained the plan of satisfying France at the expense of Belgium, if we may rely on the following despatch. Elated by his extraordinary success, the Prussian minister at first affected to claim the annexation of Hanover and Electoral Hesse, and Saxony, as a due compensation for the outlay of his country. To these pretensions the French ambassador strenuously demurred, so that,

Seeing that he could not bring me over to his opinion, the President of the Council made no difficulty of admitting, in another conversation, that the instructions forwarded to M. de Goltz were by no means of an absolute character, but aimed principally at *combining an agreement with the Emperor's Government*. Those instructions authorize him to bring about any transaction which might measure the pretensions of Prussia to the price that France would exact for an understanding with her, provided always that in Paris they will agree to certain clauses, from which the King will never depart. In another conversation, M. de Bismarck showed himself still more conciliatory as to the advantages accruing to Prussia, and insisted particularly on the utility for both countries to unite and to come to an agreement. Though I had repeatedly declared that on this subject I was provided neither with instructions nor powers, he offered to discuss and establish with myself the basis of an armistice, and, after settling its terms, he would propose to the King a suspension of hostilities, until the Emperor's Government should assent to it. Following up the same train of ideas, and pushing on still further, *though I refrained from encouraging him so to do*, he endeavoured to prove that the reverses of Austria allowed France and Prussia to *modify their territorial condition*, and to solve at present most of those difficulties which still threaten the peace of Europe. I reminded him that there were *existing treaties*, and that a war which he seemed desirous of preventing might be the very first result of such a policy. M. de Bismarck retorted that *I was mistaken*. France and Prussia united together, and determined to rectify their respective frontiers, *whilst binding each other to solemn engagements*, would be in a situation to solve such questions, without any fear of armed resistance, *either on the part of England or of Russia*.

chancellor uttering the following words :—"I have no particular reason for liking Napoleon III. Certainly it would have been more convenient to maintain him on the throne, and you have rendered no service to your country by overthrowing him : it might have been possible to negotiate with him, but for my own part, I was never indebted to him. *Had he willed it, we might have been two sincere allies, and have swayed over Europe both together ; but he endeavoured to deceive every one, and I could never trust him.*" —"Gouvernement de la Défense Nationale," p. 176.)

Does not this language confirm the Benedetti despatches ?

Now, we put it to any man of sense, does this look like France plotting secretly the annexation of Belgium? or does it not fall in admirably with M. de Bismarck's own designs? That he was merely holding out a bait to the French Government, is probable enough; but it is equally probable that he would have gone to any lengths in order to secure its support. We are perfectly aware that, at the beginning of the late war, the Prussian Chancellor endeavoured to throw the onus of the above proceedings on M. Benedetti, and the better to accomplish his purpose, he simply alters their date, assigning to 1867 what really happened in 1866. Now it so happened that towards the latter end of the last-mentioned year, M. de Bismarck retired for about six months to his country seat at Wartzin, whilst, in 1867, he himself accompanied his master to Paris, on a visit to the Universal Exhibition. Thus, on the one hand, the secret negotiations must have needs been suspended until the close of 1866, or, if resumed, it was in the capital of the French Empire, which even M. de Bismarck—not over-scrupulous in such matters—has not ventured to affirm.

The fact is that the policy of the Imperial Government lay in a contrary direction. Whatever might have been Napoleon's inmost leanings, he at the last hour resolved to obtain territorial compensations in the Rhenish provinces of Germany, and among others the fortress of Mayence; and this after the Prussian successes in Austria. But it was then too late; M. de Bismarck had changed his mind, and was no more the man disposed to give up even an inch of his Fatherland. Let us hear his own account of the matter. In the month of May, 1870, he spoke in the following terms before the German Reichstag:—

A little after the 6th of August, 1866, I saw the French ambassador come into my study, holding in his hand an ultimatum, which demanded of us to give up Mentz, or to prepare for immediate war. I did not hesitate to reply: "Well, then, let us go to war." This was telegraphed to Paris, where it brought them to reason, and then they pretended that the instructions sent to the French ambassador were extorted from the Emperor during his illness.

This statement looks very like truth, for M. Benedetti, justly alarmed at the burst of anger provoked throughout all Germany by such a demand at such a time, started for Paris, where he expostulated on the subject with the Emperor himself. The latter was so impressed with his reasons, that he wrote to M. de la Valette: "From my conversation with Benedetti I perceive that we should have all Germany united

against us for a very insignificant advantage." Consequently, the question was dropped.

But it remained a festering sore in the mind of the Prussian statesman and of the whole nation, united to a man behind him. From that day one may easily see through M. Benedetti's despatches that his attitude was altered towards France, which he henceforward considered as a foe, after finding it impossible to cajole it into a close alliance. It is likewise easy to understand what an offence it must have been to Prussian pride, to see France interfering in the preliminaries of Nickolsburg in favour of Denmark, and even stipulating for the relative independence of Southern Germany. We can hardly be astonished at the fact, if we bear in mind that M. de Bismarck initiated several plans of an alliance with the French Court, when he defeated Hanover, Bavaria, and the other adherents to the Austrian cause. This alone would have induced him to make the most of his actual advantages, in order to band together all the forces of his country against any future enemy.

We all know how M. de Bismarck set to work with a wonderful ability, and how, in the course of four short years, he effected his great and—why not say?—patriotic purpose. It is doubtful, however, whether he would have been able to accomplish it, had not Napoleon himself, during that eventful period, evinced a degree of apathy and incapacity which surprised all Europe.

The treaty of Prague was hardly signed, when M. de Bismarck assumed a different attitude in regard to France. He had previously acknowledged her right of intervention in that treaty, but he now maintained, both in the German Parliament and elsewhere, that the two contracting powers had alone the right to superintend its execution. It appears even that in so doing he used language of an offensive character, and calculated to create difficulties between Paris and Berlin, had the French Government been so disposed.

The second grievance was Bismarck's refusal to enter into any conference for the settlement of the Roman question, on the ground that neither the Pope nor the Florence cabinet were disposed to make any concession. Here certainly he was in the right, and showed far more political wisdom than the Emperor Napoleon. However, it is not to the fact itself, but to the stiff, unbending tone of the Prussian minister, that we wish to draw attention—that tone being anything but conciliatory. This was the more striking that in 1867, when in Paris with his king, both personages had manifested the most cordial disposition to settle, together with France, both

the Roman and any other question. What were the reasons for this sudden change? M. de Bismarck was aiming at perplexing the French Government and surrounding it with obstacles, probably with a view of preventing its interference in his own German policy. Such is M. Benedetti's answer, and as his despatch on this subject throws great light on the actual attitude of the Prussian Cabinet in regard to Rome, we shall not hesitate to quote it copiously. He writes, on the 17th of November, 1867:—

I must needs call your attention to the language of the Prussian press. Such papers as have no private connection with the Government are unanimous in maintaining that our proposal ought to be rejected firmly. Their main reason is that the Roman question is a constant source of difficulties for France, preventing her free action, and the interest of Germany requires that it shall in no way contribute to close that question. Those papers again, belonging to what is called here the Public Opinion Office, or which accept its directions when they happen to fall in with their own doctrines, affect to point out the obstacles to any meeting of the plenipotentiaries, and the utter uselessness of any effort on their part, if they do meet, to conciliate the pretensions of the contending parties.

Some of these papers go even still farther, by manifesting for the temporal power of the Pope a downright tenderness; they insinuate, and the *Gazette of the Cross* ventures to affirm, that by putting forth the plan of a conference, France seeks for accomplices in dealing a last blow to the supreme authority of the Holy See. Such is the language of papers which, but a short time ago, encouraged the Italian Government, and even Garibaldi himself, without concerning themselves in any way whatsoever about the fate of the Papacy.

I am sorry to add that the Berlin Cabinet seems to understand its duties exactly in the same manner. Your Excellency may remember that the King, in his closing speech before the Riechstag, addressed to Italy words showing excessive sympathy, at the very moment when our relations with the Court of Florence threatened an immediate rupture. In another speech, which he pronounced the day before yesterday, the King assured, on the contrary, his Catholic subjects of his sympathy for the dignity and independence of the head of their Church. (pp. 237-239.)

The object of M. de Bismarck is here evident:—to foster and increase every complication which might fetter the energies of France, in case of a future conflict with that country. He did not even deny the fact, if we are to believe another despatch sent by M. Benedetti to his own Government. It is easy to account for his conniving at, and probably for his bribing, the Garibaldian emissaries in Italy. It shows, at any rate, what German Catholics have to expect from the great Prussian statesman. Indeed, his late conduct in regard to the schismatic movement in Bavaria is sufficient evidence of

his real intent. After all, what else could be expected from any Protestant Government?

And as a superabundant proof of this two-handed policy of the Prussian Government, we may produce a most singular conversation reported by M. Benedetti to his Government. In an interview with the Chancellor he held the following language, which is significant enough.

When Garibaldi was about to invade the Pontifical States, he wrote to him [M. de Bismarck] and intrusted his letter to one of his confidants, who started for Berlin, in order to deliver it directly into his own hands. In this letter Garibaldi sued for the moral and material support of Prussia, requesting both money and arms. "But," added M. de Bismarck, suspecting some Austrian intrigue, and knowing how very easy it was to counterfeit Garibaldi's handwriting, "I kept on the reserve with his agent, and offered to admit the Italian minister to our interview. To this he demurred, and I replied that I could not dispose of any sum for which I should not be accountable to the Chambers," &c.

What a singular mode of negotiation with a friendly power, and how little it sounds like the usual habits and customs of diplomacy. To listen coolly to Garibaldi's agent looked very like encouraging him in his freebooting plans, and to associate him with Victor Emmanuel's minister at Berlin was much about the same as putting him upon a level with the regular representative of a foreign power. We can easily understand that the French ambassador was not over satisfied with all these underground dealings—the more so indeed that he soon discovered other proofs of Bismarck's intrigues with the Italian revolutionists, and of his growing ill-will towards France.

That ill-will was grounded upon his close observation of what was going on in that country. When he visited Paris in 1867 with his royal master, he could not but remark the keen feeling of mistrust and humiliation which had taken hold of the French nation in regard to Prussia. The Government might be, or rather was, really averse to a war with the new German Confederation; the under-current of public opinion ran already in a contrary direction.

That M. de Bismarck was fast lapsing into a state of hostility towards France, soon became apparent to the mind of M. Benedetti, and consequently he wrote on the 19th of November, 1867:—

Has he come to the conclusion that war is inevitable, and being once convinced of this, does he consider it necessary for Prussia to embroil still further the Italian affairs, instead of endeavouring to pacify them? That such is his main object at present I can hardly doubt after what I have

heard since my return to Berlin, and the language he has held to myself only serves to confirm me in this opinion. I cannot tell the reason of this change ; but I assert, and I wish to draw your attention to the fact, that M. de Bismarck, instead of desiring, as he did but a few months ago, to fulfil his task by endeavouring to prevent any cause of dissent between us, instead of seeking for means of establishing our mutual relations on a still closer footing of intimacy, now prefers to secure other friendships.

Even the slightest doubt soon became impossible, and in a most luminous report the French Ambassador subsequently showed the energy and activity displayed by the Prussian minister in his preparations for the impending contest. The military treaties which bound the Southern States to join the Northern Confederation in case of war are made known to the German Parliament ; General Manteuffel is sent to Petersburg to make sure of the Russian Tzar ; King Wilhelm addresses " to all Germany, to the brethren nations, to the land limited by the Alps and the Baltic," certain allusions, which, according to the press of the day, made their hearts leap with joy. In the meanwhile, M. von Moltke was silently, but steadily, bringing up his battalions to the pitch of perfection in point of discipline and equipment, and Prussian officers were sent to every petty principality, to mould them, *nolens volens*, into the same form. This had been a labour of many years, and ever bearing in view a future war with France. And now the work was done and all was ready, and M. de Bismarck might go on with his own work of diplomacy, and surround France with traps and snares of every description, for the German army, amounting to nearly a million of well-drilled soldiers, was ready to march.

And in truth, he German statesman did fall to work with a wonderful good-will and activity. Little by little France was cut off from every sort of alliance. She had lost the friendship of England by her shuffling conduct in the Danish affair ; Russia promised to stand and look on, notwithstanding the latent and genuine sympathy of the nation for France ; Italy was bound up from head to foot with Prussian interests ; and thanks to Bismarck's clever indiscretions, Belgium looked askant at its powerful neighbour. The web was complete, and now came the crowning piece—the nomination of Leopold von Hohenzollern for the Spanish throne.

It has been the fashion of late to lay the blame on France for having provoked the disastrous war of 1870, and certainly M. de Bismarck himself had a great interest in propagating, if not creating, this fallacious view. An attentive perusal of the Benedetti papers leads us, however, to a contrary conclusion. In our opinion, it was a plot deeply and warily con-

cocted for the extension of Prussian influence and dominion over Spain, and consequently for the diminution, if not for the utter annihilation, of France as a first-rate power.

Any one who is in the slightest degree familiar with the history of that country, knows that for the last two centuries, its main policy has been to prevent a power hostile to its interests from settling on its southern frontier. There was a time when the house of Hapsburg threatened France north, south, and east, and the memory of that time is imprinted in the French annals in bloody characters. Philip II. of Spain was well nigh establishing his arbitrary sway over the fair realm of the lilies: for that purpose he recoiled, neither before assassination, nor bribery, nor intimidation. For that purpose, his veteran bands invaded the country under the Duke of Parma; for that purpose, he garrisoned Paris itself; for that purpose he deluged the whole kingdom with blood, burnt its palaces no less than its most humble homesteads, made it in fact a hideous waste of smoking ruins. Not a nobleman was sure of holding his baronial castle, not a tradesman of his wares, not a cottier of his team of oxen. One hundred and twenty years after, the proud Louis XIV. fought out a long and disastrous war to prevent even a chance of the repetition of such deeds. He ended by securing the possession of Spain for a member of his own family. But if he satisfied, on the one hand, his own ambitious views, we are bound to remember, on the other, that a Bavarian prince and an Austrian archduke were both competitors to the splendid succession, and that the Spanish grandees still dreamt of conquering splendid palaces and fair demesnes on the banks of the Loire and of the Rhone.

The remembrance of such an awful period sinks deep into the memory of a nation, and rouses its passions to a state of frenzy, whenever it is threatened with a similar danger. That such was the case in 1870 is now beyond doubt, as the Benedetti papers lie there before us. Had France been victorious over her German rival, the world would have resounded with praises of her valour and energy; but as she is laid low through the incapacity of her rulers and the wild excesses of her cosmopolitan demagogues, a rampant press and an innate, but unhealthy, disposition in mankind to worship success, have both contributed to lead astray the public opinion of England, as well as of other countries. It is certainly no reason why we should follow in the crowd.

A most striking feature of the negotiations carried on by the Prussian Court in favour of Prince Hohenzollern is their secret character. Not a word is breathed about the overture

made by Marshal Prim—if an overture it really was. The matter could not, however, be kept so secret, but M. Benedetti got scent of it as early as March, 1869, and duly sent up to his own Government this extraordinary piece of information. He likewise applied immediately to the Prussian Cabinet for positive information on the subject, and received from the Under-Secretary of State, M. de Thile, a formal denial *upon his honour* of anything of the sort. But, adds the French ambassador, that answer did not at all satisfy me; for M. de Bismarck might have kept the plan to himself. Now this was exactly the case. A few days afterwards M. Benedetti was called to Paris, where he immediately communicated to the Emperor whatever intelligence he had collected on the spot. Napoleon summed up the conversation in the following words:—

The canvassing of the Duke of Montpensier for the throne would be merely hostile to my own dynasty, and concerns but myself; that of Prince Hohenzollern would be anti-national; the country would not bear it, and we must prevent it.

Here we have the case, as it were, in a nutshell, and of course M. Benedetti received orders to act in consequence. And so he did on his return to Berlin. M. de Bismarck's answer to the honest and pointed questions of the ambassador is a model of shuffling, equivocating, vague, inconclusive language, and we doubt not that Macchiavelli would have been well satisfied with his German pupil. We must content ourselves, for want of space, with giving the substance of this diplomatic imbroglio.

The Prussian minister by no means declined a conversation on the subject. The sovereignty offered to Prince Leopold, he observed, was of a most ephemeral character; so the King would abstain from giving him any advice upon the matter. Besides, such an adventurous undertaking might cost a good deal of money, and the prince's father had already spent enough on his other son, Prince Charles of Roumania. And then, what a risk poor Leopold would run, should he accept the Spanish throne! By how many dangers would he be beset; and after all, *he* was not the man to cope with them. A very brave officer was he, to be sure, and of most polished manners, but not a grain of the politician in him,—no, not one single grain. And so he went on, the subtle minister; yet all the while not one word of reply to M. Benedetti's observation, that the King being the head of the royal family, had a right to require of the prince a formal renunciation to the throne. And well might the ambassador add: "As far as experience

has made me familiar with the meaning which M. de Bismarck attaches to his own words, I incline to believe that he did not tell me what was going on in his mind."

Here M. Benedetti was decidedly in the right, for it was soon discovered, both from the King's own admissions and through the information sent by the French agents in Spain, that the Prussian Cabinet had done anything but discountenance the offer made by Prim to Prince Leopold. According to all probabilities, Bismarck himself may have originated the idea. But is it not remarkable that at the very moment, when he was thus plotting the creation of a second Prussian monarchy against France, he feigned to be alarmed at the armaments and preparations for war? Another count against France was her seeking for new alliances, as if the German Chancellor had not already made sure of Russia and Italy; as if he was ever tardy in making the most of his own advantages.

Such being the case, it may be fairly doubted whether the Imperial Government could be satisfied with the simple renunciation of Prince Leopold, without any guarantee on the part of King William that his pretensions should never be revived. Is the Prussian statesman so over-scrupulous as to be bound merely by a verbal promise? Or is he so ignorant in diplomatic points and by-ways, as not to know how to elude even a formal treaty? The treaty of Prague was signed six years ago, and nevertheless the fifth article, stipulating certain conditions favourable to the population of Northern Schleswig, are still awaiting their fulfilment. Had France contented herself with what M. de Bismarck said, she would have made herself the laughing-stock of all Europe. God knows her ruler of that day has enough to account for, and it is useless, as well as ungenerous, to hold up as a fault what was simply an act of common prudence.

Before taking leave of M. Benedetti's despatches and account of his mission in Prussia, we wish to rectify an error which at the time went the round of Europe. The reader may remember how the Count was reported to have bullied the Prussian sovereign at Ems; how he tracked his footsteps from place to place, almost preventing, as it were, the poor king from making the most of his mineral waters. All these reports were nothing else but the offspring of sensation news-mongers; in reality, on both sides, the outward forms of courtesy and dignity were preserved to the very last. To the very last also, the French Government hoped to obtain some reliable guarantee for the future, and that King William would alter his mind. This fact is apparent in every telegram sent by the Duke de Gramont to his agent at Ems.

Upon the whole we think that M. Benedetti has been well advised in publishing his vindication; it bears upon it a stamp of truthfulness and honesty, as well as a display of keen observation and activity, which would do credit to any diplomatist. And again we must repeat it, Napoleon III. certainly did not fall from any dearth of official and secret information on the part of his agents.

From M. Benedetti, the Imperial ambassador, we must now turn to M. Jules Favre, the Republican Minister for Foreign Affairs. The *émeute* which overthrew Napoleon's government took place on the 4th of September, 1870; on the following day, M. Favre entered upon his self-assumed duties at the Foreign Office. The acknowledged spokesman of an implacable opposition, which had lasted for twenty years, found himself all of a sudden called upon to direct the external policy of his country, in one of its most trying and most disastrous periods. Well may he have recoiled from such a duty, when France could not reckon on one single ally in that gigantic struggle into which she had been hurried headlong. On this subject we can listen to no better witness than M. Favre himself.

When, on the 5th of September, 1870, I took possession of the Foreign Department, my first care was to ask for such despatches as might throw some light on the negotiations then going on. A hasty perusal was quite enough to show me, not only that we had no allies—that indeed I knew too well—but that our diplomacy had not even made serious endeavours to gain any. Seeing my astonishment, the director of the political branch of the service proposed that I should have an interview with the minister whom I superseded, Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, added he, being ready to meet me. I immediately assented; and I must here observe, to show how little usurpation and violence had to do with this concern, that the minister of the government just overthrown spontaneously offered his services to the factious tribune who came to replace him. On my arrival at the Quay d'Orsay, I did not enter the Prince's study, as he had left the office without knowing what had happened, and consequently without giving me permission to do so. In this I simply yielded to a feeling of propriety, which every gentleman will easily understand. M. de la Tour d'Auvergne was kind enough to be thankful for such a mode of proceeding, and I merely mention the fact because it has been distorted by passion and party-spirit. I shall even venture to add, that the two men thus brought together were not at liberty to act otherwise than they did. Perhaps the man whom the chance of events thus thrust aside felt himself relieved from a most heavy burden; but most positively the man who was just entering, in such an unexpected manner, upon these duties, was fully aware of his weighty responsibility and of his no less personal incompetency. Had he been free to choose his position

without forfeiting his duty, he would by far have preferred that of the fallen minister.*

Such were the feelings of M. Jules Favre on assuming his new functions, and well might he have entertained them. To say nothing of the isolated state of France in regard to foreign powers, nor of her unparalleled disasters, the republican minister had to encounter at once a most momentous question,—the Papacy, a question which, indeed, ultimately caused his downfall. From his very first appearance on the stage of politics, M. Jules Favre had constantly, had vehemently opposed the temporal power of the Pope. In so doing, he well knew that he was waging war against the public opinion of his own country, which no less constantly had run in an opposite direction. It was not to be expected, however, that he should now belie the convictions of his whole life; and yet his very first act as a Minister for Foreign Affairs must needs be to defend the Pope against Italian aggression. We must do him the justice to say that he did all in his power, but that power amounted to very little, as the sequel of events will show. Moreover, whilst negotiating with the Cabinet of Florence on the subject, the great republican leader had likewise another aim—that of bringing over the Italians to an alliance with France, as a check upon the German invasion. What the Empire, what the ties of close affinity, what the remembrance of past services had been unable to accomplish, he, the representative of an upstart government and of a mobocracy, expected to do in a few hours of friendly intercourse with such a wily diplomatist as the Cavaliere di Nigra. That a highly-gifted man like M. Jules Favre should have fostered so great a delusion, shows a degree of incapacity that almost baffles conception. However, we must admit the fact, since he himself admits it in his very first pages on "Rome and the French Republic." But, at the same time, this fact throws great light upon the wavering policy he was forced to adopt in dealing with a question that would have required, even in less awful times, a stern will for the maintenance of right, and a consummate politician for the overcoming of the more serious difficulties.

As early as the 5th of September, M. Nigra called upon the new minister, and began by professions of sympathy for France. This was all very well in its way, but both parties must have been equally aware of the treaties existing between Italy and Prussia for the furtherance of their mutual interests

* "Gouvernement de la Défense nationale." Par M. J. Favre. Paris, 1871.

in the present war. The Government of Florence was by no means tardy in taking advantage of its present opportunity; for an army of 60,000 soldiers was already assembled on the Roman frontier. Nevertheless, the Italian ambassador *mournfully* stated the reasons which, according to his opinion, prevented his own Government from coming forward,

And he more than once repeated, that if one of the two great powers now predominant in every question were to give us its support, Italy would be happy to join in its endeavours. I pressed him strongly to set the example. But no insistence of mine could produce any result. He was rising to take his leave, after a long conversation, when he said :—"I have to inform you officially that my Government can no longer bear with the *statu quo* in regard to Rome. They have sent to the Holy Father M. Ponza di San Martino, with a mission to obtain an amicable arrangement. If, as I fear it will happen, our offers be rejected, we shall be obliged to occupy Rome. Our interest and honour equally command that measure. The safety of the Papacy requires it no less imperiously. We might have guarded and respected every interest, but the extraordinary successes of the Prussians have altered everything. They have crushed the Conservatives, and exalted the violent. Our overtures would only add to the general confusion. The demagogues would soon be masters of Rome, and the storm which would overthrow the Papacy would likewise expose us to the greatest perils. So we can no longer delay a solution, which has, moreover, become inevitable. We will hurry it on through right or might. At any rate, we are happy, in such a crisis, to have the moral support of the new Government that France has just created. But why should you not go a step farther? Why not denounce the Convention of the 15th of September, 1864? You yourself constantly attacked it, and, as a fact, it does not exist any longer. To the verdict pronounced against it by fortune, please to add the consecration of your own authority. It would be the crowning act of your career, an act for which Italy would certainly be grateful."

"I am fully conscious," replied I, "that your arguments are irrefutable. The September Convention is a dead letter. However, I will not denounce it. Were France both victorious and prosperous, I would willingly acquiesce in your request. I should, as you very properly observe, be consistent with my whole life, since I always opposed the interference of France in favour of the Pope in Italian affairs. But my country is vanquished; I myself am too unhappy to afflict a venerable old man, who has undergone such painful trials, and who would suffer still more by such a useless mark of total desertion. I do not wish likewise to grieve those among my countrymen whom the misfortunes of the Popedom have thrown into a state of consternation. So I will not denounce the September Convention; but then I will not, on the other hand, enforce its fulfilment. As for myself, I could not do it; no other minister even could do it without lowering the dignity of France by a vain and impotent menace. I neither will nor can prevent anything you may do. I am of your own opinion; if you don't go to Rome, it will

fall into the hands of dangerous agitators. I much prefer that you should be there. But you must fully understand that France does not consent to it in any way whatsoever, and that you go through the whole undertaking on your own exclusive and sole responsibility."

In giving this answer, I had not consulted my own Government, who, however, approved of it. Two days afterwards I called on the Italian minister, and again insisted strongly, but uselessly, on obtaining from his country an earnest support. He once more returned to the Roman question. "You will not abide by your decision," said he; "it is by far too much in opposition with your former policy. It wounds the feelings of Italy without any profit to yourselves."

"Is this a condition which you are laying down?" replied I, looking M. Nigra in the face.

"By no means," retorted he, "but I am sorry to add that I must persevere in the line which I told you of."

"Well, do me the pleasure never to mention a subject which gives me pain, yet can never lead us to any conclusion." (pp. 5-8.)

The above quotation is so characteristic of both parties, that we shall offer no apology for its length. It fully contains the policy followed by M. Jules Favre on the Roman question, whilst it clearly shows the ardent desire of the Italian Government to obtain, on the part of France, a formal assent to its sacrilegious usurpations. It is probable that, fettered as he was by the perilous condition of his own country and by the strong opposition of the French Catholics, whom it was highly important not to irritate at such a juncture, the new minister dared not venture recklessly on a direct denunciation of the September Convention; for it is hardly admissible that he entertained for one moment the slightest hope of bringing over Italy to a coalition with France when France was at the lowest ebb of her fortunes. His policy consisted, therefore, in giving a tacit consent to this work of plunder and robbery, a policy which affords us full insight into the loose morality both of himself and of his party.

However, having at once struck out this line, M. Favre's next and immediate difficulty was, how to secure the personal safety of the Holy Father. He was too familiar with the practices and doings of the Italian Government to rely upon its assurances, and he lost no time in broaching the question. And here indeed we have before us a most singular and interesting spectacle:—the veteran revolutionist, the unflinching enemy of the temporal, and perhaps of the spiritual, power of the Pope; the abettor of the Italian Cabinet; the man whose scandalous life in private has been lately revealed before a court of justice, is little by little, and, as it were, unconsciously, won over to a feeling of awe, admiration, and

respect for the virtues, serenity, and fortitude of the Supreme Pontiff. In many of his despatches now before the public, there breathes even a spirit of tenderness, which takes us by surprise, and makes us stop to ask whether we are listening to the same man who, for years and years, put forth all his energies in thundering philippics against the iniquities of the Roman Court and the standing abuses of a theocratical government.

That there is no exaggeration in this statement we can immediately prove by referring to M. Favre's own words. The Italians had taken possession of Rome, Pius IX. had bade farewell to his valiant little army and to the representatives of foreign nations, and he might now fairly consider himself as a prisoner in his own palace. Every power in Europe looked on, assuming an attitude of dumb indifference, if not of silent satisfaction. Let us hear what M. Favre has to say on this woful subject.

After upwards of ten centuries the Papacy has just undergone a transformation, and in order to give a character of sublimity to this transformation, God has selected the noblest figure which history ever had to portray. Himself a tender and sincere apostle of national independence and of freedom, endeavouring to infuse a new spirit into the antique authority of the tiara;—now flying before the murderer of his minister, now bearing up against the very principles he had anon glorified with so much enthusiasm; then again rising through Faith superior to every earthly interest, and becoming by the grandeur of his naïve simplicity the very personification of a sterile and dogmatic inflexibility, Pius IX. really appeared predestined to the part he has had to play in this world. I must even confess, that on reading in the above despatches, which I have just analyzed, the account of that pathetic scene of adieu to his army, he appeared before my eyes as if hallowed by Time, peering above ages, standing on the brink of two worlds, now parting asunder—the one doomed henceforward to dwell in the memory of the past, the other containing within its womb the mystery of our future, and the work of our own regeneration!

Such were the inmost feelings of the French minister on establishing official and confidential communications with Cardinal Antonelli. He, on the whole, held to his purpose of withholding any moral or material support of France to the temporal power, but of offering every sort of help and measure in his power to uphold the spiritual authority of the Pope, and to secure his own personal safety. If we are to believe the French *chargé d'affaires* at Rome, M. Lefebvre de Behaine, this open and candid behaviour pleased the Pope's prime minister far better than the truckling professions and hollow promises of Napoleon's Government.

At the Vatican (writes he on the 5th of October) I met with nothing else but marks of sympathy for France, and a feeling of absolute confidence in the sentiments which the French Catholics, when left to themselves, will spontaneously and efficaciously show to the Holy Father. Every conversation I have with Cardinal Antonelli confirms me in the opinion that he implicitly relies on the candid and precise declarations you instructed me to make on the 10th of September, and which are to supersede an armed protection, that neither our present circumstances nor the principles of the National Government allow us to afford to Pius IX. The Holy See fully appreciates the high value of the moral support now secured to it by the religious, chivalrous, and generous sentiments of France.

But however great might be the confidence of the Pope in the devotion of the French Catholics to his interests, his situation was daily becoming more critical, and he had to foresee the moment when he might be obliged to leave Rome. If, however, that dire necessity should once more take place, he was determined upon doing it in broad daylight, and not to abandon his capital in the garb of a clandestine fugitive. His minister consequently applied to the French Government to know whether the Holy Father could reckon upon a sure and respectful retreat in the realms of old Clovis. Surely there is something touching in this yearning of the Father of the Faithful towards his Gallic children, some of whom but lately had been among the foremost to oppose the great conciliary decree; but who were likewise among the foremost to bow to that memorable decision. France was then writhing under the unutterable woes of foreign invasion; she was no less writhing under the venomous bite of the demagogic dragon, even then preying upon her very vitals; and yet she flew instinctively into the arms of her Father, who forgot his own sorrows, and knocked at her threshold, and wept over those of his children. Kings and emperors might look askant, courtiers and statesmen might curl their lip with a smile of contempt at so much fallen grandeur; Europe, infirm, heartless, faithless, helpless, and selfish, might look on with supreme indifference,—but Heaven above must have let fall one of its choicest blessings on bleeding Gaul, thus beckoning to her shores the Vicar of Christ in this most cruel trial of his long chequered reign. For indeed the Republican government nobly responded to the call, though urging at the same time Pius IX. not to adopt any hasty resolution of this kind.

Days and days rolled on, the capitulation of Paris took place, the National Assembly met at Bordeaux, and M. Thiers was placed at the head of a regular government. In the little Papal court—we might almost say *circle*—these successive vents were followed with intense interest, as may be seen by

a despatch of the French agent at Rome, written on the 18th of February.

On different occasions, several persons who attend constantly on the Pope, had lately expressed the opinion that I should endeavour to see His Holiness, who would really be glad to show his deep feeling of sympathy and anxiety for France, as well as his satisfaction on account of our deferential and respectful attitude towards the Holy See. As I was afraid, however, that such a simple step might give rise to many idle surmises, I thought it better to maintain a reserved attitude, which was duly appreciated by Cardinal Antonelli. I waited, therefore, to ask for an audience until the result of the elections should be known.

The Pope received me the day before yesterday, and as I told him that in such a solemn hour I could no longer withstand my wish to obtain his blessing for my country, he replied that not one single day passed without his praying for France, whose image was constantly before his mind.

Then alluding to the efforts he had made to help us, and to hasten the end of this horrid war, he told me that King William, "*now turned Emperor, it would appear,*" has not yet answered the letter which His Holiness wrote to him in the month of November.

Being thus forcibly excluded from the grave questions implied in the restoration of peace, he can only pray for its speedy conclusion on honourable conditions. He likewise seemed greatly pleased at the general character of our elections, telling me that all men devoted to our national grandeur must be delighted at seeing the French people bestow on M. Thiers so many striking marks of confidence. The Pope mentioned at the same time the feelings of interest for the Holy See which M. Thiers had often expressed, and which were grounded on a clear perception of true French interests.

That these professions of sympathy were not merely idle words, had been already shown by the Pope's letter to the King of Prussia : but this was not sufficient in the eyes of the noble-hearted Pontiff. Out of his scanty funds he took ten thousand francs, and sent it as his modest offering to the French victims of war. It touched them to the quick, coming at such a moment, and caused throughout the country a universal explosion of gratitude towards the Holy Father. Yet even this did not satisfy his tenderness for his suffering children ; and we learn with emotion that he seriously thought of ordering that all the gold and silver vases or ornaments belonging to the churches should be sold for the benefit of the wounded. Well may M. Favre have written to his agent :—

You will tell the Cardinal, who must repeat it to the Holy Father, the deep gratitude I feel at his kindness. Yes, I am deeply touched by the share he takes in our misfortunes, and by the instructions he has sent to the clergy in favour of the National Assembly. From the bottom of my heart, I likewise thank His Holiness for the 10,000 francs he has been pleased to

send Mgr. Chigi for the victims of the war. The millions which the Cardinal would have fain added to them might have helped many a poor sufferer, but not have increased our feelings of gratitude and reverence. On reading in your despatch that the question was mooted whether the bishops should not be ordered to melt the sacred vases, I really thought myself brought back to the days of the primeval Church,—so rich in instances of virtue and devotion. To the same spirit of charity is likewise due the foundation of a benevolent society in our favour. I read its programme with heartfelt emotion, and I beg of you to lay before its worthy president, the Marchese di Cavaletti, the expression of my gratitude.

But the very repetition of these sundry marks of sympathy on the part of the Pontiff made it a more imperious duty for the French minister to ward off the degradation of submitting to the insolent offers of the Italian Government. Nevertheless M. Favre found himself here in a position doubly false. His hands were tied by his own policy and acts in regard to the temporal power; whilst his countrymen behind him now almost universally reprobated the burglarious usurpations of Victor Emmanuel. No one in France could bear with any degree of patience the cowardly policy which had hurried Italy into a close alliance with Prussia against her former benefactors,—an insult, which was rather increased than diminished by the appearance of Garibaldi and his predatory bands on the field of battle. By numberless Frenchmen this was considered as the greatest humiliation inflicted upon their nation, and contributed in no small degree to revive their latent reverence for the Holy Father. Petitions in favour of the Pope began to pour in from every part of France. The Roman question was openly discussed in the National Assembly, at Bordeaux in the very teeth of the Radicals of every hue. In this respect, as well as in many others, public opinion ran decidedly against them. This was the more remarkable that no manifestation of the same kind took place in Europe, and that the country where it did occur was bleeding at every pore, utterly crushed under the heel of a foreign invader.

At any rate M. Favre was bound to take it into serious account, since the provinces which shed their best blood for the national defence, were likewise the foremost in their earnest advocacy of a diplomatic interference in favour of the Pope. Consequently, as early as the month of March, we find the minister appointing a special ambassador to the Holy See, and he selected for that purpose Count d'Harcourt, the son of a man who had filled the same station at Rome in the troubled days of 1849. Count d'Harcourt is a stanch, unflinching Catholic,—a fact in itself telling volumes as to the pressure under which M. Favre was destined to succumb.

But the count is likewise a genuine diplomatist. Under most simple manners, he has an ample fund of *finesse* and sagacity, which make him capable of discerning and following up any intrigue without falling into it. Such is M. Favre's own sketch of his new agent, and he adds, by way of comment :—

His opinions as to the temporal power were so well known, though he never made any display of them, that the Vatican Court must needs admit, that if he did not become its champion, no other man in his senses could think of doing it.

Previously even to this appointment, M. Jules Favre had tried negotiations with the Catholic powers of Europe relative to the Roman question. But Austria stood aloof, and contented herself with mere professions of sympathy for the Pope, and was not disposed to move one finger in his defence. M. de Bray, the minister of Bavaria, strange to say, followed in the wake of M. de Beust, and joined in proposing a European conference. To this the French minister pertinaciously demurred, and here the matter remained, for the Holy Father was no less adverse to the idea, which appears to have been first started by Mr. Gladstone. "A joint and almost continuous action," writes M. de Behaine to his superior, "ought to be exerted, according to the views of the Vatican, within certain limits, as I stated on another occasion. This alone would prevent it from leading to any conference, since the Holy See would in no case admit that its critical situation in regard to the Italian Government should become a matter of transaction."

Of course M. Favre saw this as well as any living man; but he seems to have been a victim to a most singular delusion in his belief that the Cabinet of Florence would ever offer any serious guarantee of independence to the Holy See. He is indeed startled at some of its exorbitant pretensions; yet still he fondly clings to his plan of conciliation. Another singular symptom of his ill-balanced mind is the fact, that he has not one word of censure against the audacious and uncalled-for aggression on the Papal territory in time of peace. He seems to take it for granted that the Italian Government was perfectly justified in such a breach of international law; and yet this is the man who upbraids Napoleon III. with his desertion of poor Denmark. We should like to know in what Victor Emmanuel had any right superior to that of King Wilhelm, when the latter annexed Holstein to his own dominions.

However, as time went on, it became impossible for M. Favre to hold his station. No one will dispute his honesty,

and however jejune may appear some of his notions concerning the Roman question, he must be allowed the benefit of straightforwardness. But in July last the matter came before the National Assembly in the form of a report on the petitions sent up to its bar, and at the head of which figured, we believe, every bishop of the land. On that occasion, Mgr. Dupanloup uttered a speech that made the whole Chamber thrill with wonder at so much eloquence and so much pathetic grandeur. M. Favre himself honestly acknowledges the deep impression produced by this noble effusion of Christian oratory. "His speech," says he, "though often sparkling with brilliancy, and reaching the highest flights of eloquence, did not throw new light on the question. The speaker was sublime when he brought face to face those insulters who revile the victim handed over to the stupid hatred of the mob, and the murderers who slaughter it. Thrice was he greeted by 'Hurrahs!' when he showed the social crime of those intolerant infidels, who, after rabidly vindicating for themselves a liberty of which they are but too unworthy, denounce persecution unto death against all believers in a God. 'You pretend,' exclaimed he, addressing them, 'you pretend to fear, you dare to say that Religion threatens you. No, you unfortunate beings, you only prove that you have none!' With the exception of certain exaggerations in point of language, and certain attacks bordering upon bad taste against King Victor Emmanuel, this speech well deserved the favour with which it was received. It certainly proved a triumph for the orator, but in no way brought any real strength to the cause of the Holy Father."

Such is M. Favre's opinion on the subject; but surely we may ask him whether an energetic and eloquent protest against spoliation and injustice does not always serve, and strengthen the cause of Truth? For years and years, the Republican leader of France went on denouncing in eloquent terms the internal and external policy of the Empire: would he accept his own verdict, and admit that all his denunciations were of no avail? We doubt it. As for the speech of the Bishop of Orleans, it did add new strength to the Papal cause; for it induced M. Thiers to make a solemn repudiation of the Imperial policy in regard to Italy and the Holy See. He positively asserted for France a right to protect against all aggressors the Church, as represented by the Supreme Pontiff. Such, he said, had been her noble policy for ages, and such it must continue to be henceforward. Surely, this was something; so much indeed, that on the very next day M. Favre threw up his post as Minister for Foreign Affairs. In so doing

he acted the part of an honest man, but he likewise acknowledged that the ambiguous line which he had cut out for himself was not adopted by his countrymen.

And if to this fact we add another no less significant, that is, the strong and pointed language used by the reporters on the petitions to reprobate the conduct of the Italian Government, together with the shuffling system of the Bonapartes, when they had to deal with the Roman question, we may well affirm that France, though crushed by unutterable woes, has freed herself from a great deal of iniquity, has asserted her own independence, has reserved the future,—having dearly learned by her latest experience, that actual grandeur and success is no security for enduring power and prosperity. Herein perhaps is a new source of strength added to the Papal cause.

ART. VI.—THE WORLD TURNED ATHEIST: HOW IT HAS BECOME SO.

De Matrimonio Christiano libri tres. Auctore JO. PERRONE, Soc. Jesu, &c. Romæ, 1858.

Les Doctrines Romaines sur le Libéralisme envisagées dans leur rapport avec le Dogme chrétien et avec les besoins des sociétés modernes. Par le P. H. RAMIÈRE, de la Compagnie de Jésus. Paris, 1870.

L'Eglise et l'Etat. Par F. J. MOULART, de la Fac. de Théologie. *Revue Catholique*, Janvier, Février, Mai. Tome V., Nouvelle Série. Louvain, 1871.

"If any one shall deny one true God, Creator and Lord of all things visible and invisible; be he anathema.

"If any one shall not be ashamed to affirm that besides matter nothing exists; be he anathema.

"If any one shall assert that the substance or essence of God and of all things is one and the same; be he anathema," &c. &c.—VATICAN COUNCIL, Session 3, Canons "Of God the Creator of all things," Canons 1, &c.

SO this is the issue to which more than three centuries of vaunted reformation, working with its hundred eyes of intelligence and its hundred arms of power, has brought things at last. Many agencies in operation, some apparently discordant, but only apparently; Bibles circulated by millions, and thrust into every hand; physical progress unexampled in

its wide and flashing sweep; the fierce straining after that long-heralded, long-expected human perfection; license, called liberty, such as the world never saw before—liberty of thought and action, liberty of speech, liberty of the press; the people's will proclaimed as the supreme law, itself independent of all beside, and all beside dependent on it; the silent ignoring or open repudiation of the supernatural, and the severance of the social relations from all contact with its ideas and especially from all subjection to its influences; governments ruling and parliaments legislating without reference to God or to His law; from these and other kindred forces, growing up through the latter centuries, rapidly developed and all but matured in this our glorious nineteenth century, has come the hard, black issue—no God, no human soul; man, sprung originally from the beast, still a beast, to perish as a beast and be no more. It is enough to pierce the believing and loving heart with the icy chill of death; or rather to create in that heart a longing to be delivered from a world in which such mad and appalling blasphemies circulate as freely as the common news of the day. And this, too, not in Turkey, not in China, not in Hindostan, but in fair Christendom itself. Christendom, indeed! It is a common opinion among the Fathers and older theologians that the Garden of Eden still exists in all or much of its original bloom and splendour, guarded by a special providence against human access, or, as others think, transferred to some unapproachable region. If you should suppose God to lift His Church bodily from the midst of men, and transfer her, with all the gifts and treasures of which she is the sole depository, to some such region, the greater part of this very Christendom, save for the faint glimmering which might linger for a season after the departed luminary, would present to the eye of faith a vast moral chaos, Christendom no longer, but something very like Heathendom; if, owing to the past influence of the Church, in certain respects better than Heathendom, in others greatly worse—a vast chaos, the Spirit of God no longer moving over it, but darkness on the face of it, deepening ever more and more.

The General Councils hitherto assembled for the purpose of dogmatic definition (they were not all assembled for this purpose) uniformly addressed themselves to the leading errors of the time; though occasionally also to the settlement of controversies, the adjustment of which was more or less imperatively demanded for the actual welfare and peace of the Church. The Vatican Council in the preamble to the chapters and canons of the first Dogmatic Constitution expressly states its design to condemn errors which, owing their origin to the Reforma-

tion, have however come to their perfection only in more recent times. But we require no testimony of Pope or Council to assure us that the aforesaid batch of condemned doctrines *are* errors of our time, and that, within the period of a single generation, they have established an ascendancy almost incredible over the mind of the non-Catholic world. The literature of the day, light and popular, stately and philosophical, alike proclaims the fact aloud. You cannot open the advertising sheets of the leading periodicals without seeing evidences of it on every second page, in the very titles of the new publications announced there. It displays itself in every form of poetry and prose, in lectures, essays, histories, Biblical criticism,* and so forth. There it stands out palpable, like Milton's Death, black as night and terrible as hell, obstructing the light of heaven and overshadowing God's fair creation.

What is the cause of this terrible evil, this heavy curse? Is there a remedy for it, and, if so, what is that remedy? These indeed are questions of the deepest moment. Our present purpose is to answer them to the best of our feeble power. And here we wish to state, at the very outset, that we have nothing new to advance either in the way of principle or of argument. The substance of all we have to say in the present paper is taken from the writings of our old theologians, whom we deemed it unnecessary to name at the head of our article, and from the valuable works which we have named there. Selection, arrangement, much of the illustration may be ours: we lay claim to credit for little or nothing beyond.

To begin, then, with the first of the questions proposed above, there is one primary, as theologians would call it, remote cause, from which the others, the proximate causes, have sprung. This cause, this *original sin*, the parent of so many other sins, was the great Protestant revolt of the sixteenth century. There were great heresies before that revolt; some of them, with their rituals and congregations and churches, living down to the present day. There were the Arian, the Pelagian, the Nestorian, and many others. None of these heresies had a development like that which Protestantism has exhibited: birth and maturity were to them the same, they grew no more. But there are two characteristics of Protestantism, which from its

* The gentlemen of this department have agreed among themselves to dub their peculiar art by the name of the "higher criticism": and indeed high enough it is in point of impudence and arrogance, and, judging from the specimens we have seen of it, extreme shallowness. There is a German set: if you follow them, you are a high critic and a liberal Christian; if not, not, but a dogmatist and an old foggy—these same parties being themselves the most intolerable dogmatists in existence.

first existence stamped upon it features not to be found in any previous heresy; features which disclaim all special fellowship between it and them; features which clearly and broadly distinguish it from them all.

The first of these was, not that Protestantism was a revolt against authority—for such in fact all heresies necessarily are, however much the authors of them may profess the opposite—but that it made the rejection of all authority its primary and fundamental principle. For the first time, not only since the beginning of Christianity, but since the beginning of the world, it was proclaimed that, in forming his religious belief, every man is perfectly free from the controlling power of any authority whatsoever existing on this earth. We know not what may have happened in obscure corners, what may have been uttered by individuals, who had no following, or only a small one that soon died out. But we are not aware that, until the sixteenth century, the aforesaid principle had ever been proclaimed among men, as the broad and distinctive foundation of a religion; *and*, what is more, that a religion with many millions of votaries was actually built upon it, and has actually remained on it, clinging steadily to it, through all vicissitudes and variations, as to the one great principle of its life. Moreover, Protestantism based itself not only on the rejection of all living authority, but on the rejection of all authority in the past tradition of the Church, no matter how far back extending, even though touching the Apostolic age itself. This is a phenomenon which, before the rise of Protestantism, was utterly unknown in the world.

The second characteristic of Protestantism is the unbounded fury with which, typhoon like, it swept the whole garden of Catholic theology, leaving hardly a single plant of Paradise which it did not tear up by the roots, or break in its stem, or taint in its blossom. All preceding heresies confined themselves each to the negation of a single doctrine or a single class of doctrines. Thus, one erred on the divinity of Christ, another on His divine personality, another on His twofold nature, another on the necessity of grace, and so on. It is true that some of the heresies of the middle ages seem to have anticipated Protestantism in their sweeping assaults on the faith of the Church. But these heresies were only rude and inchoate attempts, half delirious utterances, for the most part without any theological system. Then, the faith of those ages was too strong for them, choked life out of them, or held them down with an overpowering pressure. Protestantism assailed the Church on all sides, at all points and at once, and succeeded—by what unholy and violent means it is beside our present pur-

pose to describe—in wresting from her imperial sway the greater part of Northern Europe.

Though such a host of heresies burst forth simultaneously and in one wide deluge, yet there were among them certain main principles, out of which others sprang; and it was indeed somewhat in this way that they at first arose in the brain of Luther himself. It is certain that his views on justification had taken strong possession of his mind for some time before he dreamed of separating from the Church : * and it is to this day generally maintained, as Luther himself maintained, that that doctrine is the keystone of genuine Protestantism. However this may be, a rapid glance at the mere general heads of doctrine and worship, on which the new religion broke with the old, will be quite enough to show how deep and wide was the chasm that yawned between them.

On the matter of divine grace there was asserted, on one hand, the utter corruption of human nature, man's utter inability to perform of himself the smallest good work, on the other hand, his utter inability to resist the influence of grace; the sinner justified not by sorrow for past sin but by simply believing that he is justified; that justification not real and internal, but a mere imputation to him of Christ's justice; no merit, no value whatever in good works however holy. Then, the whole seven sacraments swept clean away, the names of two of them retained as mere ceremonies: no regeneration in Baptism; no sacramental grace imparted in Confirmation; the Eucharist a mere sign or memorial, no Real Presence, no sacrifice of any kind, no confession of sins, no absolution from them, no penitential works to wash out the temporal punishment due to them; no anointing with oil or prayer of faith to strengthen the sick man in the last tremendous conflict; no priesthood, or a priesthood only in name, a mere "extrinsic denomination," like the title of Count or Captain; Matrimony, the "great sacrament" of the Apostle, degraded to the level of a civil contract, and its sacred bond rent asunder by virtue of an act of Parliament. Again, no veneration of the blessed angels and saints in heaven, no calling on them to pray for us. No special honour, no honour at all, to the great Mother of God; but, on the contrary, an elaborate anxiety to rob her of the glorious

* "Life of Luther, by Dr. J. Dollinger," English translation, p. 9. London: Richardson, 1853. Little did the biographer dream, when writing this sketch of Luther's life, that there were then maturing in his own breast errors of another kind that would in after-years draw him on to tread in the steps of the arch-apostate; and that in his old age his heart would be turned away to follow strange gods.

titles which are hers alone, to deny her divine maternity, to disprove her perpetual virginity, to lower her in every way down to the ordinary rank. As the Mother of Christ has been treated, so has been the Spouse of Christ, His holy Church. No visible head, no judge of controversies, no exemption from error in General Councils or in the whole Church together, unity in catholicity not essential, nor sanctity, nor apostolicity: the whole fabric, rock-foundation and superstructure, shivered to atoms, a hideous ruin, like the Prophet's desolation of Babylon. No purgatory, no prayers for the dead, no signing with the sign of the cross, no holy water, no consecration or sanctification of anything, no vows, no honour to celibacy—but thus much is enough, we need enumerate no more.

There are, however, two of the innumerable heresies, which Protestantism for the first time introduced into the world, that claim a brief special notice. The first is the rejection not only of the necessity but of the value and utility of mortification: not only no merit whatever, but no moral excellence whatever, in abstinence or fasting or any other penitential work; asceticism reviled as degrading and superstitious. The second is the division of doctrines into fundamental and non-fundamental, or, as it is commonly phrased in modern times, into essential and non-essential—non-essential, not because the revelation of the doctrines belonging to this category is not sufficiently certain to demand our assent, but because the doctrines are in themselves of minor importance, and such as may be rejected without peril to salvation or breach of Church unity. To this class has been consigned, in our time, the whole or nearly the whole body of purely revealed doctrine: and we see it constantly affirmed that what is called dogmatic religion is not essential; that to insist on its necessity or importance is mere bigotry; that the Gospel is a system rather of morals than of dogmas; and that our great aim should be not to square our belief in accordance with the latter, but to square our actions in accordance with the former. Then, this moral system has nothing in it of the supernatural. It is merely the development of our natural good qualities: to be honest and sober and especially to be kind and neighbourly, these make the perfect Christian man.

This is Protestantism, a system which in its principles virtually contains all the heresies that had previously existed from the foundation of Christianity, and, in the number of heresies which it actually introduced and actually contains, far surpasses them all taken together in one mass. What should from the first have been expected to come to pass has actually come to pass; what was once but theory, though theory sure to be

realized, is now a fact. It is a fact, attested by the highest authorities, stanch Protestants, that from England, the great stronghold of Protestantism, first issued that furious tide of deism and atheism which for the last hundred years has wrought such fearful havoc, physical and moral, over the whole continent of Europe. It is a fact that at this present day there is hardly any heresy, if there be any at all, which may not be openly professed even by members of the Established Church of England, still remaining members and even officers of that Church.

It is in the great Protestant revolt of the sixteenth century that the materialism and atheism of our time have had their original source. They are its offspring, not immediate but direct. They have been begotten of principles immediately begotten of it. And these, which we have called their proximate causes, we now proceed to review. We have already, in the introductory paragraph of this article, named the principal of these causes. In the enumeration and consideration of them it is not material what order we follow ; nor does any arrangement occur to us that would not be altogether or to a great extent arbitrary.

1. The first is that which is expressed so clearly and distinctly in the very first proposition condemned in the ever-memorable Encyclical of December 8th, 1864, *Quantà curà* :—" You well know, venerable brethren, that at this time men are found not a few, who applying to civil society the impious and absurd principle of *naturalism*, as they call it, dare to teach that the best system of the state and [that also] civil progress absolutely require that human society should be constituted and governed, no more regard being paid to religion that if it did not exist ; or, at least, without making any distinction between the true religion and the false ones." Of the hundred and one propositions condemned in the Encyclical and the accompanying Syllabus there is not one more insidious than this ; and, when pushed in practice to its full meaning, there is perhaps none, next after those which deny the primary truths of natural religion, more pregnant with deadly evil to the souls of men and to society itself. It is so insidious, because that full meaning to which we have alluded would by no means strike, we will not say a careless, but even a careful and thoughtful, reader, at first sight : nay, it requires no small amount of calm reflection and keen scrutiny for a reader of the latter class to realize that meaning clearly and fully to himself. Hence the euphemistic, which in our day so dominates in the memoirs of eminent scoundrels, has been used with signal success to popularize this baleful heresy. More generally it is enunciated in a proposi-

tion affirming the total separation of Church and State as a thing desirable for the interests of both. It only means, they say, what we may call a division of labour, one of the principles of political economy. The hatter makes hats, the shoemaker makes shoes: if they desert their own craft, each turning to that of the other, we should have hats that no one could put on his head, and shoes that no one could put on his feet. So it is with Church and State. The spiritual and the temporal belong to two orders entirely distinct and different from each other—different in the ends they aim at, and in the means by which those ends are attainable. Let the Church take charge of her own order and confine herself to it: she is not qualified to manage temporal affairs, and has no business with them. Let the State act on the same principle: she is just as little qualified to manage spiritual concerns, and has as little business with them. And that is all—"only that and nothing more." The cant phrase of Count Cavour was "A free Church in a free State": they were the last words he uttered on this earth, and he uttered them after consummating his final sacrilege. We all know what that prince of lying and hypocritical villains meant by them—the robbery of religious houses and the violent expulsion of their inmates, the banishment or imprisonment of every ecclesiastic who dared to stand up for the laws of God and of the Church, the fomenting of rebellion in neighbouring states, the propagation of infidelity and impurity everywhere.* On the day before his death he said to Farina, one of his fellow-miscreants, "My mind is at ease, I have never done harm to any one."† As well might Robespierre have used such words when his neck lay under the knife of the guillotine. The truth is, that so plausible has this error been sometimes rendered by skilful sophistry and adroit manipulation of words, that some good, well-meaning and otherwise right-minded Catholics have been ensnared into the adoption of a principle,

* In writing the above sentence we quite forgot a passage which we had marked in F. Perrone's work in reading it full twelve years ago. On turning over the leaves for a quotation introduced into a subsequent part of this article, the passage struck our eye, and we give it here:—"Videntur igitur [principia quibus regitur novum Subalpinum gubernium] esse voluntas opprimendi utrumque clerum, secularem scilicet et regularem; expoliatio ac deprædatio bonorum ecclesiasticorum; cauta ac per gradus procedens abolitio primi constitutionis articuli, quo religio Catholica sola status religio declarata est; inductio Anglicanismi temperati; compressio bonorum et evectio pessimorum, ac demum *effrænis carnislicentia*." (L. 1, s. 2, c. 4, a. 1, vol. i. p. 338.)

† "Reminiscences of the Life and Character of Count Cavour," by William de la Rive, p. 286. London, 1862.

whose legitimate consequences they foresaw not, never dreamed of—consequences from which, when clearly recognized, they would shrink with horror. We now proceed to the examination of this principle.

In order to understand more clearly what they mean by the separation of Church and State, who hold not only the lawfulness but the absolute advantage of such a separation, it may be better first to explain what we mean by the union of Church and State, who maintain that this union is in strict accordance with God's revealed will, and is of the highest advantage to both Church and State, especially to the latter. We address ourselves only to Christians, and need not therefore insist on the very plain principle, which no one in any way deserving that name can question, that the members of a governing body or of any society whatever are in their private and individual capacity strictly bound by the Christian law and, if they be Catholics, by the laws of the Church. If a man is a king or a minister of state, he is not thereby the less bound by personal moral obligation: nay, men holding public influential offices are more strictly bound, inasmuch as their violations of duty are more apt to draw others after them in the path of sin.*

The question, then, is not of the individuals who compose the State, but of the State itself, or rather of the Government which rules the State, and of this Government in its collective and governing capacity. Nor, again, can there be any doubt that this governing body is strictly bound to take care that it does not in its acts, legislative or executive, violate any admitted Christian law, natural or purely revealed, or deny any admitted dogma of Christian faith. This *negative* harmony of Church and State, or rather the duty of observing the divine and natural law, as a duty binding all human associations whatever, we suppose no Christian would deny.† As a private individual, merely because he has the physical power and is the

* See Lessius, "De Summo Bono," l. 1, c. 5, n. 25.

† "The distinctive principle of the book [Gladstone on Church and State] was supposed to be, that the State had a conscience. But the controversy really lies not in the existence of a conscience in the State so much as in the extent of its range. Few would deny the obligation of a State to follow the moral law. Every treaty, for example, proceeds upon it. The true issue was this: whether the State, in its best condition, has such a conscience as can take cognizance of religious truth and error, and in particular whether the State of the United Kingdom, at a period somewhat exceeding thirty years ago, was or was not so far in that condition as to be under an obligation to give an active and an exclusive support to the established religion of the country."—"A Chapter of Autobiography," by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, p. 14. London, 1868.

stronger, is not justified in assaulting his neighbour's person or seizing his neighbour's property ; so neither can one State invade another State or wage war against it, unless there coexist all the conditions required by the law of God for a just war ; and every prince or minister who concurs in such invasion or such war is before God as really a robber and a murderer, as if he robbed and slew with his own hand. Governments are bound, even far more stringently than private individuals, to take care that each and every of their acts is in strict accordance with the eternal laws of right. They are bound to take care that no consideration of public utility, or power, or wealth, or dominion, or of any other so-called good whatever, shall induce them to depart one tittle from the golden rule ; to take care that they draw not down upon their people and themselves one of those awful visitations which God has so often inflicted on nations for national sins—punishments rained down upon all in common, for crimes in which all in common have participated.* Only a heathen could question the truth of these principles : and yet how many princes and ministers have within the last twenty years openly set them at naught and trampled on them—princes and ministers not heathen, not Mahometan, but princes and ministers of Christian Europe. The earth groans under the mountain-loads of iniquity which the giant powers of wicked men in high places have piled upon it in that short span of time : and, but for the promise which we know can never fail, we should have no alternative but to throw ourselves into the arms of despair, and yield to the desolate and overwhelming pressure of

That double-fronted sorrow,
Which looks at once before and back,
Beholds the yesterday, the morrow,
And sees both comfortless, both black.

To return : the question is of the *positive*, operative, active union of the two powers. Is it the *duty* of Government to "defend the rights of God and of His Church against the attacks of impiety, as it defends the rights of its magistrates and private citizens against the attacks of injustice"?† Is the former not merely lawful and even laudable, but a strict duty, as all hold the latter to be ? Undoubtedly, if there should be an active union between Church and Government, it would be expected that the duties should be reciprocal : and so they are.

* On the punishment of national sins see the above-cited Lessius, in his work "De Perfectionibus Divinis," l. 13, c. 11.

† Ramière, p. xxv.

But we need not inquire into the duties of the Church, because she not only admits and proclaims these duties, but discharges them every day, and to the utmost of her power,—discharges them even to Governments that ignore her, to Governments that calumniate and persecute her. For her ministrations all tend directly to one great end, to make men honest, pure, temperate, obedient to authority; in a word, to clothe them with every Christian virtue, that is, while making them holy before God and faithful servants of Him, to make them at the same time blameless before the State and faithful servants of it. So absolutely true is this, that, if she could accomplish her mission perfectly (which she never can, for the tares will be always mingled with the wheat), Government, which some have defined as “Police,” might abdicate one of its most troublesome and engrossing functions, and be police no longer.

The only practical question therefore is that of the positive duty of the Government towards the Church. And here again we must further distinguish and further narrow the ground of inquiry. The question is not one of absolute and universal duty binding on all Governments, in all circumstances, at all times. There are duties not a few, not only of those imposed by human law, but also of those imposed by the divine law, both positive and natural, which do not bind in certain circumstances; for example, when, the observance of the duty would occasion serious injury to the individual on whom the duty lies, or to others; when the good end intended by the performance of the duty is sure, in this or that case, not to be attained; or even when the good end will be attained, but evil consequences greatly outweighing the good ones will certainly ensue. To this class belong some of the external duties of fraternal charity: and to it also belongs the duty now under consideration. Hence we do not contemplate the case of a nation of a mixed Catholic and non-Catholic population, with a governing body similarly mixed, and where, owing to the overwhelming opposition of what is called public opinion, the Government cannot at all lend the “secular arm” to that full and complete defence of the Church which we are now contemplating, or cannot do so without permanent irritation and tumult. Still less do we consider the case of a nation nearly all non-Catholic with a non-Catholic Government. We say nothing of a *radical* duty arising out of the obligation, by which all non-Catholics are bound, of embracing the Catholic religion when sufficiently proposed to them; this being a question entirely foreign to the matter of the present article.

There are cases, then, in which, all things considered, it were better that the Government should abstain entirely, or in a

degree, according to circumstances, from active co-operation with the Church. But, as we shall see by-and-by, these are cases not to be applauded but deplored ; not to be put forward as models for imitation, but as anomalies tolerated because they cannot be helped. If I see a man going to commit a grievous sin, I am bound in charity to try to prevent him : but I am not bound, if I foresee that my admonition will be of no avail, or that it will entail a serious harm on myself. My withholding of counsel from either motive is not a rule but an exception to the rule : it is not a thing to be desired but to be lamented.

Our inquiry is not about the expedient and hypothetical, but about principle ; not about what may be accepted as a lesser evil but about what is in itself desirable as simply good. And so we come at last to our thesis : and, to make it as unencumbered as possible of all extraneous and accidental appendages, we put it as follows. Suppose a nation purely Catholic with a purely Catholic Government, is that Government bound not only to profess itself a thoroughly Catholic Government, to act as a thoroughly Catholic Government, that is, on purely Catholic principles, but bound also to protect and defend the Catholic Church existing in its dominions against all hostile assaults whether of the tongue or of the pen or of the arm of flesh ? We answer that the Government is so bound, and that the proposition affirming this obligation is not a matter of mere opinion but a sure and certain doctrine.

The argument by which we undertake to establish this doctrine is at once proof and disproof, *κατασκευη* and *ανασκευη*. While it evinces the truth of our proposition, it at the same time directly and formally refutes the main principle on which the opposite doctrine rests. That principle we shall state in the words of its most eloquent and, as far as we have seen, decidedly its most able and acute defender. Lord Macaulay has discussed the question in no less than three of his celebrated *Edinburgh Review* essays,—those namely entitled “ Southey’s Colloquies on Society ” (January, 1830), “ Civil Disabilities of the Jews ” (January, 1831), and “ Gladstone on Church and State ” (April, 1839). In this latter and more matured essay, exclusively devoted to the subject, he seems to have put forth all his strength, and to have completely exhausted his whole store of argument. In it, too, he states his principle in a much more formal and precise shape : and from it therefore we shall quote.

We consider the primary end of government as a purely temporal end, the protection of the persons and property of men.

We think that government, like every other contrivance of human wisdom, from the highest to the lowest, is likely to answer its main end best when it

is constructed with a single view to that end. . . . Take cutlery, for example. A blade which is designed both to shave and to carve will certainly not shave so well as a razor, or carve so well as a carving-knife. An academy of painting, which should also be a bank, would, in all probability, exhibit very bad pictures and discount very bad bills. A gas company which should also be an infant school society, would, we apprehend, light the streets ill, and teach the children ill. On this principle, we think that government should be organized solely with a view to its main end; and that no part of its efficiency for that end should be sacrificed in order to promote any other end, however excellent.

But does it follow from hence that governments ought never to pursue any end other than their main end? In no wise. Though it is desirable that every institution should have a main end, and should be so formed as to be in the highest degree efficient for that main end; yet if, without any sacrifice of its efficiency for that end, it can pursue any other good end, it ought to do so. . . . If a government can, without any sacrifice of its main end, promote any other good work, it ought to do so. . . .

Government is not an institution for the propagation of religion, any more than St. George's Hospital is an institution for the propagation of religion: and the most absurd and pernicious consequences would follow, if government should pursue, as its primary end, that which can never be more than its secondary end, though intrinsically more important than its primary end. But a government which considers the religious instruction of the people as a secondary end, and follows out that principle faithfully, will, we think be likely to do much good and little harm.*

It has been remarked that many, if not most, errors in reasoning may be traced to ambiguous terms, and are detected by distinguishing the different meanings. It is plain that by "primary" and "secondary" Macaulay does not understand intrinsically more important and less important: this meaning he expressly disclaims. What, then, does he mean? Is the primary end of Government, though in itself and intrinsically less important, yet extrinsically and in relation to the Government the more important? Or is the primary end that which the Government should look to in the first place, and, this being secured, then be bound or authorized to set about securing the other end? From the drift of the third paragraph, this would seem pretty clearly to be his meaning. But this admission, as we shall see hereafter, would go a great way to upset his theory and establish ours. Moreover, the propagation of religion would in such an hypothesis be really and truly an end of Government, though an end to be attained in the second place. But Macaulay denies that the propagation of religion

* Lord Macaulay's "Essays," vol. ii. p. 493-7. The edition we quote from is the ninth, in three vols., large octavo. London: 1858.

is in any way an end of Government, *as such*, any more than it is the end of an hospital. Besides, it must be conceded on all sides that the protection of persons and property should, in the order of time, precede the propagation of religion. For how can a community, where persons and property are insecure, engage in the propagation of religion or in any other beneficial work, until that insecurity is put an end to. If Macaulay had known something of the scholastic philosophy, which, in his Essay on Bacon, he so grossly misrepresents and so contemptuously flouts, his language on the present occasion would have been as luminous and precise as it is on almost every other. In order to put this matter clearly before our readers, we must have recourse to the terminology of that same philosophy: but we must first premise an explanation of the terms themselves, which we do through the medium of an illustration.

The same institution or the same action may have several distinct ends. For example, I am a young boy who feel a strong desire to become a priest. To attain this end I know that I must go through a certain course of study in an ecclesiastical college. To get admission into this college, and to be able to go through that course, I know that, besides other qualifications, I must have a certain knowledge of Greek and Latin. So, I go to school, and set about the study of these languages. What is the *immediate* end I propose to myself during this course of study? Exactly the same as that of the lad sitting next me in the schoolroom, and who has no idea of becoming a priest,—namely, to acquire a competent knowledge of Greek and Latin. I enter college, and, after concluding my philosophical, commence my theological, studies. A young married layman is permitted to attend the same public lectures. We have both exactly the same immediate end, to get a sound knowledge of theology; he from a mere love of the sacred science and of the intellectual and elevating pleasure which its investigations yield to the earnest student; I, perhaps not having much relish for the study in itself, with a view to qualify myself for the priesthood and for the duties of the priesthood. But why do I wish to become a priest? To perfect myself in sanctity, to save my own soul and the souls of many others. Here, then, is a series of acts, or of classes of continuous acts, commencing with the day on which I first took the Latin grammar in my hand, and ending on the morning on which I was clothed with the vesture of holiness: each of them having its own immediate end, the immediate end of the last act being the ultimate end of them all; the end to which they are all directed, to which they all subordinate, in which they are all crowned and consummated. When I commenced

and proceeded with my study of Latin, the immediate (proximate) end I had in view was to learn that language ; but the ultimate end I had in view was to sanctify myself and others by the work of the priesthood. This ultimate end is as really and truly an end of the first act as is the immediate end of that act : nay, it is *the* end of that act ; and, if this ultimate end had never existed, the first act and end and the other, the intermediate, acts and ends would never have existed. I was the son of a country shopkeeper, and had I not intended to become a priest, I would have never dreamed of learning Latin, but, content with the mother tongue, would have helped my father to keep his shop and succeeded him in business.

We might give a thousand similar illustrations : but every intelligent reader can make them for himself on the pattern given. Now, we entirely agree with Macaulay that the primary (immediate) end of Government is temporal—*purely* temporal, if you so choose to phrase it—the protection of the persons and property of men ; the protection of individual rights against domestic aggression, the protection of State rights against foreign aggression. But is the protection of the rights of the Church in herself, in her ministers and members, *as such*, also an end of Government, *as such* ? We answer, yes,—decidedly yes. Not the immediate but the ulterior end, to which, in the designs of God, the immediate end should be subordinated.

Macaulay, in the passage quoted above, uses rather incidentally a phrase, in which lies hid the unsound principle, or at least a part of the unsound principle, on which his theory rests. "We think," he says, "that Government, like every other contrivance of *human* wisdom, from the highest to the lowest," &c. Is it true that Government is a contrivance of human wisdom, that is, of *purely* human wisdom ? Macaulay evidently thinks so ; for he classes it with other purely human institutions, which range from highest to lowest ; and in the paragraph from which the words are taken and in preceding and succeeding paragraphs, he expressly classes it with other institutions of purely human contrivance, such as academies of painting, gas companies, banks, clubs, &c. It may be as well to say here that by Government we mean throughout the supreme power in an independent state. Now, in such Government two things are to be considered and carefully distinguished from each other : and these are, first, the particular form of Government or the particular depository of the supreme power in any state ; secondly, the supreme power itself. Some writers call the former the supreme power in the concrete and the latter the supreme power in the abstract. But, however they may be named, it is evident that there is a real distinction between them ; for the

form of Government may be different in different kingdoms, or in the same kingdom at different periods,—pure monarchy, mixed monarchy, republican; while the supreme power, for example the power of life and death, the power of levying war, is in itself the same in all forms. Now, there is no doubt that the form of Government is a contrivance—whether of wisdom or of folly—purely human. On this point there is no disagreement at the present day; nor among approved theologians has there ever been any disagreement at any time.

But is the power itself a contrivance of human wisdom, is it derived from a human source? Most certainly not: it comes from God, and from God alone. Here again all Catholic theologians are agreed. Indeed the language of Scripture is so clear as to need no commentary, nor could any commentary render it clearer. We will quote but one well-known text, a text decisive indeed:—"Let every soul be subject to higher powers: for there is no power but from God: and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God. And they that resist purchase to themselves damnation. For princes are not a terror to the good work, but to the evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? Do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise from the same. For he is God's minister to thee for good."—Rom. xiii. 1, &c.

This power, it is true, does not come directly through positive revelation from God, but through a law of our nature of which He is the author. Putting aside the peculiar and temporary polity of the chosen people, God has not formally invested with power any Government that now exists or that ever existed on earth. But He has created us with a natural and irresistible tendency to associate together. Moreover, He has so constituted us, that it is an absolute necessity of our nature for self-preservation that we should combine into civil society. That the society of the family has been established by God as a law of our nature is undoubted. But a number of families, say a thousand or a million or five million, inhabiting any country, each living isolated and independent of every other, and at the same time enjoying security of person and property, is a thing that never existed and never could exist. Moreover, we have so many wants, physical and intellectual and moral, if not for our simple being, at least for our well-being, which could not possibly be satisfied except in a state of civil society. Civil society is, then, a necessity of our nature, a law of our nature established by God. But if civil society be a necessity for the individual and for the family, not less necessary for society itself is the existence of some form of supreme Government.

This is so obvious and so universally admitted, that we need not set about proving it. As Macaulay himself says somewhere in one of these essays, the worst Government that ever existed is better than no Government at all: civil society without Government is simply anarchy.*

This doctrine, we need hardly add, is in perfect accordance with that of the Fathers. We will confine ourselves to the quotation of a single, but very clear and striking, testimony. S. John Chrysostom, in his twenty-third Homily on the Epistle to the Romans (§ 1), commenting on the first verse of the passage quoted above, has the following:—" 'There is no power,' he [S. Paul] says, 'except from God.' What sayest thou? Is, then, every ruler appointed by God? I say not so, he replies: I am not now speaking of individual rulers but of the thing itself. For that there should be supreme authorities, and that some should govern and others be subject, and that all things should not be tossed about lawlessly and at random, the peoples like waves whirled hither and thither, this I say is the work of divine wisdom. Therefore he did not say, There is no ruler except from God, but he speaks of the thing itself, saying, 'There is no power except from God.' "†

The supreme power, then, comes from God. The only controversy is whether the rulers invested with that power originally received it immediately from God on being appointed by the community, or received it immediately from the community, in which it had resided until thus transferred. The question is indeed an open one; ‡ but the latter opinion is far more common, and we think far more reasonable, we had almost said morally certain. § The dispute is, however, of little prac-

* Dr. Moulart puts the argument pithily (p. 4):—"Tout ce qui est une nécessité de la nature est une loi de Dieu; or, la société est une nécessité de la nature, et le pouvoir est une nécessité de la société; donc, le pouvoir est une loi divine. Chaque membre de ce raisonnement est tellement évident par lui-même, qu'est à peine besoin d'en indiquer les preuves."

† Ου γὰρ ἐστὶν ἐξουσία, φησιν, εἰ μὴ ὑπὸ τοῦ Θεοῦ. Τί λεγεις; πας οὖν ἀρχὼν ἀπὸ τοῦ Θεοῦ κεχειροτονηταί; οὐ τούτο λεγῶν, φησιν, οὐδὲ γὰρ περὶ τῶν καθ' ἑαστον ἀρχόντων ὁ λόγος μοι νυν, ἀλλὰ περὶ αὐτοῦ τοῦ πραγματος. Το γὰρ ἀρχας εἶναι, καὶ τοὺς μὲν ἀρχειν, τοὺς δὲ ἀρχεσθαι, καὶ μὴδὲ ἀπλῶς καὶ ἀνέδην ἅπαντα φερῆσθαι, ὥσπερ κνυμάτων τῆδε κακίει τῶν ἄνθρωπων περιεργουμένων, τῆς τοῦ Θεοῦ σοφίας ἔργον εἶναι φημι. Διὰ τούτου οὐκ εἰπὼν' οὐ γὰρ ἐστὶν ἀρχὼν εἰ μὴ ὑπὸ Θεοῦ, ἀλλὰ περὶ τοῦ πραγματος διαλεγεται λεγῶν' οὐ γὰρ ἐστὶν ἐξουσία εἰ μὴ ὑπὸ Θεοῦ.

‡ Suarez, "Defensio Fidei," l. 3, c. 2, n. 2.

§ "Suprema potestas civilis, per se spectata, immediate quidem data est a Deo hominibus in civitatem seu perfectam communitatem politicam congregatis, non quidem ex peculiari et quasi positiva institutione, vel donatione omnino distincta a productione talis nature, sed per naturalem consequentiam

tical value: for the writers on both sides agree in imposing the same rights and duties on the rulers and the ruled.

Civil society, then, is the work of God, and the authority by which it is governed comes from God. We must go back to our Catechism, to the very first questions put there—the answers to which we all learned long ago, in the days of that early innocence which will be renewed for us again only in heaven:—"Who created and placed you in this world? God. Why did God create you? To know Him, love Him, and serve Him in this life, and to be eternally happy with Him in the next." The words are few, the truths are simple: but these truths are a thousand times worth all that, without them, all the philosophers of all ages ever taught or ever could teach. The words are few; but the destiny, for all eternity, of the whole human race and of every individual of it depends on knowing and doing what they signify. It depends on this and on this alone: and everything else in the whole universe, but this or what is implied in this, is to us as worthless as the dust under our feet, should trouble or concern us as little, as the wind that blows over the buried dead troubles or concerns them. Do we exaggerate? Did S. Paul exaggerate when he exclaimed, "I count all things to be but loss, for the excellent knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and count them but as dung that I may gain Christ?"

Yes, God created man for one only end—the perfect and everlasting happiness of heaven. And God placed us in this world, and gives to each of us our allotted term of life, for this one end *here*, that we might prepare and fit ourselves for the attainment of that end *hereafter*. For this He has given all that here He has given us, all that we are and have, and have power to do. God on creating Adam infused into his soul a perfect and clear knowledge of his exalted destiny, a perfect

ex vi primæ creationis ejus: ideoque ex vi talis donationis non est hæc potestas in una persona, neque in peculiari congregatione multarum, sed in toto perfecto populo seu corpore communitatis. Hæc resolutio quoad omnes partes communis est non solum Theologorum, &c. . . .

"Ex quibus tandem concluditur nullum regem vel monarcham habere vel habuisse (secundum ordinariam legem) immediate a Deo, vel ex divina institutione, politicum principatum, sed mediante humana voluntate et institutione." (*Idem, ibid.*, n. 5, 10.)

"Quæ potestas [summa civilis] non confertur a Deo per aliquam actionem peculiarem a creatione distinctam, sed est veluti proprietas ipsam rectam rationem consequens, quatenus recta ratio præscribit ut homines in unum moraliter congregati expresso aut tacito consensu modum dirigendæ, conservandæ, propugnandæque societatis præscribant." (Concina, "de Jure Naturæ," &c., l. 1, diss. 4, c. 2, n. 4.)

and clear knowledge of all the divine truths it was fitting for a being so destined to know, of all sacred duties he was to discharge in order to secure that destiny. Adam was at the same time clothed with the royal robe of grace, and thereby lifted up to the supernatural order, to God's order, to be an adopted son of God and heir to His kingdom. Adam knowing God and worshipping God, the first of the body of the faithful that was afterwards to be, the beginning of God's Church on earth—after creation, this was his first phase, his first *state*. He was as yet alone. Eve was created, and on her creation she too was dowered, in fitting proportion, with the same supernatural gifts. She was brought to Adam and given him as his wife: the first marriage was celebrated, the first and last in Paradise. This was the germ out of which was to grow, according to God's ordinance, the society of the family (with its *οικονομία*). In due course of time the family came. Family grew out of family and multiplied, until the second and larger society, also ordained by God, came into existence—the State (with its *πολιτεία*). There was first man as a believer in God and a worshipper of God, then the family, then civil society or the State. God is really the author of these three, but not in the same way. He is the author of the first by positive revelation and by the operation of his grace (*ut auctor gratiæ*). He is the author of the second and third, inasmuch as they are demanded by the exigencies of our nature, of which He is the immediate author, and by the dictates of right reason, of which He is the immediate author (*ut auctor naturæ*).

The immediate end of the family is the propagation of the human race: the immediate end of civil society and its government is the security of person and property. But they have, in the designs of God, an ulterior end, that of contributing to man's last end, *according to their respective faculties and within the limits of these faculties*.* Evidently the family has. No Christian would venture to assert that a parent discharged his whole duty by rearing up his children with due care for bodily health and mental culture, and fitting them for a future suitable state in life. Surely the moral and religious training of children, the early instilling into their minds of the great truths and duties of religion, the assiduous formation of their hearts and actions to the love and practice of Christian virtue and Christian piety, the no less assiduous protection of them from the snares of vice and heresy—surely these constitute a strict parental duty; a duty not only immeasurably more important than the other duty, but to which that other duty

* Moulart, p. 164.

should be altogether subordinate; a duty to the neglect of which, the other duty being amply fulfilled, we firmly believe is to be mainly attributed the everlasting ruin of the great majority of the Christian souls that are lost for ever.

As surely it is the duty of Government to extend a similar protection, when necessary, to its subjects—carefully, however, keeping in view the limitation we have marked in the last paragraph. If Adam had conquered the great temptation, he and his posterity (probably not all, but many) would have lived “in justice and holiness of truth.” Undoubtedly, as these innocent creatures grew up into the society of the State, it would have been the most solemn duty of the ruler of such state to protect them from assaults against their faith or their virtue made by their fallen brethren, if such assaults would have been permitted in such a supposition. Man sinning in Adam has been again raised to his former destiny and his former hopes. He is indeed shorn of many glorious gifts which were his in those golden days,—among them the complete subjection of his appetites to his reason and his will. Civil government is in consequence greatly changed in the qualities of its immediate end and in its mode and means of action in reference to that end; but its great ulterior end and function remain essentially the same.

Nay, in man’s fallen condition the State protection of religion is infinitely more necessary, more necessary too for the immediate end of Government itself. Religion is necessary not only for the well-being but for the enduring existence of civil society. A state in which every man was a Huxley could not hold together for a single generation. Without religion there is no faith in moral principles, no respect for moral duties; and where these are not you may have numbers of human beings massed together in the same territory, but not constituting what we understand by civil society. In those countries where infidelity prevails to a great extent, it is the moral and religious sentiment of the sound part of the community that mainly contributes to the public and private security, so far as that security exists. Take away this sentiment, and, if there be a Government at all, it will be government only by the sword and the halter, a permanent reign of terror. So frail are we in our fallen condition, so weak to resist severe temptation, that even the firmest faith and the strongest moral conviction will not keep us from falling, unless there be joined with them a strong grace also; and there are thousands, within the Church as without, who believe in the eternal torments of hell, who believe that mortal sin deserves these torments, and who yet commit mortal sin every day of their lives. As it is the

duty of Government to protect person and property, so it is the duty of Government to protect the principles of religion and morals, these principles being such efficacious aids in securing the protection of person and property. But the argument, which has its weight more or less in every case, tells with peculiar, with resistless force in the case to the consideration of which we have purposed mainly, if not exclusively, to confine ourselves, the case, namely, of a Catholic Government ruling a Catholic people. Such a Government must believe and know that the influence of the Church in her teaching and other ministrations is so powerful in promoting the immediate end of government itself, that, as we have already observed, if this influence could have its full effect, Government would be relieved from one of its most onerous functions. For such a Government to withhold its protection from the Church would be simply to violate in the most flagrant manner its direct sacred and solemn duty.

From the nature of the case, and from a consideration of the universal law of charity, it seems on the very face of it altogether incredible that God should have given this vast supreme power to the State, and that those invested with it therein, while they have the ability, should not also have the strict duty, of securing and protecting for their subjects the means of attaining their one great end, the one thing necessary—the attainment of which is the ineffable and everlasting felicity, which eye hath not seen nor ear heard; the loss of which is the everlasting doom of hell, where the smoke of the torments ascends up for ever and ever.*

Hence, as F. Perrone remarks,† “the unanimous doctrine of the Fathers is . . . that the end and means of civil society are of their own nature subordinate to the power of the Church, inasmuch as temporal felicity is directed to eternal felicity. Hence the Fathers teach that God established the civil power to protect the Church, and to assist her in attaining her own proper end.” The authorities are very explicit; and, though well known, as they are brief, we will give the principal of them.

Pope S. Celestine the First, writing to the Emperor Theodosius, says:—“The cause of the faith ought to be to you

* The following curious declaration of the celebrated Charles James Fox is given in the “Recollections by Samuel Rogers,” p. 49:—“The only foundation for toleration is a degree of scepticism; and without it there can be none. For if a man believes in the saving of souls, he must soon think about the means; and if, by cutting off one generation, he can save many future ones from hell-fire, it is his duty to do it.”

† *Loco supra cit.* § 4.

of more importance than that of your kingdom: and your clemency should be more solicitous for the peace of the churches than for the security of all your dominions. For all things turn out prosperous, if what are dearer to God are first taken care of."*

Pope S. Leo the Great, addressing another Roman Emperor, says:—"You ought resolutely to bear this in mind, that the royal power was conferred on you not for the mere government of the world [the State], but chiefly for the assistance of the Church."†

S. Isidore of Seville (*Hispalensis*) has the following:—"Let secular princes understand that they must render an account to God for the Church, the protection of which has been committed to them by Christ. For as the peace and discipline of the Church are consolidated or impaired by Christian princes, He will demand an account from them, who has intrusted the Church to their keeping."‡

Everything in the way of argument to be found in Macaulay's two earlier essays is in substance reproduced, together with much additional, in his later essay, that on Mr. Gladstone's work. With the peculiar views and reasoning of that work we of course have nothing to do. We shall therefore notice only such passages in the critique on it as are applicable to the doctrine we hold and to the arguments by which we have tried to establish that doctrine.

We resume our examination of the passages quoted above. "A blade which is designed both to shave and to carve will certainly not shave so well as a razor, or carve so well as a carving-knife." The application of this illustration is obvious: a Government that undertakes at once the function of protecting life and property and the function of propagating religion, will discharge neither function so well, as if it confined itself to its own immediate duty, and left the other duty to the Church; just as a blade, &c. But suppose you had a blade that answered both purposes equally well; that, though used for both shaving

* "Major vobis fidei causa debet esse quam regni, ampliusque pro pace ecclesiarum clementia vestra debet esse sollicita, quam pro omnium securitate terrarum. Subsequuntur enim omnia prospera, si primitus quæ Deo sunt cariora servantur." (Apu^d Harduin, "*Acta Conciliorum*," tom. i. col. 1473.)

† "Debes incunctanter advertere, regiam potestatem tibi non ad solum mundi regimen, sed maxime ad Ecclesiæ præsidium esse collatam." (Epist. 156, c. 3.)

‡ "Cognoscant principes sæculi Deo debere se rationem reddere propter Ecclesiam, quam a Christo tuendam suscipiunt. Nam sive augeatur pax et disciplina Ecclesiæ per principes fideles sive solvatur, ille ab eis rationem exigit, qui eorum potestati suam Ecclesiam credidit." (*Sententiæ*, c. 51, n. 6.)

and carving, shaved as well as if it never carved, and carved as well as if it never shaved. Nay more, suppose you had a razor that shaved all the better for being occasionally used as a carving-knife; would you not say that it was highly fitting and desirable so to use the razor now and then? We make, you will reply, an absurd supposition: for never yet was razor improved by being used as a carving-knife, never yet was razor that, by being so used, was not rendered utterly unfit for its own proper use of shaving. Yes, the supposition is absurd, as are *Æsop's* fables, in which birds and beasts are represented as talking and reasoning like men. But it is only our imaginary razor, and not Macaulay's real one, that can be at all used as a just illustration: for, as our razor is not only not impaired but improved for its own immediate end, by being used as a carving-knife; so Government, by protecting the rights of the Church, not only does not in any way fail in attaining its own immediate end, but, as we have seen, more efficiently thereby promotes and secures that end. Our razor, in its own way, shaves and carves too; Macaulay's, like Peter Pindar's, was only made to sell—to pass off a sounding sophism.

The same vein of false analogy runs through the rest of Macaulay's illustrations, and vitiates them all. "An academy of painting, which should also be a bank, would, in all probability, exhibit very bad pictures and discount very bad bills." Yes, but why? Because, on account of our limited faculties, the studies and the routine of mental and manual exercises, which are necessary to make men eminent painters, are incompatible with those that are necessary to make men adepts in the art of banking; and because the constant pursuit of one profession is incompatible with the constant pursuit of the other. A good poet may be a good orator, and, as a general rule, good poets who cultivate prose composition are good prose writers; for there is not only a compatibility but a harmony, and even a certain affinity between these pursuits. Thus Suarez was at once a great dogmatic theologian, a great moral theologian, a great scholastic theologian, a great polemic theologian, a great patristic theologian, a great scripture theologian, and, considering the abstruseness and the technicalities of the matter, a clear and beautiful writer in all. But there are professions and lines of life which so absorb the faculties of those who aim at eminence in them, as to render eminence in other and uncongenial pursuits quite impossible. There may be rare exceptions, but this is the rule. A great captain is never a great lawyer, a great lawyer is never a great physician, a great physician is never a great navigator; and so on. On this principle is founded the homely saying, "Jack of all trades, master

of none." Indeed, so universally is the principle admitted and acted upon, that a man engaged in any laborious profession, and wishing to rise high therein, if he busies himself much in extraneous pursuits, must keep this carefully concealed from the public. A lawyer, who was known to be habitually given to novel-writing or verse-making would soon lose half his clients.

Macaulay seems to think that the Government duty of protecting the Church is somewhat as incompatible with the Government duty of protecting life and property, as is the function of a razor with that of a carving-knife, the function of an academy of painting with that of a bank, of a gas company with that of an infant-school society. But we have already shown that not only is this not true, but that the very contrary of it is true. To make our position still clearer, one word in addition to what we have said. Take, for example, the academy of painting and the bank. The former, while exercising the functions of the latter, must, for the time, first of all completely abandon its paints and pallets and brushes and everything else connected with the art: it must then betake itself into an entirely new mansion, to deal with an entirely different set of wares,—ledgers, drafts, bills, interest-tables, and so forth. Here indeed is the latter making shoes, and the shoemaker manufacturing hats. But the analogy drawn between the double function of painter and banker, on one hand, and the double function we assign to Government, on the other, is not analogy at all, but perfect contrast, having not similitude, but complete dissimilitude. For Government in undertaking to protect the Church goes not one hair's breadth out of the sphere within which it acts in protecting life and property: the means and the whole means which it uses in discharging the latter duty, are precisely the same which it uses in discharging the former, namely, wise laws and due enforcement of these laws. It prevents and punishes violations of the rights of the Church by the very same machinery it uses in preventing and punishing robbery and murder. It is not, then, both painter and banker at once, but all painter and nothing else, or all banker and nothing else; painting two pictures in the same studio, dis-counting two bills over the same counter.

For a reason which will appear by-and-by, we defer the consideration of the concluding paragraph in the extracts given above, and go back to the earlier part of the essay.

Now here are two great objects: one is the protection of the persons and estates of citizens from injury; the other is the propagation of religious truth. No two objects more entirely distinct can well be imagined. The

former belongs wholly to the visible and tangible world in which we live ; the latter belongs to that higher world which is beyond the reach of our senses. The former belongs to this life ; the latter to that which is to come. Men who are perfectly agreed as to the importance of the former object, and as to the way of obtaining it, differ as widely as possible respecting the latter object. We must, therefore, pause before we admit that the persons, be they who they may, who are intrusted with power for the promotion of the former object, ought always to use that power for the promotion of the latter object. (pp. 438-9.)

Macaulay, in the introductory part of his essay, charges Mr. Gladstone with indulging occasionally in a certain vague and sweeping solemnity of style, by which the ideas are rendered hazy and indistinct. We think this charge not a little applicable to the passage we have just transcribed.

1. There is an ambiguity in the phrase "propagation of religious truth," which should have been noticed earlier in this article, and which must be cleared up now. It is one thing to engage in the propagation not merely of religious truth, but of other things comprised in the general term, religion, by the means established by God for this purpose, such as preaching and the administration of sacraments. This is not only the proper but the exclusive office of the Church. In this work the Government has no business to interfere, and, except in the way we are just going to mention, is bound not to interfere. It is quite another thing to protect the Church in the execution of this work, by taking care that she shall have full liberty in carrying it on, and by removing any obstacles that may be thrown in her way, so far as they can be removed or so far as it is expedient to remove them. This is to *aid*, by protecting, the Church in *her* work of propagating religion, and this is the proper duty of Government in reference to the propagation of religious truth. Whether a Government may be bound to go farther and give aid of another kind,—namely, in money or money's worth,—is a question to be determined by circumstances : and the rules for so determining are simply those to which we have already alluded,—the rules of fraternal charity, as laid down by all our theologians, in reference to our neighbour's spiritual necessities. We need not here open any inquiry as to a special duty incumbent on Government, distinct from that which lies on private individuals. In the good old Catholic times the question would have been of no practical value ; for the piety of the faithful then supplied, or had already supplied, the Church with all that was necessary, and more than was necessary, to carry on her daily and never-ending war against the empire of ignorance and error and sin. In modern times Governments calling themselves Catholic have plundered the

Church of what those ages of faith had bequeathed to her; Governments—not even mere police, but open robber-gangs—adding horrible sacrilege to horrible injustice, and on these as a foundation building their synagogue of perdition, which they consecrate to the service of the devil and the doing of his works.

2. "No two objects more entirely distinct can well be imagined." The two objects are undoubtedly quite distinct. But it by no means follows that, especially one being subordinate to the other, both may not be fully attainable by the same agent and even by the same agency or the same kind of agency. If the objects be incompatible, or the means of gaining them be incompatible, the argument would hold. But so far is this from being the case with the two objects in question, that, as we have seen, the very opposite is true of them: they harmonize together with the most perfect adaptation towards the one great end. The principle involved in Macaulay's reasoning is utterly false, namely, that to secure objects entirely distinct it is necessary to employ actors or appliances entirely distinct. I am a solitary student, labouring hard every day at my desk and among my books. I have a garden, which I cultivate with my own hands, working there daily in the proper seasons for two or three hours. By this single piece of work I secure three objects entirely distinct: first, I grow my little crops; secondly, I exercise my body and unbend my mind, thus promoting the health of both; thirdly, I keep off the creeping in of lazy and idle habits, from which so much evil springs. Perhaps also I intend a trifle of mortification, and so accomplish a fourth object. Let us again take the example of the family. Parents are bound to their children by duties which have two objects not only entirely distinct, but to be secured by means entirely distinct,—the proper rearing of them as regards health of body and mind, and their moral and religious training. So distinct indeed are these duties in their objects and means, that there are thousands of parents who discharge the former duty with over-care and over-anxiety, and who, alas, utterly and absolutely neglect the latter. Good, pious parents discharge both duties; and, discharging them well, are blessed before God and man, blessed here and blessed for all eternity.

3. The object of government, Macaulay says, belongs wholly to this world and this life. No, not *wholly*. Its immediate object belongs to this life: but, as we have seen, it has an ulterior end which reaches far beyond. When he says that the propagation of religious truth belongs to the invisible world and to the life to come, of course he does not mean that the work of propagating truth is to be carried on, not in this world, but in the next; he means that it has reference to the future

life, that its ultimate end is the possession of the joys of heaven. But it has an end here, on the gaining of which the gaining of the ultimate end entirely and exclusively depends, and that end is the sanctification of men. When he contrasts the visible and tangible world with the invisible and intangible, he, of course, does not mean that the propagation of religious truth is an invisible and intangible work. The Church is visible and tangible, her work is visible and tangible: that work, too, has its end and reward here, pretty visible and tangible in the good lives and deaths of virtuous men. But (and this seems to be his reasoning), because that work has an ulterior end and reward in the future life and the invisible world, *therefore*, the greatest power, the only supreme power, which God established in civil society was not designed by Him to aid or protect the Church in the execution of her visible and tangible work in this world. Surely there is here a sad want of what logicians call the "*vis consequentiæ*": and we say to Macaulay what was once replied to a pompous gentleman, who was pressing too energetically a similarly inconclusive argument, "Sir, I deny your consequence."

4. "Men who are perfectly agreed as to the importance of the protection of person and property," and as to the way of obtaining it, differ as widely as possible respecting the "propagation of religious truth." Well, if men differ, they cannot agree, and there is an end. But suppose they do not differ: suppose a Catholic Government, among the members of which, if they be real Catholics, there cannot be a disagreement on the question. When doctors differ, we know how we are at liberty to act: but what if doctors are thoroughly agreed?

5. We cannot say whether Mr. Gladstone really holds the doctrine which Macaulay seems to impute to him, that Government "*ought always to use,*" for the propagation of religious truth, the power intrusted to it for the protection of life and property. That *we* do not hold it is sufficiently evident from the preceding pages: nor do we know of any Catholic theologian who holds it. Macaulay himself tells us, in his *History of England*, that James II., when using his power in this way, found one of the most inflexible opponents to his rash proceedings in no less a personage than Pope Innocent XI., one of the holiest and most zealous Pontiffs who have sat in the chair of S. Peter for the last three hundred years.

Mr. Gladstone conceives that the duties of governments are paternal; a doctrine which we shall not believe till he can show us some government which loves its subjects as a father loves a child, and which is as superior in intelligence to its subjects as a father is to a child. (p. 439.)

We agree with Mr. Gladstone that the duties of Government ought to be paternal, at least in their idea and in their aim, so far as it is possible, in this world of universal imperfection and constant failure, to realize that idea and to reach that aim : and we think the criticism of Macaulay a piece of hypercriticism altogether unworthy of his keen and masculine intellect. For ages before these two eminent persons were born, men have talked and written of parental government, and of princes who were fathers to their people : and we doubt if any one before ever dreamed of understanding these phrases in the sense of the definition implied in Macaulay's words.

In the first place, are the two characteristics given by him, strong affection and superior intelligence, those which constitute a really *good* father—for, of course, it is only such a father who is contemplated in the comparison? We decidedly think not. We have known a father superior in intelligence to any of his children, and who loved them so tenderly, that he could not bear to restrain or correct them, but let them have their own way, and ultimately go whither such training naturally and infallibly leads. We have known many such fathers. No man knew better than Macaulay principles, which are, as it were, part of the mere alphabet of the art in which he so much excelled ; that all metaphors are but implied comparisons, and that in all comparisons, whether direct or analogical, whether used for embellishment or illustration, there need only be one point of resemblance between the two objects compared ; and, with certain restrictions, the less like the objects are in other respects, the more striking the comparison will be.

In the second place, what is the characteristic of a good father, a corresponding resemblance to which in a government entitles the latter to be called parental? Not the sentiment of parental affection. For this is common to all fathers, not downright brutes, whether otherwise good or bad : besides, as we have said, no one ever dreamed of the existence of such a sentiment in the breasts of rulers towards their subjects. Not superior intelligence. For this also is common to all fathers, not downright fools, especially with reference to children in their earlier years : besides, superior intelligence, save as connected with the characteristic we are about to mention, is in no way specially parental, any more than superior strength or superior swiftness of foot. Who, then, is the good father, as such? He who governs his family uniformly on these two great principles. First, he governs, not with a view to any selfish or capricious ends of his own, but with a view to his children's good, their present good, their future good in this life, and, if he be a true Christian father, especially and above

all, their eternal happiness. Secondly, he governs with clemency, not sparing the rod when necessary; using it sharply and severely, when necessary, but not more than is necessary, not from passionate or cruel impulse, but for correction and prevention. Of course, a Government ruling a kingdom or a vast empire is very different from a father ruling a single household under one roof. There are therefore a thousand points of difference between the two: as there are between a brave man and a lion, though brave men are constantly called lions; as there are between a stupid man and an ass, between a cunning man and a fox, between a silly man and a goose, between a deluge of water and a deluge of vice, between the thunder of the clouds and the thunder of eloquence. But the points of analogy between a truly just and good Government and a good father of a family are, we think, sufficiently marked to justify the long-established usage of speech, to which Macaulay objects.

A parental Government is, we believe, universally understood as being the very opposite of a tyrannical government—these being the two extremes. Now, how does the true and genuine tyrant govern? He governs for himself, for his own enjoyment and aggrandisement; to these he sacrifices everything, as far as he can and as far as he dares. If in anything he means what is the public good, he means it not as the public good but as his own. He governs oppressively, by oppressive laws, oppressive taxes, oppressive penalties, oppressive police. A parental Government is the very opposite of all this: in what that opposite consists is so obvious, we need not waste words in describing it in its details. A Government may be paternal in heart and desire, and yet, owing to the opposition of an unprincipled faction and an atheist world, may not be able to realize its salutary designs or to realize them but imperfectly. Had Macaulay been permitted to reach the Psalmist's term of three score years and ten, he would have lived to witness, in the very person who was the youthful subject of his criticism, a statesman giving, to no small extent, an example of parental government in that part of the British Empire which had for so many generations groaned under the most atrocious and galling tyranny that was ever exercised by the Government of a civilized nation over a vanquished people and prostrate class. He would have lived to witness this, and would, we are quite sure, have been among the foremost in the foremost rank, cheering on that statesman in the prosecution of the good work, assisting him with all the fervid eloquence of that impassioned tongue and of that unrivalled pen.

Croker's notes to Boswell's "Johnson" did not more "abso-

lutely swarm with misstatements"* in Macaulay's eyes, than this essay of his swarms with sophisms in our eyes, sophisms as clearly refutable as those which we have already refuted. We shall confine ourselves to the consideration of one more: and we have reserved it for the last place, because it is his fundamental argument, or at least a prominent and essential part of that argument. It may be stated thus. The propagation of religion† is no more the business or duty of a Government than it is the business or duty of a hospital, a bank, a club, an insurance office, a canal company, a gas company, or any other society or institution whatever of purely human invention (pp. 445, 496). But surely the propagation of religion is not the business, still less the duty, of any such companies. It is not denied that individual members, as such, may have certain duties; but the companies themselves have nothing to do with the propagation of religion.

To the first or major proposition we reply by denying it simply and absolutely. 1. The supreme civil power was, as we have seen, established by God Himself: it is a law of the nature given by Him to us, a dictate of the reason given by Him to us. All the other associations enumerated by Macaulay are of purely human invention: not one of them was in any way established by God.

2. The society of the State with its supreme Government is what is called a *necessary* and essential society, and is so in two senses. First, it is not optional with men to belong to it or not to belong to it, as they please. There must be the society of the State, and men must live in that society. Of course, we speak of the universal law and the normal condition. A man may be cast on a desert island, and live there for fifty years, and die there without ever seeing a human face; but this is accidental ("per accidens"), as it is to be born without legs or without arms; his state is unnatural, he feels it to be so, and with the most earnest longings of his soul yearns to be released from it. An anchorite may build himself a cell in the desert and live there secluded from the *world*; but he is by no means altogether cut off from *society*, only he is not linked to it so closely as those who live in the bosom of it. If he be a true anchorite and called by God to this sort of life, his state is not unnatural because it is supernatural: it is rare and exceptional,

* Essays, vol. i. p. 353.

† That is, according to the distinction given a few pages back, the protection of the Church or aid given to her in her ministrations.

as are many things in the lives of the saints, which it would be not only rash but downright sinful to attempt an imitation of, without some special divine intimation.

Now, as to the other associations, which are called *voluntary* and *accidental*. In the first place, there is no necessity whatever that they should exist at all. For many long ages there were no banks or clubs or gas-companies or railway companies. They contribute to our comfort or profit or amusement : but, if they had never been invented to the end of the world, the world would, of course, have known nothing about them, and would have never felt a desire to have them—"ignoti nulla cupido." In the second place, now that they do exist, men may join them if they please, may decline joining them if they please, and having joined them may leave them if they please, and when they please and as they please : there is no more moral restraint, or restraint of any kind, on any one of these acts, than there is in taking snuff or giving up snuff.

3. Secondly, the State is called a necessary society, because, having authority to bind its members by law to the performance or omission of certain acts, and this under penalties varying up to the extreme penalty of death, the members are bound to obey these laws, and must obey them under threat of the penalties annexed. A bank or a club or a railway company has no such power. If, for example, a company of bank directors makes a code of laws binding its members to certain duties under certain penalties, I becoming a director am bound to discharge these duties, but bound solely by my own will freely undertaking, and impliedly promising, to discharge them. I am not bound by the laws, as such, of the directors : for they have no legislative or coercive power whatever, unless indeed they have received such from the supreme State power, from which it would then be all derived. Of course if my violation of the rules of a bank or a club or a card party, or any other company, should involve the violation of justice or of any other virtue, I am bound by the precept of justice or of that other virtue, bound so far and no farther. Again the supreme State power not only binds the subject, whether willing or unwilling, but can bind him in conscience and under pain of sin—how far or when it may intend so to bind is quite another question. But a bank or a club, or a railway company has, as such, no more power of binding any human being under pain of sin, than I have of binding under pain of sin the gentleman or lady whom I may next meet casually on the public highway.

4. The State lays hold on and encompasses and overshadows every member of the community from his birth to his death,

may, before his birth and after his death.* It does this by its marriage laws, just or unjust, and by its burial laws, just or unjust, and by all the laws of police and of every other kind that regulate the period of existence intervening between the cradle and the grave. No man can, for a single day or a single hour, say to himself, Now I am free from all control of the State, and can do as I please, irrespective of its bans and its penalties. It is quite otherwise with a director of a bank or member of a club. Either can truly say, Whatever control I have freely given them over me during the few hours of business or of pleasure that associate me with them, I am for the rest of the week or the day absolutely free, so far as they are concerned, to do as I will for good or evil, to read a good book or make a row in the street, to visit the sick or to pick pockets; and, if I wish, I can leave my club or bank altogether.

5. If the Government does its duty towards the Church, the work is done, and there is nothing for the bank or the club to do, except to gild refined gold and paint the lily. If the Government neglects its duty, and permits assaults to be made on the Church unrepelled and unpunished; in such a case the bank or the club would, we think, make a very sorry figure in attempting to supply the place of Government; and would, no doubt, receive from the assailants of the Church the answer which the proprietor of the gambling booth got from Sir Mulberry Hawk, and be told to go to —. But, whether Government does its duty or does not, the bank or the club has no authority to interfere, as the Government has; and such interference would, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, be of no effect. "*Nemo tenetur ad inutile.*"

We have more to say, but we have said enough to enable our readers to pronounce on the soundness of Macaulay's principle—that to aid the Church in the propagation of religion is a duty not more incumbent on a Christian State under a Christian Government, than it is incumbent on the select convivial circle of the Glorious Apollers under Dick Swiveller, its Perpetual Grand. That, in giving this comparison, we may not incur the suspicion of having fallen into an imitation of that outlandish exaggeration in which Macaulay so frequently indulges, we present his description in his own words of one of the companies which he enumerates:—"Clubs of all ranks, from those which have lined Pall Mall and St. James's Street with their palaces, down to the free-and-easy which meets in the shabby parlour of a village inn." (p. 445.)

We have only a few words to say in reply to the second or

* Ramière, p. 72, c. 4, § 3.

minor proposition, which asserts that clubs, banks, and such companies have nothing to do with the propagation of religion. We admit the proposition as a general rule. But we must make one or two qualifying observations. 1. We should always hold fast to the sound principle, however much conflicting circumstances may justify us in departing from it, or even compel us to depart from it, in practice: and a sound principle is often best tested by an extreme and out-of-the-way case. Practically those minor companies cannot give any effective protection to the Church: but suppose that in a certain quarter of the country the cause of religion, and therefore the salvation of souls, is seriously imperilled by the machinations of a party of licentious and impious men; and suppose that there exists in that place a company, say a club, which, without any serious injury to its members, is able to protect the Church against these machinations; suppose also that, whether through the neglect of Government or through any other cause, the Church has no other means of protection; unquestionably the club is in such a case bound to protect the Church. If not, charity, which forms such an essential and distinctive part of Christian duty, is no part of it at all, but a mere invention of sentimental moralists.

And here we are reminded of an observation which should have come in earlier. It seems to us that Macaulay himself, in one of the sentences quoted above, maintains a principle, which is really a surrender of his whole position. "If," he says, "a Government can, without any sacrifice of its main end, promote any other good work, it ought to do so."

No doubt by "any sacrifice" he meant any serious sacrifice. If, in such a case, Government ought to promote any other good work, then "a fortiori" it ought to promote the best and highest of all good works, the "summum bonum" of every child of Adam. This is what we say, precisely what we say, all that we say. "It *ought* to do so": therefore there is an obligation of doing so. The protection of life and property is the main immediate end of government. Where life and property are insecure, there is, so far and in proportion to the extent of insecurity, anarchy, or civil war or rebellion. Now, as already intimated and for reasons already given, we hold that, where any of these evils ensue on the State's interference in the work of promoting religion, not only is the State not bound to interfere, but it is bound not to interfere. Interference would at once defeat its own end and do incalculable mischief.

2. But whatever may be said of the duty of minor communities in reference to those external to themselves, there is one duty of an internal kind, which every one would, we think,

admit to be binding on them all. Take again the example of a club: and suppose one consisting of a number of gentlemen, all sincere Christians. We are very far from saying that they are bound to introduce at their meetings any religious sign or practice whatever: but they are clearly bound to protect religion thus far, that they shall carefully exclude from these meetings everything of an anti-Christian character in language, writing, or act. How much more strictly is a Christian Government of a Christian kingdom bound so to act!

But we must come to a conclusion. We have considered but one of the sources of the atheism of our day, and that one not at all as completely as our own wishes and the importance of the subject would demand. To the examination of the others which yet remain to be considered we purpose returning at no distant day.

ART. VII.—THE POPE AND EUROPE IN 1872.

Discourses addressed to various Roman Deputations by the Holy Father.

A POLITICAL survey of Europe at the commencement of the year 1872 does not offer pleasing results or encourage buoyant expectations. Certainly peace prevails; but it may be doubted whether so much of the world was ever, within the period of the present generation, so ill at ease, so sick, and yet not sorry. It is now some seventeen or eighteen years since Prince Albert, disgusted at the slight effect which the first Exhibition had had in weaning the world from war, emphatically declared that "representative institutions were on their trial." Representative institutions have been on their trial ever since, and it must be admitted that they have had singularly little influence on the larger movements of mankind, which have been actuated to quite as great a degree as in any previous period of history by the traditional passions of nations, urged and controlled by the ambitious volition of a very few men. Germany itself, the country of the Prince's predilection, has become to a degree which the first French Empire even was not, a vast stratocracy, in which drill is regarded as the business of life, and a campaign as its occasional relaxation, and in which the first duty of the citizen is to be

able to march many miles without fatigue and to kill many men without compunction. The German mind has always had a great influence on Europe, and that influence was never more manifest than in the present age, when the whole Continent is painfully following the last fashion in weapons and manœuvres at Berlin, while even here Mr. Cardwell is obliged at his advanced age to master the whole mystery of the drill-sergeant. That Germany should ever be visibly impersonated by such a trio as Emperor William, Prince Bismarck, and Marshal Moltke, was a vision that never, we may be tolerably certain, dawned on Prince Albert's mind, even when in melancholy hours he may have doubted the stability of representative institutions and the peace-producing effects of Crystal Palaces. But what part had representative institutions, had the Prussian Parliament, the French Legislative Corps, the Austrian Reichsrath, in the events which within five years have transformed Europe? They acted as safety-valves to some of the more volatile humours of the body politic, and it is hard to see what other end they served. France was not the only country in which personal government prevailed; but it is undoubtedly the country which, after all its disasters, least trusts to the efficacy of representative institutions, and most closely clings to the principle of Cæsarism. For is not M. Thiers as absolute in 1872 as Louis Napoleon was in 1852? As absolute as the Emperor Napoleon and Vice-Emperor Rouher combined were in 1868? And is it not possible that the successor of M. Thiers may be still more absolute than he? If all France were at this moment polled as to who he should be, would not the man believed to be able to measure swords with Moltke and, if possible, wits with Bismarck also, be the man of men to all Frenchmen? As for "representative institutions," who cares enough for them to heed whether he casts his vote for Vautrain or for Victor Hugo?

Deposed though she be from her place of pride, dismembered, beaten as never nation was beaten by another nation since Prussia was conquered by her in 1806, overwhelmed with the weight of her prodigious debt, France is still the capital and cynosure of nations, whose thoughts and acts most intimately affect all others. Her moral aspect nevertheless is not at this moment such as to afford much hope to the world. In her history, which in this respect resembles that of the Jews more than that of any other nation, representative acts of direct revolt against God stand out with an atrocious dramatic effect now and then, as if openly challenging the Almighty wrath. So while the Prussians were

already hurling Frossard's and MacMahon's armies back on the Vosges, Paris was celebrating the inauguration of the statue of Voltaire, the statue not merely of a great enemy of God and of the human race, but of the only Frenchman who ever said that it was the natural destiny of Prussians to teach and to thrash Frenchmen. The new year has been inaugurated with a somewhat similar scene. In the Academy of the Forty Immortals, a learned fool who has said in his heart, and not merely in his heart but in the literary highway of an Encyclopædia, that there is no God, has been elected to sit in the seat once occupied by Montalembert, and finds himself supported to that place not merely by the influence of M. Thiers, from whom as a Liberal Catholic, if indeed he can be called a Catholic at all, we cannot expect any better, but even by a conscientious and austere Protestant like M. Guizot. Alas and alas, touched to the quick, as we cannot but be, by the noble and passionate protest of the Bishop of Orleans, how can we fail to remember that the last occasion on which M. de Montalembert was carried, not reluctant, from his death-bed to vote at the Academy, he voted for M. Jules Favre, a man of whose faith it could just be said that he was not an Atheist, of whose morals the less said the better, but of whose learning, literary gifts, academic qualities and qualifications, there was nothing at all to be said. And against whom? Against Count de Champagny, the author of "*Les Césars*" and "*Les Antonins*," the most erudite, the most philosophic, the most Christian of living French historians. We do not know who voted with M. de Montalembert that day on the broad base party ground that M. de Champagny was, in so far as he was a politician at all, an Imperialist, while M. Favre, though he had as yet written no book, and was not reputed to have even read many, was an energetic and eloquent enemy of the Empire. But we do venture to think that on the day M. Favre was elected one of the Forty, it may be fairly said it became an object of not utterly unreasonable ambition on M. Littré's part to aspire to the next vacant chair? The gates of the Academy are now not less open than certain other gates. M. Littré sits there Immortal to testify before all mocking Paris that the man who says there is no God is by no means a fool, but, on the contrary a sage, and the sage of latest lights, admitted by the Forty sages of France as worthiest to sit among them. The statue of Voltaire was an act of blasphemy on the part of the mob, but the election of M. Littré shows how the spirit of apostasy has penetrated and saturated the scribes.

It is a capital instance of the pervading and profound demoralization of the mind of the nation ; and as the result of an election by electors supposed to represent the highest culture and wisdom of France, is a most notable index to the condition of the country. This election took place in a building which was, itself unscathed, the very centre of the conflagrations of the Commune. Its members, from whatever side they approached its hall, passed through the ruins of historic Paris. On either hand they saw the doctrine of Atheism and Materialism manifested in all its devastation and fury ; and then they proceeded to do homage to its prophet and apostle. Who can wonder, when so terrible a lesson has had so little effect on the venerable and instructed Forty, that it has had none at all on the ignorant and passionate masses ? The state of the populace of Paris is said by those who ought to know, to be more malignant and disaffected than it ever was before within living memory. Fifteen thousand men have been killed and hid under the pavements and parks, and thirty thousand rot in prisons and hulks or have fled ; but the spirit of the Commune is by no means laid. Between class and class there is a war, whose hatred is deadlier than that which has ever divided nation and nation, or sect and sect. To murder and plunder the rich and respectable on the first opportunity is the one article of faith of the patriot proletaire. To this simple dogma have all the principles of '89 and '93 and '48 become concentrated, or, as it were, inspissated. It is the final formula of the Rights of Man.

And as yet there is not the slightest sign of a deliverer for the unhappy land. The political situation remains inscrutably and inexorably provisional. There can be little doubt that the mass of the French nation abhors a Republic, as nature is said to abhor a vacuum ; but as a vacuum can be produced and maintained despite nature, so the Republic lives in a land devoid of Republicanism ; and it may so continue to exist as long as M. Thiers lives, or at least as long as he retains his governing faculty. Such a result would be unintelligible in any other country enjoying representative institutions ; and in France there is no end to representative institutions. There is not merely the National Assembly, but a Council-General to every department, and a Municipal Council to every commune, all elected by universal suffrage under the protection of the ballot. But it is a remarkable fact that it is only when a *plebiscitum* is to be taken in favour of some tolerably absolute authority that the French nation votes with anything like enthusiasm or unanimity. The reason is obvious enough. The latest result of Parisian politics is, as we see, the party of

the poor against the rich, the party of plunder, arson, and massacre against the party of Order. After all, there is a vast, and, in certain circumstances, solid though ordinarily incongruous party, whose object is simply Order, and to which, taking into account the whole extent of the population, perhaps not less than ninety-five per cent. of living Frenchmen belong. It is an awful thing that a country should be so circumstanced that the primary division of its political parties should be into the Party of Order and the Party of Destruction. But so it is in France; and the fact gives, for the time, an unusual stability to that which exists, whatever its name may be, from the terror which is connected with the danger of any change in the form of the constitution, which seems to secure even a temporary success in preserving the public peace. So long, therefore, as M. Thiers fulfils the function of Chief Constable with effect, he may, it would seem, retain the rank of President of the Republic.

But M. Thiers is in the seventy-fourth year of his age. After a prolonged absence from official life, he has had the whole weight of government imposed upon him in a time when its tasks are a hundred-fold more onerous and difficult than in the gaudy, jaunty, prosperous days when Palmerston was bogey and Louis Philippe Citizen King. To have lived through six months of such a tremendous time, with his faculties and energies apparently unimpaired, proves his possession of a titanic vitality; but nevertheless he cannot live for ever, nor is it likely that he can even live long. When the Emperor Napoleon was still in full vigour of mind and body, and not yet past the period of middle age, the world was now and then weak enough to be racked by an agony of apprehension as to what would become of France if his career were to come to a sudden end. Yet it was known that the Emperor had made careful provision for a Council of Regency; it was admitted that the army was faithful not merely to his person but to the dynasty; and Europe had only a vague suspicion of the diabolical energy and capacity of the dangerous classes in Paris. France survives the Emperor Napoleon, and will no doubt survive M. Thiers. But the *apres moi* may well suggest to him grave reflections. He leaves no dynasty, no regency behind him, and has no right to nominate a successor. The army is said to be in sentiment Bonapartist, save in so far as it is in regard to some of the later levies Gambettaist. The International and the Commune have come into being since the days when the Emperor was supposed to keep a Red Revolution at bay by his mere gaze; and M. Thiers has so little hold on the heart of Paris that he is

glad to extend all the honours and helps of official candidature to a man who was one of the mayors of the city under Delescluze. The Assembly is apparently the most irresolute, incapable, discordant, and disorderly assembly of which there is record in the history of representative institutions. It has not even force enough of character to insist on M. Thiers's observance of his compact not to speak in debate, unless on extraordinary occasions and after previous formal notice. He descends upon it when he wills, speaks a dozen times a day, and even speaks now and then, when the humour seizes him, against the policy of his own ministers. And no one has sense or spirit enough to call him to order. In such an assembly there would seem to be little hope for France. It has not simply and specifically the courage of its convictions. The entry of the Orleanist princes, which it was hoped would give the whole monarchical party an impulse, if not a head, has had no apparent effect on the character of the Assembly. A doubt indeed begins to pervade the minds of men as to whether the political capacity of the Duke d'Aumale has not been hitherto rather over-rated. Of literary talent, that popular prince has given distinguished proofs, and the honours of the Academy, which he received on the same occasion with M. Littré, are not unworthily bestowed on the historian of the House of Condé. But in these days, when France emphatically needs that the charge and conduct of her affairs should engage the best abilities and the anxious zeal of men of capacity and energy, the Duke d'Aumale does not, it seems to us, make his mark. He appears, in the first place, to be over desirous of dispelling alarm as to his own intentions and those of his family; but may we not hope that there is an end of Egalité? And for the rest does he dream or conspire? There was once a prince, who returned to France from England under somewhat similar circumstances, and who was known to spend some of his time in dreaming, and more in conspiring, but he also knew how to make himself felt in action, and so he first made himself head of the Republic and then turned the Republic into an Empire. We should be sorry to see the Duke d'Aumale become a mere imitator of Prince Louis Napoleon. But the question burns towards a white heat, Has he really got a policy of his own? What he ought to do, if he really has capacity and spirit to do it, is obvious, only he as yet shows no sign of doing it. He might, proclaiming frankly the fusion of the royal family and recognizing the legitimate sovereignty of Henry V., place himself at the head of the party of the Right, and call upon it to organize itself

on its professed monarchical, constitutional, and Catholic principles. Admitting even that until the country is evacuated by the Germans, the present interregnum and the authority of M. Thiers must be permitted to continue, politic preparation might meantime be made for the specific appeal to the country, which may, perhaps must, precede its return to its ancient constitution. There is only one objection to this simple and straightforward policy, and that is in a name,—the name "French Republic"—a name which, as it happens to be identified with his own autocracy, M. Thiers is as eager as M. Gambetta to maintain. But what other sanction attaches to that Government, the abortion of a mob, which did not even venture to give itself the name of Republic when it came into existence, but only that of Government of National Defence? As a simple matter of fact, are the majority of the Assembly Republicans, and did their constituencies elect them as Republicans, or rather in order expressly that, after making peace with Prussia, they might make an end of the pretence of a republic? Is the Republic, in fine, a form of government under which it is to be understood that the minority governs the majority? This is the case of France, and it is at best a very elaborately organized hypocrisy—and as such only too likely to end in some quite unprecedentedly tremendous explosion.

There is a certain difficulty in criticising the conduct of a Prince, who is a Prince indeed, and a faithful Son of the Church, as we may well call the Count de Chambord—for "the heart of a true king is in the hand of God," and it is difficult to even imagine the lights he may receive, his instinctive sense of what is due to the principles he represents, the contending pressure of the influences under which he acts. But with much respect, we would say of the policy of Henry V., that at the present moment he seems to us to wait over much upon Providence. In troubled times, Providence will apparently only open opportunities. It is for those to whom a great mission has been given, to be urgent in using them; not merely to be patient and to pray, but in the spirit of a Jesuit maxim, to "pray as if everything depended on prayer, and act as if everything depended on action," and while knowing how to wait, knowing also when to strike. The apprehension of being thought to tout and canvas for support, after the fashion of Louis Napoleon, may become a grave cause of weakness in the policy of a prince who knows that he is no pretender. There is one among the ancestors of His Most Christian Majesty to whom he often refers with a pardonable pride, though in other matters than those of policy the example of that great king is little imitable

—the last French sovereign who bore the name of Henry. If Henry IV. were nowadays contemplating the state of France, with no suspicion of his orthodoxy in the mind of the Church; with the mass of the nation yearning for a firm and just ruler, with the faith of good men and the fears of bad men alike pointing to his person, with, after all, for his most dangerous enemies only the furibund rabble of two or three towns suffering from the congestion and corruption of modern civilization, led by a crew of black-leg barristers, lewd public writers, and cosmopolitan conspirators—can it be doubted that Henry IV. would make every man who was willing to serve his cause feel that it was a cause to be fought for in every possible way, until it was won? When the Count de Chambord issued last autumn the manifesto in which he declared that he must come back with the White Flag or not at all, we were not of those who thought the words were words which he had no right to address to the French nation. The French nation is a nation which still interprets causes to itself through symbols. It differs strangely in this from the English nation, which has got half a dozen different official flags, of which an ordinary Englishman hardly knows one from the other. Though we think, then, that the Count de Chambord, if obliged to speak on the subject, could only speak in one sense, the question obtrudes itself, was he obliged to speak on that particular point at that particular moment at all? If what he said was uncalled for, or even premature, then it was impolitic; and to be politic is part of the grace of state of a king. Possibly this question of the flag is a question that might have solved itself at the end without the least difficulty. The example of England and other nations might in this regard be followed without degradation. Over our Queen's Palace floats the Royal standard, bearing the arms of her family and her kingdom. But the Union Jack is a different and a national flag, in somewhat the same sense as the tricolor has become in France. The Count de Chambord has often declared that the victories won by French genius and valour, under whatever dynasty or form of government, are part of the glory of France, and appeal to his pride as a Frenchman. He need not adopt for his own house the standard which drooped over the scaffold of Louis XVI., but he might well leave to his army the flag under which it conquered at Jena and Sebastopol.

We live in a time when the spirit of armies is all-important. It has been said by an eccentric thinker, that "the future of the world depends in a great degree on pious armies." Even the French army, which was honeycombed before the war by Masonic societies, and enfeebled by the lax habits

which had grown up in the latter years of the Empire, has in its great adversity learned that there is indeed a God of Battles, that a sceptic is usually a poltroon, that a good conscience is the grand source of good courage, and can alone make it joy to die the bloody and sudden death of battle in the cause of one's country. The terrific casualties of modern wars, and the very slight degree in which individual vigilance or strength can guard against them (it being often now the fate of a whole regiment to be destroyed in the course of a few minutes through some slight neglect or error of judgment on the part of a general), tend to make the soldier's mind more sober, even solemn, but surely not less fitted for his arduous career thereby. It is well for its own honour, and not less well for its future efficiency, that the new army of France is being formed under a Commander-in-Chief and a Minister of War who are zealous and scrupulous Catholics, and that very many of the officers distinguished in the late war bear the same character. An army with the Napoleonic spirit would be little less dangerous to France now than one with the revolutionary spirit. The former will soon evaporate, as the military incapacity of Napoleon III., the primary cause of the late fall of France, becomes more and more manifest; and the conduct of the Commune under the eyes of the Prussians has, we hope and believe, destroyed for ever that dangerous sympathy between the army and the populace of Paris which has been the constant cause of anarchy in that country. Instead of the Napoleonic or the revolutionary spirit, we hope to see a national and a Catholic spirit animating the French army of the future; and if with that spirit which is his own, Marshal MacMahon succeeds in imbuing his soldiers, he will have achieved a truer glory than if he had entered Berlin last year. Seldom has a mere soldier occupied so critical a position or exercised so strong though silent an influence as the Duke de Magenta does at this moment. He is the one general whom every French soldier honestly respects and willingly obeys. He is the one soldier who, though most unhappily placed during the war, mainly by the heroic courage and devotion of his character, saw his fame and authority augmented at its end. Even the stern measures necessary for the suppression of the Commune have not diminished his popularity in Paris. Such is the native force of a character simple, modest, brave, devoted to duty. It is in strict keeping with this character that he again and again refuses to engage in politics, or even to allow his name to be proposed for the National Assembly. Certainly political generals have been the curse of the Latin race, and specially the source of the ruin of Spain and the

Spanish republics ; nor during its republican periods has France hitherto been free from the tendency to give military chiefs an ascendancy in affairs which their civil talents did not warrant. Were Marshal MacMahon now in the Assembly, a party would inevitably group itself round him, with a view either to vesting supreme authority in his hands, or of making him the chief agent in a restoration. He prefers to be simply the first soldier of France, and the servant of the constituted civil power ; and so long as he does so, the army is the guaranteed guardian of order, and the country is safe from any disgraceful surprise. We cannot but believe, however, and indeed hope, that in the ultimate decision of the destiny of France as a state—a decision which cannot be long deferred—the influence of so wise and loyal a character may be felt. Sure we are that he will never make an 18th Brumaire on his own account, nor yet play the part of Monk to Napoleon, if even to Henry V. ; still a restoration, with which his cordial sympathies concurred, would, we believe, also be loyally accepted by the French army. Certain links, undoubtedly, bind MacMahon to the Imperial dynasty. He is a Duke and a Marshal because he saved the Emperor from being defeated, perhaps taken captive, in the first battle in which His Majesty commanded an army. But the relations between the sovereign and the great soldier were never very cordial ; and in the late war, MacMahon, summoned at the last moment from Algeria, and so never consulted on the ways and means of the war, detached to an inadequate and exposed command, afterwards forced to undertake the fatuous march on Metz against his own judgment, was doomed to see his military character risked in every way by the wanton incapacity of others. A man may forgive all this, but he can hardly forget it, or see in the ignominious *débâcle* in which it fell, mainly the result of its innate demoralization, any reason for restoring the Empire.

France has suffered for now nearly a century from the attempt to assimilate into its body politic, and to reconcile with its historic character as a Christian nation, the principles of its great Revolution. It is this confusion and conflict of principles which has demoralized the nation, and deprived its successive governments of all reverence and weight. As an able French writer has lately said—“ For eighty years past France has become more and more ungovernable, and if she is governed, it is clear that it is by her passions, not by her reason. The Frenchman, individually considered, may be thoughtful, firm, intelligent, conscientious—the Frenchman in society obeys movements instantaneous, unconscious. Matter dominates mind. It is its lower part

which gives the impulse to French society. The *policy of the appetites* threatens to invade all. And how we are fallen! A man governed by his passions is only an infant throughout his life—it is the same even with a great nation. We are the nation of levity and frivolity, *la nation enfant*; no one stretches a hand to us in our disasters. Hardly does diplomacy count us in what it calls, with reason, the European concert. And in truth what alliances are possible with a people which makes of authority and of law, by turns, a sport and a prey, delivered to what is lowest in its ranks, and to its vulgarest and most evil passions. Great policies once made the grandeur of France; absurd principles, or rather the absence of principles, unmake it.”*

Yet there is surely a true France within this false France, yet capable of asserting itself, yet capable of remoulding Christian Gaul on its ancient principles. To that France the Sovereign Pontiff appealed last summer in memorable words:—

I cannot say (he said) how many feelings are blended at this moment in my heart. I remember the great benefits I have received from France. I remember what France suffers. I have no need to recall what I suffer myself. Poor France! I love France, she is always imprinted on my heart. I pray for her every day, chiefly at the great holy sacrifice of Mass; she is always present to my thoughts. I have always loved and shall ever love her. I know well how she has always presented the spectacle of the most tender devotion; how widespread is her charity, and how she sympathizes with the misery of the poor and of the Church; how many charitable institutions she has founded, and chiefly what great ardour for good works animates the women; men also, but specially the women of France.

But then referring with evident pain to the confusion of principles, which had infected the minds of many even otherwise good men and tended to weaken the force of the Church in that country, His Holiness continued:—

My dear children, my words must tell you what I have in my heart. What afflicts your country, and prevents her from deserving the blessings of God, is this confusion of principles. I will utter the word, and I will not keep it silent. What I fear is not those wretches of the Paris Commune, real demons from hell abiding in the world. No, it is not that. What I fear is that unfortunate policy of Catholic Liberalism which is the true scourge. I have said it more than forty times, I repeat it to you on account of the love I bear you. Yes, it is this game —. How do you call it in French? In Italian we say *altalena*. Yes, exactly, this game of see-saw which tends to

* J. Paixhans, “L’Armement National.” Paris: Douniol.

destroy religion. Doubtless, one should practise charity, and do what is possible to bring back those who go astray, but that does not imply partaking of their opinions. But I will not prolong my discourse : my strength and my age will not permit of it.

I thank you, I thank you, and I charge you to thank all good French people for what they have done in every way to relieve me ; for France gave me her children who shed their blood for the Holy See ; she gave me her money and she performed so many works of charity ! May they all be blessed singly, and after them I bless all the nation ; I bless all, even the wicked, that they may have sufficient light to walk in the path of truth.

Frederick the Great said that were he king of France not a shot should be fired in Europe without his leave, and Napoleon III. declared that when France was content all other nations were bound to feel at ease. During the Emperor's reign, the map of Europe was so considerably changed with his complicity that it is not quite certain whether this special supremacy still attaches to the policy of M. Thiers. The frontier of France fits her like a strait-waistcoat. Conglomerated Germany mounts guard at Metz ; Italy, fused by the Revolution, is now much more under the influence of Germany, perhaps even of Russia, than of France ; an Italian prince sits on the throne of Spain. The German army is a million and a quarter, the Italian half a million strong. It is an altered time since Austria's heel could be pierced in Lombardy ; since Bourbons reigned at Madrid, Naples, and Parma ; since French strategists, though regarding Belfort with anxious eye, and often bewailing the loss of Landau, still felt that, when the day came to seize the line of the Rhine, the salient angle with which their frontier sprang into the flank of the Germanic Confederation, would give a new grand army a great gate from which to deploy. France formerly had satellites ; she has not even an ally now. Already there are signs in the East of Europe that Russia is profiting by the example, and indeed relies on the benevolent neutrality of Germany to attempt for the Slavonic populations what has been done for the Germanic and the Italian. If, as Napoleon said, "the agglomeration and confederation of great nations" is to be the grand characteristic of the future history of Europe, why should the process pause at the Danube ? The position of Austria at this moment is, for totally different reasons, hardly less difficult than that of France. She preserves towards Russia in Poland a policy exasperating, yet apparently effective for no purpose except provocation. She can hardly hope to wrest Posen from Prussia and Warsaw from Russia, and yet she allows Galicia to act as if it were, at no distant day, to be the nucleus

of a revived Polish monarchy. As the strength and influence of Hungary become more and more developed, as Pesth becomes more and more, in Prince Bismarck's phrase, "the centre of gravity" of the empire of the Hapsburgs, that empire itself becomes a formidable barrier in the way of the Czars to Constantinople. The system of self-government now prevalent throughout her provinces has somewhat the same disturbing effect on the internal system of the great autocrat that the free constitution of Belgium had in regard to France during the more arbitrary years of Louis Napoleon's reign. In Austria representative institutions are, in a very serious sense, on their trial, and as yet they can hardly be said to have fortified the powers of the monarchy. The prospect that Austria may possibly be exposed to the same sort of assault on the part of Russia as that in which France succumbed to Prussia, is simply appalling. France has been crushed and lamed, but Austria might be, in a similar case, dismembered and destroyed. The standing army of Russia on its peace footing is 730,000 strong, nearly double that of Germany, more than three times that of Austria; and the war establishment of the Czar is a million and a quarter, said to be now as well armed and as easily mobilized, though not of as refined fighting quality, as the million and a quarter of "thinking bayonets," who, within a week, become battalions when the word of war is uttered at Berlin.

If Russia and Germany chose to combine, Austria might simply be partitioned as Poland was partitioned a hundred years ago. Would such a combination be any more shocking to our sense of political propriety than that of Austria and Prussia against Denmark was? Or than the Benedetti-Bismarck treaty about Belgium? If Germany were merely to accord to Russia the same benevolent neutrality that characterized the Czar's policy during the French war, all the valour, conduct, and discipline of the Austrian army might not save it from disasters as terrible as Sedan and Gravelotte. But the French nation is a nation of Frenchmen—the Austrian empire is an empire in which there is no Austrian nation. It is an arch in which the stones do not even now too well wedge each other together. It may fall. Its fall would not be like that of France. Some of its vast fragments would doubtless retain independent life; but its ten millions of German subjects would probably follow the law of national agglomeration and gravitate towards Berlin, while there are some twelve or thirteen millions of Czechs, Moravians, Ruthenians, Poles, whom the Czar already claims the right to protect as the common father of all Slavonic tribes. In the Austrian empire there

was one principle of unity, which in all her history, full indeed as it is of disasters, has hitherto given a rallying impulse and a cohesive tenacity to her polyglot people. She represented the grand tradition of a Catholic state; her sovereign bore the august and time-honoured title of the Holy Roman Empire. Bohemian and Tyrolean, Pole and Croat, had therein common ground and a common bond. Between heresy in the West and schism in the North, and the paynim in the South, she stood orthodox—not always obedient, and not seldom discovering that a mysterious law connected her interference with the liberties of the Church with the causes of grave disasters to her polity: after which she sometimes, it must be admitted, frankly repented and retraced her steps. But never until now did she adopt religious indifferentism as a rule of policy, or regard a Concordat with Rome as the least rather than the most binding of all human treaties. The spirit of apostasy has entered Austria, and her state tends to become as that of Babel and of the house that is divided against itself.

The Holy Father, lately addressing a deputation from the Foreign Colleges at Rome, headed by Father Semenenko, the Rector of the Polish College, spoke of the peculiar character of apostasy which is, as it were, the note of the persecution of the Church which prevails in this age. These are his words:—

The Church has been persecuted since her birth. She found society incredulous, ignorant, full of vice, and she brought it back to the road of justice, of truth, and of holiness. But that was not achieved without resistance, and therefore the persecutions began forthwith. A little time ago, reading the work of a scholar, who is not an Italian, I became convinced that the present persecution is far more terrible than any of those which the Church has sustained in the past. Do you seek to know the reason? *Filioli mei, levate oculos vestros in circuitu.* Lift your eyes, my dear children, and look around you. Contemplate society, see what it is, and you will find that it is not *blind*, like the ancient society, but *apostate*. And this is the reason why it is more difficult for it to give ear to the voice of God and of the Church, since of all sinners the apostate is the most reprobate in the eyes of God. But if it be so, if those who govern society are in the hand of Satan, if they are animated with hate of Jesus Christ Himself, what force, what vigour, what zeal, what an exemplary life, and what solidity of doctrine it is necessary to show in order to convert those who allow themselves to be deceived by the perfidious illusions which such a state of society produces.

Most unhappily for the world and the Church, it is in the Catholic States, and especially in the governing classes of the Catholic States, that this apostate spirit most prevails, so that a passion not merely to despoil the Church of its means, to limit the number of those who devote themselves to a strict

religious life, to replace sacraments by civil contracts, is generally characteristic of those states, and their statesmen, but also an eager zeal animates many of them to deprive the children of the coming time of the opportunity of acquiring the knowledge of the law of God while they are yet young. And this in an age in which the cupidity of all classes, and their mutual distrust and animosity, everywhere tend to increase; in which crimes become more atrocious, criminals more numerous, and, especially, juvenile crime more common every day; in which loyalty in many lands is a dead virtue; in which society suffers everywhere from a morbid growth of pauperism, in some countries from dangerous congestion of population, in others from criminal attempts to restrain its natural increase. If ever there was an age in which it was the absolute interest of sovereigns and statesmen to aid and favour in every way the action of the Church of Christ, from the assurance that its system alone can cope with the awful evils with which civil society is menaced, surely it is this age. But the spirit that prevails in high places is blind, and, as the Holy Father has well said, worse than blind—it is apostate.

Our hearts may well wax faint with fear as we see into what a state of wreck Christendom is falling. Who can contemplate the terrible ruin and impenetrable prospect of France, the vast looming dangers that threaten Austria, the unceasing volcanic agony of Spain, the heart-hardened hypocritical iniquities of Italy, without tribulation? To one alone is it given to see the whole vast scene in its full misery and malice, and yet to speak of it without a tone of dismay. The present Pontificate has been one in many ways of marvels—of marvels more astonishing than miracles. It has enlarged the boundaries of the Church by hundreds of Sees. It has set the keystone in the grand arch of Catholic doctrine. The government of the Church has never been more vigilantly, more carefully conducted. Yet the time has been one of curiously complicated difficulties, dangers, and crosses. But most marvellous of all, after twenty-five years of a Pontificate so glorious, so laborious, so troubled, the Holy Father finds himself a prisoner in his palace, knows not from day to day when he may have to change the state of a prisoner for that of an exile, knows well what a world it is into which he may have to go forth—and yet speaking so often as he has done of late, always speaks with cheerful courage and confident hope. All else may fail, but the faith of Peter fails not.

Nor will he modify his language to suit modern ideas, even in their most specious forms. There are those who dream of a Holy Roman Democracy as likely to take the place in the

far future of the Holy Roman Empire, but such is not the Pope's view, apparently. He still believes, in spite of the Revolution, in the old order of society, in nobility, even in legitimist rights; and so in receiving a deputation of the Roman nobles, he lately said to them :—

A cardinal, a Roman prince, presented one day his nephew to one of my predecessors, who declared justly that thrones are sustained chiefly by the action of nobility and clergy.

Nobility is indeed also, it cannot be denied, a gift of God, and although our Lord willed to be born humbly in a stable, we nevertheless read at the beginning of two of the Gospels a long genealogy of Him, which gives His descent from princes and kings.

You then worthily employ the privileges which come of your nobility in guarding the sacred principles of legitimate right, and I have the proof in the choice you make of the Senator of Rome to be your spokesman to-day. Certainly that choice will not be agreeable to those who have come hither to exercise authority without right or reason.

Words of solemn warning the Holy Father has more than once addressed to the unhappy king, whom the Revolution has now pushed so far as the Capitol, and only waits for its opportunity to cast from the Tarpeian Rock—words of warning that always, however, end in the call to repentance and the promise of pardon. And so he spoke to the College of Cardinals :—

In seeing you, my dear brethren, in pondering over the times in which we are living, I look back in thought upon David, who was, by a rebellious son, deprived of his throne and of his own palace. In order to avoid falling into the hands of the rebels, he was obliged to pass into exile, suffering the outrages and the blasphemies of this vile child, who insulted his misfortunes. His faithful soldiers fled with him, defending him, and sharing and soothing his trials. Now, in those soldiers I see the type of your conduct, as, in those outrages and blasphemies, I see the outrages, blasphemies, and hypocrisies of the organs of opinion which disgrace our Rome.

You are aware of the fate of the rebellious son, and how he perished miserably, struck with three blows.

I desire for, and call down upon him who has so unjustly despoiled and persecuted me, those three strokes, not three material blows, but three strokes of divine grace.

May those three strokes be the thought of the past, and of the injustices and violences committed upon us; the thought of the present, enabling him to understand the unfortunate condition to which he has reduced the Church, even in its principal See; the thought of the future, warning him that he will have to appear before the throne of God, there to render a severe account of all that he has done.

As for us, we wish neither harm nor death to any enemy, but that he be converted and live.

And throughout the whole marvellous series of the Sovereign Pontiff's discourses, there runs the steady fibre of a clear conviction that this persecution, grievous and intense as it is, will pass, perhaps speedily and suddenly, but at all events will not be permitted to seat and establish itself at Rome. So in his words there is not a note of surrender or compromise. Though he cannot look from the windows of the Vatican without seeing the usurper's flag bask in the air over edifices which the munificent zeal of great Pontiffs, or the pious charity of Christendom, raised in ages of faith as testimonies to the great dominion of the See of Rome; yet the insolent symbol is to him as though it were not—not an “accomplished fact,” only an evanescent accident—a thing as sure to pass as the rainbow; but, alas! with “red rain” falling fast before and after. Through the turmoil and confusion which fill the air of Europe, the grand, solitary voice rings clear as a minster bell over storm and rain and mist. And so to the Roman women he says:—

You ask me when the hour of our deliverance will come. It does not belong to us, my daughters, but to God alone, to determine that. What we know is, that prayer will hasten the coming of the day when we shall be again free, because prayer has always access to God. Pray, therefore, my daughters, that God may shorten the time of our tribulations; the Lord will know how to bring them to an end when the hour marked by His merciful Providence shall have come. Meanwhile, I bless you with all my heart; I bless your bodies, that God may keep them in health and strength; I bless your souls, that God may fill them with His grace and His supernatural gifts; I bless your temporal concerns and your commerce, that the Lord may make them thrive; I bless your children and your families, that you may find nothing but consolation in your homes. May this blessing accompany you during your life, and open to you, after death, the gates of heaven.

At the fountain of the unfailing faith of the Vicar of Christ let us too replenish ours, and from his serene and devoted courage receive the augury, the assurance of the ultimate, and not far distant triumph of His Holy See.

Notices of Books.

Sermons on Ecclesiastical Subjects. By HENRY EDWARD, Archbishop of Westminster. Second Volume. London : Burns, Oates, & Co.

THIS important volume reaches us at the very end of the quarter ; and we can do it therefore no kind of justice, but must postpone all notice to our April number. We must not however delay to reprint the Archbishop's final note, concerning Oxford University. We direct special attention to his Grace's last sentence, which we print in italics.

"I hope that I have not used a word in this sermon respecting the University of Oxford which cannot be justified by abundant evidence, beyond the reach of all objection. The present state of Oxford, both for its own sake, and for the sake of the country at large, cannot fail to be a cause of sorrow and anxiety, in which, for manifold reasons, I heartily share. The authorities on which I have relied are, Dr. Pattison, the Rector of Lincoln College, in his '*Suggestions on Academical Organization, with especial reference to Oxford*'; and Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his '*Reorganization of the University of Oxford*,' together with the evidence of Mr. Appleton and Canon Liddon, before the Lords' Committee on University Tests, in February last.

"The Rector of Lincoln states, that fully seventy per cent. of the so-called 'students' at Oxford are in no sense, even in profession, students at all. He adds, that the degrees gained by such men denote no grade of intellectual cultivation. He describes them as 'the wealthy, luxurious, indolent, and uninterested tenants of college rooms.' 'If any proof could convince the advocates of intramural residence of the futility of college discipline, such a proof might be found in the mastery which the athletic *furor* has established over all minds in this place. So entirely are the tutors beaten by it, that to cover the disgrace of defeat, they are obliged to affect to patronize and encourage the evil. I know, therefore, that on this head I must look for no sympathy from college tutors. . . . They [*i. e.* cricket, boating, and athletics] have ceased to be amusements : they are organized into a system of serious occupation. What we call incapacity in young men is often no more than an incapacity of attention to learning, because the mind is pre-occupied with a more urgent and all-absorbing call upon its energies. As soon as the summer weather sets in, the colleges are disorganized. Study, even the pretence of it, is at an end. Play is thenceforward the only thought. They are playing all day, preparing for it, or refreshing themselves after its fatigues.' (p. 316.)

"I willingly pass over graver moral subjects, on which Dr. Pattison and Mr. Goldwin Smith enlarge. The latter says : 'To revive the faculty of theology, though of the utmost importance in what may be truly called a

fearful crisis of religious faith, would at the same time be most difficult. Anglicanism, as I have said before, has developed no theology in the proper sense of the term. . . . The difficulty would cease, if either the world would consent to receive back the authoritative theology of Suarez and the other Catholic doctors, or decide that theological inquiry shall be free.

"The Rector of Lincoln also says: 'The faculty of theology must be considered in abeyance at present. There is indeed a scientific theology, and in the Christian records of the early and later ages the amplest material for various learning and critical investigation. But theology has not yet begun to exist as a science among us.' (p. 319.)

"As to the results of the Oxford system of study on those who may be regarded as students, Dr. Pattison says: 'As mental training, it is surely most unsound. It cannot be called philosophical. It is rhetoric expended upon philosophical subjects. It is the reappearance in education of the σοφιστική of the schools of Greece, condemned by all the wise. . . . In the schools of Oxford is now taught in perfection the art of writing leading articles.' (p. 295.) Again, he says: 'For my own part, I think the fears of the Catholic party, whether within or without the national Establishment, are substantially well-founded.' . . . 'To the Catholic youth, the conclusions he is taught come recommended by the "authority" of the teachers, and of the Church. To our students, the conclusions taught come recommended for adoption by the authority of fashion, or the current turn of thinking living philosophical minds, and of the prevailing philosophical literature.' He goes on to say nevertheless, that they do not sufficiently require of the student to place himself in a position of absolute scepticism about everything. But he affirms that the examination must 'come into conflict with any system which proposes to provide *a priori* conclusions in any branch of knowledge relating to the nature of man and society. Any system or corporation which supposes itself to be in possession of such propositions, may propose them to its pupils as true, and require their acceptance on the authority of the teacher. The Roman Catholic Church does suppose and profess this.' (p. 300.)

"Mr. Appleton, before the Lords' Committee, spoke as follows. After saying that there are, at any given moment, in the University 'three hundred men who are brought under the influence of the philosophy of modern times, which might, and which does,' as he thinks, 'materially undermine all existing beliefs,' adds: 'I think it quite impossible for any man to throw himself into the system of education for the final classical school at Oxford, at the present time, not as so much knowledge, but really to assimilate it—I mean not only to study it *ab extra*—without having the whole edifice of belief shaken to the very foundation.' Qu. 490.—'He returns to a new construction of belief after he has gone through the period of criticism and scepticism.' 'I should say Hegel's "Philosophy of History" is read as carefully as Aristotle.' 'At this moment there are lectures being given, or about to be, in Oxford, on Hegel's logic, which is one of the most revolutionary instruments that has ever been invented.' Qu. 506.—'As a matter of fact, a man who has criticised all ideas for several years, and then is called upon to sign a test, and state his *bonâ-fide* adhesion to certain propositions, is led naturally to avert his mind from any consideration of those questions at all, because they now involve a contradiction; and by instinctively making both terms of the contradiction vague, he is able to reconcile them better. There is no set purpose in all this; it takes place almost unconsciously.' Qu. 524.—'I believe the upsetting of his beliefs, and the entire loosening of them from all their moorings, is an inevitable consequence of the system of education which now exists in Oxford.' Qu. 527.—Being asked, 'Do you attribute this tone of thought, which has risen up so prominently in Oxford, to the

study of Aristotle?' he answers: 'Scarcely at all. It arises mainly from a closer connection between England and the Continent. It is really a wave of thought which has come over from Germany.' Qu. 561.

"It is therefore not surprising to read: 'No theology of any school is much read at Oxford. The study has been entirely uprooted by the action of tests.' Qu. 559.

"We may sum up this evidence with the personal testimony of Canon Liddon, who said: 'Cases have come within my own experience of men who have come up from school as Christians, and have been earnest Christians up to the time of beginning to read philosophy for the final school, but who, during the year and a half or two years employed in this study, have surrendered, first their Christianity, and next their belief in God, and have left the University not believing in a Supreme Being.' Qu. 706.

"The intellectual and moral agencies which caused the mournful anarchy of the last Oxford Commemoration are here abundantly revealed. It is time that all to whom our national name and fame and character are dear should return upon their steps, 'et antiquam exquirere Matrem.'

"The Holy See and the Bishops of England have warned all Catholic parents, that to send their sons to Oxford and Cambridge is to expose them to the loss of their faith. The parents who so act are guilty of grave sin before God." (pp. 425-430.)

The Four-fold Sovereignty of God. By HENRY EDWARD, Archbishop of Westminster. London: Burns, Oates, & Co. 1871.

THESE four sermons are supplementary to those on the "Four Great Evils of the Day," which we reviewed with some care in our last number; and they go over ground substantially the same, from a positive stand-point instead of a negative. In no other way can we so forcibly exhibit their value, as by extracting several of the well-balanced, weighty, and (occasionally) profound remarks which are to be found throughout. We italicise a sentence here and there.

"The intellectual powers of mankind are to be found in their highest perfection in Christendom. It is no objection whatsoever for men of the present day, who believe nothing and who profess to have rejected even the existence of God, to say, 'Look at our men of science—are they in intellectual dignity or power inferior to those whom you call your doctors?' The answer is this: Their intellectual dignity is derived from the culture of the Christian world. They would never be what they are, if they had not been nurtured and ripened upon that same mystical vine from which they have fallen. They retain after their fall the savour and the quality of the tree from which they fell. But can they reproduce it? let them try: and how long will they transmit it? Those who have fallen from the knowledge of God and of His revelation, have fallen from the tradition of intellectual culture. 'If any one abide not in Me, he shall be cast forth as a branch, and shall wither.' This is true, both spiritually and intellectually. The intellectual standard of sceptics and infidels has no perpetuity. They die out as individuals, and their few disciples are scattered.

On the other hand, I would ask, is there in the history of mankind anything, for intellectual power, precision, amplitude, fertility, to be compared with Saint Thomas Aquinas or Suarez, to mention two only out of a multitude? The profound and pretentious ignorance of this day will no doubt think that these two examples belong to the middle ages, or that the latter was only emerging from those times of obscurity; but the man who so speaks cannot know the books on which he passes judgment. The intellectual system of the world, in its refinement and culture, will be found passing through the unbroken tradition of such minds; and the philosophers and men of science of this day, who tell us that we can know nothing with certainty but that which is within the reach of sense, have not dignified the human intellect, but have degraded it. They reject the intellectual system of the whole world, and the highest truths which it proclaims." (pp. 20—22.)

"It is certain that deists lose much of the light of the knowledge of God when they reject revelation, because even nature ceases to testify as luminously, and to speak as articulately, of the existence of God, His eternal power and Divinity, to those in whom the sceptical spirit is at work." (p. 24.)

"The Church possessed, in the time of S. Gregory the Great, three-and-twenty provinces. The possessions over which the Vicar of Jesus Christ ruled, until sacrilege robbed him this other day, were called the Patrimony of the Church; and some twenty-three like to it were possessed by S. Gregory the Great. They extended over the greater part of Italy, the south of France, along the shores of the Adriatic, the north of Africa, Sicily, the islands of the Mediterranean. Divine Providence so ordered that these patrimonies, being committed to the patriarchal care and government of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, should become the first portions of human society which were reduced to obedience to the Christian law. *In these patrimonies the germs of Christian civilization were planted.* They first received the Christian law of marriage, the abolition of slavery, Christian education of children, just arbitration of Christian judges, mutual respect, fair dealing between man and man. They became the first provinces of that Christian world which has now grown up into the maturity of Christendom. There is not to be found in history anything more beautiful, more patriarchal, or reflecting more brightly the peaceful and majestic justice of our Divine Lord in the Mountain, legislating in the eight beatitudes, than the paternal sway of S. Gregory the Great, the Apostle of England. Those twenty-three patrimonies of the Church, as I have said elsewhere, wrought as the leaven in the meal; and the Christian civilization ripened in them, became the germ of the Christian civilization which afterwards formed the nations of Christian Europe. Where, then, were Spain, France, Germany, and England? They were races, divided in conflict. Some were wild in their ferocity; others had sunk again into Paganism; some had not yet emerged from it. There was then no Christian Europe, such as we now know it. S. Gregory the Great ruled over those patrimonies, and ripened the first spring of the Christian world. He sowed broadcast in the furrows of Europe those seeds of Christian progress and order of which men at this day are so proud, though they are trampling them down. Then the nations began to spring—Lombardy, Spain, France, Germany, and England. It was the action of the Vicar of Jesus Christ which made them what they are." (pp. 73—75.)

"What has the world, then, gained by the sovereignty of Jesus Christ? The extinction of slavery,—and let any man weigh what those words mean, remembering what slavery was in the ancient world. Secondly, the sanctification of Christian households, by the laws of domestic purity and the laws of marriage. Thirdly, the Christian education of children. Fourthly, the redemption of woman; the raising her from the degradation in which she was before her regeneration in Christ, to be the handmaid of the Immaculate

Mother of God, and to be respected by men, as being the image of the Mother of their Redeemer. Once more, the restraining of warfare, which before was the lawless and brute violence of men and nations without recognition of mercy and justice. War itself was tempered with mercy under the legislation of the Church and the supreme arbitrament of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Again, the civil code of every country, which still retained, even in its Christianity, the severity and sanguinary rigour of its past, was gradually mitigated from age to age, until the severities of the old world were in great measure effaced." (pp. 76, 77.)

"Again, mutual respect among all classes and ranks of men. When I say respect, I do not mean only or chiefly the respect of the lower for those above them, but I mean emphatically *the respect of those in authority for those who are beneath them*, because they see in them the image of God, and the purchase of the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ." (p. 78.)

"In these eighteen hundred years, during which the restless activity of the human intellect has been perpetually devising for itself new modes of conception and of expression—thereby perpetually either going beyond the truth or falling short of it, thus producing heresies—never yet in the Catholic Church has a heresy been able to establish itself or to effect a lodgment. Always and invariably has it been expelled. *As a morbid humour of the body is expelled by the vigour of life, so everything contrary to the perfect life of the body and the perfect purity of truth has been sooner or later cast out*—so completely eliminated, that not a taint remains behind."* (p. 123.)

"In the fifteenth century, the study and cultivation of classical literature excited in the minds of the leading men of European countries a sort of admiration, which I may call a worship, of the models of pagan antiquity, of its philosophy and its policy, of its patriots, and of its public morality. That which is styled the Renaissance, or the New Birth of the Christian world, profoundly infected the men of that day. This antichristian reaction has spread down to the present time. People were deceived into thinking that the Renaissance was the measure of all that is cultivated and civilized. *This was the first step, as I will show, to the rejection of Christian civilization.*

"It introduced paganism into books, into language, into art, into education. On the testimony of multitudes of men, in which I bear my own part, the education of Christian nations has been based and formed upon what is called classical literature. The examples, maxims, principles, the deeds, the crimes, personal, private, and public, even to the assassination of princes and revolt of peoples, glorified in classical literature, have been taken in unconsciously by boys in their early education for these three hundred years. In Italy and France this is already bearing its fruit." (pp. 135, 136.)

"I have already spoken of what are called the principles of 1789. I will not say more of them now, than to add that they are the legitimate application of the principles of the Reformation to states. *They are Lutheranism in politics, and they have done for the civil order that which the Reformation did for the ecclesiastical.* The Reformation broke up the religious unity, and the principles of 1789 broke up the political unity, of Christian Europe. From that day a perpetual dissolution, crumbling, and decay in the foundations of society has undermined every country where these principles have taken root." (p. 137.)

"Next, the same usurpation by the civil powers manifested itself in the north

* This beautifully and at the same time carefully expressed remark of the Archbishop's will remind our readers forcibly of the long and very impressive passage, concerning Monophysism and Jansenism, which we have quoted from F. Newman in the first article of our present number.

and in the west of Europe. It would be against my will to go into any detail of matters nearer home ; but for clearness it must be said that for the last three hundred years, in Germany and in these countries, the relation of the two societies, civil and spiritual, and the order which God had instituted, have been inverted. Religion has been made a part of legislation and of government. Religion and State Churches have been, as it is called, 'established.' But this is the inversion of the whole Divine order. *It is the State that needs to be established by the Church, not the Church by the State ;* the inferior cannot sustain the superior. It is not the order of nature that upholds the order of grace ; it is the order of grace that upholds and perfects the order of nature. All human power, human authority, human legislation, human society, depends, as I have shown, for its perfection, its perpetuity, its progress, its welfare, its peace, upon the sovereignty of God, by and through His Church. The Church may hold and use temporal power, but it will not be established by it. In other countries, which profess to remain within the unity of the Catholic Church, has appeared a *pernicious illusion, which has blinded and seduced many better minds. It is called the 'Free Church in the Free State.'* This imagination rests on the assumption that the two societies are perfectly free and independent one of another, which is absolutely true of the Church, but absolutely false of the State ; that they are two societies upon a perfect equality. This again is absolutely false, because the supernatural or Divine order is higher than the natural and human. Lastly, it assumes that they may go each their way without reciprocal duties and mutual co-operation ; which is contrary to the law of God, both in nature and in grace. We have seen that the supernatural society elevates and perfects the natural, even in the order of civilization. The separation of these two works of God is the loss and fall of the civil and political society of the world. But in the east, the north, the west, and now in the south of Christendom, there are not only theories and principles, but actual policies and systems of legislation, the ultimate object of which is to divorce and to separate the two societies which God has created to be united together. You are aware that, in the Syllabus, the Holy See has condemned the following proposition : 'That the Church ought to be separated from the State, and the State from the Church,' (pp. 152-4.)

"There is not a heresy, so far as I can remember, in the history of the Church, which has not begun in some bishop or priest. Some man, ordained to be a witness of truth and a preacher of justice, has fallen from the Church which is divinely guided to teach the faithful, as Satan fell like lightning from Heaven. They who should have been as a light to guide the intellect of men became a wildfire to blast and wither the soul. And whence came these heresies ? From intellectual pride ; that is, from the revolt of the intellect against the sovereignty of faith, springing from a perverse will and confirming its perversion." (p. 157.)

A Dogmatic Catechism, from the Italian of Frassinetti. Revised and Edited by the Oblate Fathers of S. Charles. London : Washbourne.

THERE are no publications which we receive for notice with more pleasure, than good Catholic catechisms ; for there are none (to our mind) more pressing needed. One urgent desideratum is an exposition of Catholic

doctrine, which shall be suitable for lay students receiving a higher education. Such exposition indeed would be a work of considerable labour, and would require unusual qualifications for its successful accomplishment. It would contain of course, in the first place, a treatment of the great Catholic dogmata, sufficiently full and scientific to meet the requirements of highly-trained intellects. It would state with accuracy and precision all those special parts of Catholic doctrine, whether intrinsically more or less prominent, which are assailed or imperilled by current speculative errors. It would set forth clearly and copiously those great truths on the due relation of Church and State and on other cognate matters, which the Holy See has of late been so constantly and energetically enforcing *ex cathedrâ*. And these are but samples of what might fairly be expected from such a work.

The Catechism before us has no pretension of this kind, though admirably suitable for the purpose at which it aims. The Archbishop in his Preface speaks of it most truly, as "singularly well adapted to the needs of our middle class, for whom as yet a sufficient provision has hardly been made." And there is another object for which it will perhaps be found almost equally useful; viz., that of instruction for *teachers of poor children*. Present circumstances should make Catholics expend especial pains on this vitally important work. Much has been done by recent legislation to hamper the Church's task of educating poor children in the truths of their religion. But we shall be gainers rather than losers by these events, if they fix our thoughts more earnestly on the enterprise, of imbuing the teachers of these children with methodical and systematic knowledge of Catholic truth. When such truth is apprehended, not fragmentarily and bit by bit but as a large and connected whole, each individual portion thereof is imparted with a vigour and freshness, which take men by surprise.

We will now give a few extracts from Frassinetti's work, as samples of its excellent execution. The dogma of the Blessed Trinity has been by some catechetical writers set forth so vaguely—the numerical unity of God's nature has been so kept in the background—as almost to suggest tritheism. But the following exposition leaves nothing to be desired.

"Have the Persons of the most Holy Trinity the same Perfections, the same Understanding, and the same Will?

"A. They have the same Wisdom and the same Goodness. They live with the same Life, know with the same Understanding, will with the same Will, and work with the same Power. The reason of this is always the same, that they have the same Divine Nature and Substance.

"May we then say that the Person of the Father is the Person of the Son, and the Person of the Holy Ghost?

"A. You must not say so, for it is an article of the Faith that They are Three Persons, really distinct (Athanasian Creed); and therefore the Person of the Father is not the Person of the Son, nor of the Holy Ghost; the Person of the Son is not the Person of the Father, nor of the Holy Ghost; the Person of the Holy Ghost is not the Person of the Father, nor of the Son. They are Three Persons really distinct one from another, although They have the same Substance.

"Can we say that God is distinct in Three Persons?

"A. The expression that God is distinct in Three Persons is condemned by the dogmatic Bull '*Auctorem Fidei*'; hence you must say that in God

there are Three distinct Persons, and not that God is distinct in Three Persons.

"May we not say, in any sense whatever, that there are Three Gods?"

"A. No, in no sense whatever; whoever should say so would be a heretic.

"May we say that God is Father, Son, and Holy Ghost?"

"You should say so, as appears from the definition of the 4th Lateran Council.*

"Give me some comparison which may render this less obscure to me.

"A. Picture to yourself three persons called Peter, Paul, and John, who, nevertheless, had one and the same soul, and one and the same body. We should call them three persons, because one would be Peter, the other Paul, and the third John; they would, however, be one man only, and not three men, *not having three bodies or three souls, but only one body and one soul*. This would be impossible amongst men, because man's substance is little and limited, and therefore cannot be one and the same in more than one person; but the Substance of God, that is the Divinity, is infinite, and therefore can be found, and in fact, is found, in several persons. The Substance, therefore, that is to say, the Divinity of the Father, is found also in the Son and in the Holy Ghost." (pp. 68-70.)

The distinction between actual and habitual grace is thus felicitously illustrated:—

"Could you, by some comparison, explain to me more clearly the difference which exists between Actual grace and Sanctifying grace?"

"A. Picture to yourself a little child who has fallen down in the mire. This child has not the power to get up again of himself, and he has need of dry, clean clothes, because his clothes are all wet and soiled with mud. His mother hastens to his assistance, and first gives him her hand to help him up, and then dresses him again, as there is need. Here you have a twofold aid from the mother, corresponding to the twofold necessity of the child; but the first is a passing, transitory, momentary aid, since when the mother helps him up, she does nothing which remains on him, to use a material expression; the second, however, is a permanent aid, since the fresh clothes, with which she covers him, remain on the child. In the help which the mother gives her child to get up again, you have a similitude of Actual grace; in the clothes which she puts upon him, you have a similitude of Habitual grace. The first is transitory; the second is permanent, remaining with a man." (pp. 122-3.)

The following statement on efficacious and sufficient grace seems to us a model, both as to what is said and what is *not*:—

"Can you explain the efficacy and sufficiency of grace in any other way?"

"A. Theologians have framed various systems, and have explained, some in one way, some in another, the efficacy and sufficiency of grace; but, in this most difficult matter, it will suffice for us to know what is certain and beyond possibility of doubt. It is certain, that there are *efficacious graces*—that is to say, graces which obtain their effect. It is certain, that there are graces which are only *sufficient*, and which, being resisted, do not obtain their effect. This is a truth of the Faith, defined against Jansenius. This sufficient grace must be capable of obtaining—that is, sufficient to obtain—the effect for which it is given. If it did not suffice to its end it would be insuf-

* "We believe and confess that there is one Supreme, Incomprehensible and Ineffable Reality, which is truly Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Three Persons together, and each of them distinct."

ficient, and sufficient grace which is not enough—that is to say, which is not sufficient, is a contradiction. It is certain, that God sincerely wills the salvation of all men ; it is certain, that without His interior and actual grace no adults can be saved ; it is certain, that God will not allow them to want the true aids of grace, as means absolutely necessary for the attainment of their end—that is, of their salvation ; and so we all have grace sufficient to save us, and, if we co-operate with this grace, our salvation is secure. ‘To every one is given light and grace, that, doing what is in him, he may save himself by giving only his consent.’ This is the doctrine, and these are the words of St. Catherine of Genoa, whose authority, as all know, is certainly as good as that of a theologian. Precisely, and in the full rigour of the expression, this is the belief of the whole Christian people. I confess, however, that I prefer the beautiful words of the Council of Trent before all the systems :—‘God does not command what is impossible ; but commanding He warns thee to do what thou art able, and to ask for what thou art not able to do. In the meanwhile He helps thee in order that thou mayst be able. His commandments are not grievous, His yoke is sweet, His burden is light. . . . Those whom He has once justified He does not abandon, unless they first abandon Him.’ This is the consoling doctrine of the Holy Spirit, and all the more consoling because it is infallible.” (pp. 126-7.)

Here again are clear expressions on a matter of vital importance and of some difficulty. The italics in the first paragraph are our own :—

“In how many ways can we love God above all things ?

“A. In two ways, ‘appreciatively’ and ‘intensely.’ God is loved above all things appreciatively, when *the will is so united to God* that it is ready to suffer anything whatever, rather than offend Him by any mortal sin ; He is loved intensely, above all things, when, to the firmness and attachment of the will, is united a lively transport and ardent affection, so that nothing makes so great impression on the feelings of our heart, as the pleasure or displeasure of Almighty God.

“In which of these two ways are we obliged to love God ?

“A. In the first, that is to say, appreciatively ; and he who should be without this love could not be saved.

“Does this appreciative love oblige us only to abstain from mortal sin ?

“A. Appreciative love obliges us to prefer Almighty God and His good pleasure before all things, and therefore to abstain even from venial sin ; nevertheless, since venial sin does not extinguish charity in us, appreciative love would suffice for our salvation, although it might not attain to making us avoid venial sin.

“For what reason are we not obliged to love God intensely above all things ?

“A. Because this intense love is not in our own power ; it is an extraordinary gift of God, most precious and greatly to be desired. The purest souls possess it, generally speaking, even in this life ; still, even they have not the fulness of the intensity of the Divine love, this fulness of love being reserved for the Saints in Heaven.

“How can it be that a soul should prefer God and His good pleasure before all things, whilst some other object may make greater impression on the feelings of the heart ?

“A. The act of giving preference to one thing before all others is an act of the *will*, which is free ; *feeling* the impression of one thing more than another belongs to the *sensitive* faculty, which in us is not free, but of necessity. For example, I may determine to give preference to bitter food instead of sweet, but I cannot prevent myself *feeling* the bitterness when I eat it. From the same sensitive faculty it arises that even pious mothers feel more

lively joy in seeing their children restored to health after a dangerous illness, than in seeing them penitent after the commission of some sin ; and yet their *will* would prefer rather to see them sick than sinners.

"When a man prefers God before all things because He is an infinite good, and would lose anything whatever rather than offend Him grievously, has he the perfect love of God ?

"A. It is certain that such an one then possesses the perfect love of God ; perfect in its nature, though capable of becoming more and more perfect, as is clearly seen in the case of a man who would be ready to lose anything whatever rather than offend God by even a venial sin." (pp. 159-61.)

And again on a kindred matter, the "imperfect contrition" or "attrition" absolutely required for a valid absolution. The italics again are our own :—

"What conditions ought Contrition, that is, sorrow for sin, to have ?

"A. It must be 'internal,' that is to say, it must come from the heart : it must be supreme, that is to say, it must cause us to detest sin above every other evil ; it must be 'universal,' making us abhor all mortal sins whatsoever ; it must be 'supernatural,' that is to say, it must spring from a motive revealed by the Holy Faith.

"Is a sorrow which has these conditions necessary in Confession, when we have only to accuse ourselves of venial sins ?

"A. There is no doubt of it, except in regard to the third condition ; for it is not necessary that the penitent should have an universal sorrow for all his venial sins ; it is sufficient that, when confessing only venial sins, he should repent of some one of them. He must, however, have an internal, supreme, supernatural sorrow on account of that of which he repents, *so that he may be disposed to suffer anything whatever, rather than commit it any more.*

"Could a person who had only venial sins to confess, and who did not feel this sorrow, go to Confession ?

"A. Such an one could not receive Absolution, otherwise the Sacrament would be void, as wanting an essential part. On this account Theologians advise persons who frequent Holy Confession and who accuse themselves only of habitual venial sins, to add to their confession some graver sin of their past life for which they have a more certain sorrow, in order that the matter of the Sacrament may not be wanting. *For want such of caution it is possible that not a few persons who frequent Holy Confession receive Absolution in vain.* But we leave this to be discussed by Moral Theologians." (pp. 211-12.)

We will conclude with the author's remarks on Catholic worship of the Most Holy Virgin :—

"The Church has always promoted, with singular earnestness, devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and this devotion consists in venerating Her, and in praying to Her to intercede for us. The Saints who have been most eminent for knowledge and piety, were ever distinguished by a most special devotion to Mary. The authors who enjoy the reputation of the soundest and most stainless doctrine, have ever written great things of devotion to Mary ; Her worship is disapproved only by heretics ; and those who have little devotion to Her are those only who are not good Christians. I ask pardon of Mary, I ask pardon of her devout clients, when I say merely, that devotion to her is most useful ; for more than this might be said without fear of error.

"Do those who say that Mary bestows graces express themselves correctly ?

"A. They express themselves well, because the Church asks Mary to bestow graces, 'Solve vincla reis, profer lumen cæcis,' &c. Break the

bonds of the captive, give light to the darkened, &c. Understand, however, that Mary *impetrates* these graces for us, it being certain that the *Author* of all grace, as the Author of all good, is God alone." (p. 119.)

The Oblate Fathers have conferred on English Catholics signal benefit by this publication.

The Contemporary Review for November, 1871, and January, 1872. Papers by MR. HUXLEY and MR. ST. GEORGE MIVART.

A CONTROVERSY has just taken place under the eyes of the public which has great interest for Catholics. So far it has not been a long one; there has been the attack and the reply, and nothing more. Whether it will go on we cannot say; but what has been already said on both sides is sufficient to afford ample matter for comment. During the last few months Professor Huxley seems to have taken his place in the ranks of the bigots. His speech at the London School Board, a few weeks ago, against fees to Catholic schools, was remarkable, not so much for its conclusions, as for its avowed premisses. Professor Huxley declared it to be his opinion that the Catholic religion was such that no good citizen could justly allow it the usual rights of citizenship. This is persecution. Right or wrong, Professor Huxley has declared himself a persecutor; and, seeing that he is a person of great accomplishments in a certain line, a ready speaker, and in possession of the ear of the public, it is just as well that Catholics should recognize the fact. The paper in the "*Contemporary Review*" for November last, to which we at present direct attention, seems almost intended as a scientific justification of his outbreak at the School Board. If it is, nobody need any longer wonder at what he may say against the Catholic Church. Perhaps our readers have read the article. Whether they have or not matters little, for we can epitomize it in a single quotation.

"And until responsible authority—say, for example, the Archbishop of Westminster—formally declares that Suarez was wrong, and that Catholic priests are free to teach their flocks that the world was *not* made in six natural days, and that plants and animals were *not* created in their perfect and complete state, but have been evolved by natural processes through long ages from certain germs in which they were potentially contained, I, for one, shall feel bound to believe that the doctrines of Suarez are the only ones which are sanctioned by Infallible authority, as represented by the Holy Father and the Catholic Church." (p. 456.)

Professor Huxley speaks very severely, in the same page, of men who propagate "what they may easily know, and, *therefore* are bound to know, to be falsities." We cannot see how he can escape from his own sentence. He might easily have known, and he therefore was bound to know, that the description he implicitly gives of what is Catholic doctrine, on the subject of the "six days" at least, was false. He must have heard of Cardinal Wiseman's Lectures on the "Connection between Science and Revealed Religion"—to

mention no other Catholic books, for we waive what we might very justly claim, namely, that he should have examined a considerable number of Catholic authorities before he presumed to lay down what was Catholic doctrine. Catholic doctrine! Mr. Huxley has not a distant idea of what the phrase means. Nothing is "Catholic doctrine" which is not taught and believed by the Church as *Catholic doctrine*. What Professor Huxley, therefore, should have ascertained, had he acted with ordinary intelligence and straightforwardness, was, not whether this or that Catholic writer, or whether a number of Catholic writers, *held* the opinion that he is concerned with, but, 1. whether they affirmed it to be "*Catholic doctrine*"; 2. whether they were of sufficient weight to make such an affirmation on their parts authoritative.

We are not going to take the trouble, in this place, to prove that Catholics are free to adopt the teachings of modern science. If our antagonists will not read our books before they write against us, they will hardly do so afterwards. But we may observe that Mr. Mivart, in his answer to Professor Huxley ("*Contemporary Review*," January, 1872) gives a lengthy list of Catholic authorities, both ancient and recent, who distinctly assert, either that the "six days" of Genesis are not to be taken in the literal sense, or that the question is an open one. Among other names Mr. Mivart cites Father Pianciani's "*Cosmogonia Naturale comparata col Genesi*" (Roma, 1862); Rev. Professor Molloy's "*Geology and Revelation*" (London 1869); Gousset, "*Théol. Dogmatique*;" Frayssinous, "*Défense du Christianisme*;" Father Perrone, "*Prælect. Theologicæ*," and Cardinal Wiseman's work already mentioned.

Passing from this unpardonable carelessness or want of candour on the part of an eminent popular writer (and let it be observed it is all the more unpardonable because it occurs in a place where all the world will read it), we must congratulate Mr. Mivart on the very complete answer he has given to his antagonist. His first point is, that Professor Huxley has shirked his arguments against pure Darwinism, and not only shirked his arguments but misrepresented his view. He thus states the points in which he differs from Mr. Darwin:—

"The very essence of Mr. Darwin's theory as to the 'origin of species' was, the paramount action of the destructive powers of nature over any direct tendency to vary in any certain and definite line, whether such direct tendency resulted mainly from internal predisposing or external exciting causes.

"The benefit of the individual in the struggle for life was announced as the one determining agent, fixing slight beneficial variations into enduring characters, and the evolution of species by such agency is justly and properly to be termed formation by natural selection. . . . Such being the case, my first object, as I have before said, was to show not only that 'natural selection' is inadequate to the task assigned it, but that there is much positive evidence of the action both of external influences sufficient to dominate and overpower in certain instances any process of 'natural selection,' and also of still more influential internal powers; moreover, that these powers are so efficient as to present themselves as probably the main determining agent in specific evolution, although I admitted that a certain subordinate action of natural selection plainly obtained."

Mr. Mivart then briefly recapitulates the arguments he put forward in his "Genesis of Species"; they will be found epitomised in the DUBLIN REVIEW for April 1871, pp. 482-6. He concludes as follows :—

"The hypothesis which I ventured to offer as my view of the evolutionary process was and is, that just as all admit the universe to have been so ordered—or so to exist—that on the mixing of chemical substances under certain conditions, new and perfectly definite species of minerals are suddenly evolved from potentiality to existence, and as by the juxtaposition of inorganic matters under certain influences a new form of force—'vitality'—appears upon the scene; so also in animals, the concurrence of certain external exciting causes acts in such a manner on internal predisposing tendencies as to determine by a direct seminal modification the evolution of a new specific form. The action of 'natural selection,' I admitted, and admit, to be real and necessary, but I ascribe to it an altogether subordinate rôle. This view may be true or false, but it is a very different one from that advocated by the author of the 'Origin of Species,' and I am at a loss to understand how Professor Huxley can consider it identical with Mr. Darwin's." (p. 172.)

So are we. But Mr. Darwin, just now, seems to be in a state of transition. In his fifth edition he makes admissions which are decisive against the hypothesis that "natural selection" is the sole agent of development, and yet (as Mr. Mivart also observes) he nowhere seems to state distinctly that it is quite a *subordinate* agent. Perhaps he will come to this in his sixth edition, which we understand to be now in preparation.

But if Professor Huxley did not see his way to answer Mr. Mivart's scientific objections to Darwinism, he was more at home in another line of answer. He first of all (quite gratuitously) assumes that Mr. Mivart is arguing from the point of view of a Catholic, and then, as we have already noticed, makes the monstrous and impudent assertion that no Catholic can hold either successive creation or evolution in any sense whatever. Perhaps it was skilful in Professor Huxley to make friends of orthodox Protestants by pretending to be exposing the bigotry of Ultramontanes, and perhaps this is the reason why his Essay seems to have been received so silently by their organs. But in reality his premisses bear as hardly upon all believers in the inspiration of the Bible as upon the strictest Ultramontane. He tells the Protestant clergy that they are propagating, Sunday after Sunday, what they may easily know, and therefore what they are bound to know, are falsities; or else they are using words in a non-natural sense, and are worse than Jesuits. He considers that if Almighty God is really the author of Genesis, He must have used language "studiously calculated to deceive His creatures and worshippers" (p. 458); and he talks with contempt of the "preposterous fable respecting the fabrication" of woman, according to the literal interpretation of the sacred record (p. 456). Professor Huxley seems to labour under the impression that Moses wrote in the English of the A.V.; otherwise he would not talk such foolish nonsense about "days" and "creative acts." But this theological outbreak (in which the distinguished physiologist, in spite of an affected disclaimer, has taken as much delight as a man usually takes in a new and fresh enterprise where everything is novel), will do little harm to any but its author. Its *animus* is so bitter, and its hostility so spiteful, that it must lower the man who has indulged in it to the

level of the mere declaiming bigots that lose their heads and gnash with their teeth when they come into the presence of Catholic truth. Mr. Huxley has made a great deal of Suarez; and we are glad to see that, as regards Suarez, Mr. Mivart has answered him most completely. No one (least of all Mr. Mivart) ever said that Suarez was an advocate of "evolution." What Mr. Mivart quoted Suarez for, in his "Genesis of Species," was to show that the great Spanish Jesuit held principles in philosophy which were quite in accordance with the theory of evolution; it fact, that he admitted the possibility of "derivative creation" (that is, the possibility that new forms and even new species might be "educed" out of the potentiality of matter), whilst holding, as regards actual fact, that the history of creation had not been by development, and that, with a few exceptions, no fresh species, but only fresh individuals, had been "educed" out of potentiality since the *fiat* of creation. Professor Huxley has hunted up a "Suarez"; he has muddled himself by attempting to understand the technicalities of scholastic philosophy; and he has announced, with an imposing flourish of trumpets, that Suarez "directly opposes the opinions" of Mr. Mivart as to evolution! As no one ever doubted this, it is not difficult to see how far Professor Huxley's painful studies in matter and form have benefited his cause. Suarez, whatever else he was, is not claimed by Catholics as a prophet. He had not the most distant notion, in all probability, of "evolution," as a theory; and he simply stated his belief that the literal interpretation of Genesis was to be followed, in opposition to the "Augustinian" school, who thought the account was figurative, but who generally agreed with their antagonists as to the fact that little or nothing had taken place which could properly be called Evolution. What Mr. Mivart maintains is that Suarez "asserts the principle that those kinds of animals which are potentially contained in nature need not be supposed to be directly and immediately created. In determining what kinds were or were not so contained, he followed the scientific notions of his time as he understood them. He would have written according to the exigences of science now." (p. 179.)

We think Mr. Mivart has conclusively answered his antagonist in regard to this notable discovery of the opinions of Suarez. But Mr. Mivart here raises, or rather reverts to, a point on which we must say a word or two. In his "Genesis of Species" (p. 277), he discussed the origin of the *body* of man, and implied that it was perfectly orthodox to hold that it was "created" in a way similar to that in which all other animals were (on the hypothesis of evolution) created, viz. by development, the soul being subsequently infused. In our article on "Evolution and Faith," in July, 1871, we maintained that to deny the instantaneousness, or quasi-instantaneousness, of the formation of the body of the first man was at least rash, and perhaps proximate to heresy. In saying this, we did not at all insist upon the Scripture formulary, taken by itself. If the author of Genesis says that Adam was formed of the slime of the earth, other passages of Scripture assert the same thing of all men whatsoever; and it is clear that in the case of all Adam's children the expression is not literally true. But we thought that the voice of the Fathers was so unanimous on the point that it could hardly be rejected by a Catholic. We confess that we speak on the subject with diffidence, because there are difficulties on both sides; but we will recapitulate our reasons for what was said.

1. In the first place, no one will deny that the Fathers, and the general voice of the Church, interpret the history of the formation of Adam's body as designed to convey, *at least* the idea, that God formed it in a more special way than He formed other things. In other words, God certainly formed Adam's body by extra-natural co-operation. This would be admitted even by many scientific men who are not Catholics, such as Mr. Wallace.

2. But if God did interfere in an extra-natural way to make Adam's body, the question is reduced to a choice of miracles. On the one hand, we have the hypothesis that He formed it out of pre-existing materials, by one act of His will, infusing at the same moment the spiritual soul. On the other, we have the theory that Adam's body was that of an anthropomorphous ape; that this animal was specially developed, watched over, and protected, and that, after a quasi-miraculous existence for a number of years, it received the rational soul, not by addition (which would have made Adam merely an ape added to a spirit), but by the change of the animal and vegetative principle into the rational or human. Of the two theories, looking at them merely from the point of view of reason, we prefer the former, as involving fewer miracles. We admit that the latter receives a certain support from the statements of Catholic authorities in regard to what takes place in the case of the human *fœtus*. It is admitted that what is afterwards the human infant is at first mere matter, hardly organized at all, afterwards sentient, and finally animated by the rational soul. And in this process it is evident that there is a substitution of principles or souls, such as we have just objected to in the case of Adam. But we are not objecting to the possibility of the view we reject. We only say that it is too miraculous. The process of conception and birth, however wonderful, is natural. But Adam could not have been *born* (that is, as a human being). We never heard of any one who maintained that Adam received the rational soul whilst yet in the womb of a brute-mother; at any rate, it is expressly rejected by all authority that he came into human existence as an infant. What is natural, therefore, in the process of birth, becomes highly miraculous in any other view of Adam's formation. We do not deny the miraculous to have intervened; we postulate it; but, in accordance with all Catholic authority, we diminish it as far as we can. Nor is this argument a merely *à priori* or presumptive one, which must cease to operate if science is against it. Miracles are vouched for either by sensible experience or by revelation; therefore scientific evolution, which is entirely deductive, cannot testify anything at all about the presumed intervention of the miraculous.

3. There is a peculiar *consensus* of authority on the questions of Adam's body. Even S. Augustine, who makes so little of the "letter" of Genesis, distinctly admits and asserts, with the word "*creditor*," that it was instantaneously formed.* F. Perrone goes so far as to say that the "immediate formation" of man, *body* and *soul*, by Almighty God is a matter of faith (*spectat ad fidem*).† No one can deny that Catholic theologians, though knowing nothing of evolution, speak of Adam's body in a different way from

* "De Genesi ad Litteram," l. vi. 14.

† "Prælect. Theol.," i. 702.

that in which they speak of all other beings. The reason is, it seems to us, that man is part of the supernatural order. He is the subject of that order, and the object of it; and as all material creation was for him, so his formation stands on a different plane from that of all the other lower beings. Therefore it would seem that his creation becomes a thing "belonging to faith and morality," such as would properly fall within the scope of what the Council of Trent has declared to be the authority of patristic interpretation of Scripture. This is why we said it seemed "proximate to heresy" to reject the usual opinion. At any rate we are clear that, at present, it would be rash. It is rash to contradict the words of the Fathers, the theologians, and the *consensus fidelium* without reason amounting to evidence, and this even in things only distantly connected with Catholic faith.

4. With respect to the formation of the body of Eve, Catholic teaching seems clearly to reject the view that the first man was androgynous, and (as a consequence) that woman was formed or developed by natural process. At the same time, we would not be understood to maintain that the text of the sacred narrative distinctly states the *mode* in which Eve was made out of the body of Adam. The word "rib," as far as we know, need not necessarily mean the exact bony structure that it means in modern English. But we think it must be held, at present at least, that Eve was "built up" by an instantaneous act of Almighty God, from some portion of Adam's body which was taken from him.

Mr. Mivart admits the miraculous, or the extra-natural, action of Almighty God in the body of man; he cannot, therefore, have any insuperable difficulty in assenting to our view, if we are correct in asserting that is the only one that is orthodox. Inductions from structure, variation, reversion, &c., must always be checked by revelation; and when we come to a conclusion, in a matter like this, different from what mere sensible phenomena would warrant, it is not that the sensible phenomena are deceptive, but that they are in this case corrected by the word of God. As for Professor Huxley, since he denies the miraculous altogether, it cannot matter to him at what precise point we insist upon its necessary intervention.

We will not enlarge on the rest of Mr. Mivart's paper. He has many admirable remarks against his antagonist's sheer materialism and his crude speculations in religion and psychology. It is gratifying to Catholics, and it ought to be gratifying to all believers in the Bible, to see a man whose high scientific attainments no one can dispute, writing so well and so loyally in the interests of the truth of revelation.

The Condition of Catholics under James I. Father Gerard's Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot. Edited by JOHN MORRIS, Priest of the Society of Jesus. Longmans. 1871.

FATHER MORRIS has done excellent service by this volume. Sir Walter Scott somewhere says, speaking of Pepys, that the best edition of an author is that which merely "bastes him with his own sauce," and this is emphatically what Father Morris has done. Opening his work with the one dictum that "the life and character of a witness are the grounds on which we base our estimate of his credibility," he gives excellent translations, by Father Kingdon, from Father Gerard's autobiography, with its history, and that of the "Plot of Powder," confining his editorship, beyond this, to very careful and accurate notes, which clear up instead of encumbering the narratives. The Gerard's of Bryn, in Lancashire, date from the reign of Edward III. (1352), when they became possessed, by marriage, of Bryn, Ashton, and other Lancashire property. The family has outlived three dwelling-houses; Old Bryn, New Bryn, and Garswood, and their present residence, the New Hall, dates only from 1692. Father John was the second son of Sir Thomas Gerard, Knight (made a baronet of the first creation in 1611), and was born in 1564. When he was five years old his father was imprisoned in the Tower for conspiring to set Queen Mary of Scotland free. He regained his own liberty by one of those "free offers" which "recusant" Catholics were then forced to make to their cruel and rapacious sovereign Elizabeth, "of glorious memory." At fifteen years old John Gerard was sent to Exeter College, Oxford, but remained there only a year, as Catholics were obliged not only to attend chapel, but to receive the bread and wine of the "counterfeit sacrament." He pursued his studies at home under a tutor, Mr. Sutton, who afterwards became a Jesuit. Young Gerard next spent three years at Rheims, where he made the acquaintance of a young Jesuit, who gave him such an account of the mode of life, that Gerard says: "I heard the call of God's infinite mercy and loving-kindness, inviting me from the crooked ways of the world to the straight path, to the perfect following of Christ in His holy society." From Rheims he went to Clermont College, in Paris, and thence to Rouen, for an interview with the celebrated Jesuit Father Persons, who wisely directed him to go back to England to recover his strength and settle all his worldly affairs. Having done this, Gerard, with several other Catholics, re-embarked at Dover for France; but they were forced back by contrary winds, seized by the custom-house officers, and finally committed to the Marshalsea prison, where eleven priests were then confined, and among them Bishop, afterwards the first Vicar Apostolic in this country. Here, as usual, finding in this loathsome captivity the "school of Christ," the imprisoned priests found means to hide "church-stuff" and all the requisites for Mass, and with that remarkable recurrence which characterizes persecutions of the Church in all times, Gerard's neighbour, a

priest, found means of opening some communication with the next cell, and Mass was celebrated very early every morning. On account¹ of his family, much interest seems to have been made for Gerard, and after about a year's imprisonment he was set free, and returned to Paris, whence, with Father Holt, he went to Rome. His companion afterwards became rector of the English College there. As the Spanish Armada was just then starting for the invasion of England, Cardinal Allen resolved to send Gerard, with others, on the English mission, well knowing that Catholics would there be exposed to a redoubled fury of persecution from Walsingham. The Pope's dispensation was accordingly obtained, that Gerard might receive priest's orders before the due time. This being granted, Gerard so earnestly besought his admission to the Society before starting for England, that Father Persons interceded for him, and the Father-General, then Acquaviva, received him and F. Ouldcorne on the Sunday, the Feast of the Assumption, 1588.

On reaching England, the vessel crossed the Channel, coasting eastwards, and the missionaries landed here and there, as they found it prudent. Fathers Ouldcorne and Gerard then cast lots which of them should first leave his shelter and make his venture across the country. The lot fell on Father Ouldcorne, and, after many adventures, he reached London in safety. Father Gerard met with more difficulties; but, having found means of communicating with a Catholic in Norwich, he also arrived in London, and made his way to Father Garnett, then Provincial in this country, in place of Father Weston, who was in prison.

Father Gerard, in the ordinary guise of a gentleman, soon visited his own neighbourhood, and once in the hunting-field, while the hounds were at fault, began a conversation with a gentleman he had gone to seek, and upon whom he had made such an impression that, after a few interviews, he was received into the Church. He also comforted many sorrowing and depressed Catholics, who had been long deprived of a priest and the strength of the sacraments to sustain their drooping courage. During his visits in the north he found women acting with the most heroic courage, and sustaining the neighbouring families by their example. Among them were the two noble daughters of Percy, Earl of Northumberland, who, after their father's execution, became "pillars of support" to the neighbouring persecuted and afflicted Catholics. One of these, a married woman, had often six or seven priests sheltered in her house, and continued to do this until her husband's fears obliged her to leave the neighbourhood, and to go to live near London. This is by no means a singular instance at that time in which the man's cowardice and human respect neutralized or put an end to a great work carried on by women for God. One of the most extraordinary facts in this narrative is the way in which the necessities for saying Mass were carried about and concealed. Nearly everywhere the vestments, &c., were got ready for Father Gerard's coming, Mass was said, and he was so passed from house to house by faithful Catholics, that he scarcely ever slept at an inn. Another fact worthy of note to us—who must continually face the truth, that persecution, though it may sleep, is undying—is that persistence in acting up to the highest duty is possible under the most unfavourable conditions, if

men are heroically disposed. In spite of the fury of Elizabeth and her ministers, raised by Spanish interference to its height at that time ; when Lord Arundel was languishing in prison, and the wretched Topcliffe was hunting the country north and south with his bloodhounds, Father Garnett gathered his Jesuits about him for consultation and half-yearly manifestation of conscience, exactly as if profound peace reigned on all sides. On one of these occasions, as many as nine or ten Jesuits, with several priests and lay Catholics, were assembled in Worcestershire, and the Jesuits were preparing to renew their vows. Father Garnett, with a kind of inspiration, quietly said that he would assure their safety till after the renovation, as they were met together in the service of God ; but as soon as the ceremony was over he advised each one to provide for himself as quickly as possible. The greater number then rode away in different directions, and the very next morning, as Father Southwell was going to say Mass, the priest-catchers came to the house, and the five Fathers and two other priests, and several gentlemen, remained hidden for four hours. Father Ouldcorne was one of the five, three of whom afterwards laid down their lives for the faith. Father Gerard, later on, went to London, where he was sheltered by the Countess of Arundel, whose noble husband, Philip Howard, was then in the Tower (1594). He had scarcely left her, and settled himself in a house, when he was betrayed, and carried before the Commissioners. The following is a good example of both the captious questioning and the admirable answers of that time :—

“ ‘ Who sent you to England ? ’ they asked.

“ ‘ The Superiors of the Society.’

“ ‘ To what end ? ’

“ ‘ To bring back stray souls to their Creator.’

“ ‘ No, no,’ said they. ‘ You were sent for matters of State, and to turn people from the obedience of the Queen to the obedience of the Pope.’

“ ‘ As for matters of State,’ I replied, ‘ we are forbidden to have anything to say to them, as they do not belong to our Institute. This prohibition, indeed, extends to all the members of the Society ; but on us missionaries it is particularly enjoined in a special instruction. As for the obedience due to the Queen and the Pope, each is to be obeyed in that wherein they have jurisdiction, and one obedience does not clash with the other, as England and all Christian realms have hitherto experienced.’ ”

Father Gerard was sent to one of the Counter prisons, and, after a few days, was examined by Topcliffe himself, then “ an old man, grown grey in wickedness,” “ a man of cruelty, athirst for the blood of the Catholics.” He showed Father Gerard a paper, which he had written himself, saying that “ the examine was sent by the Pope and the Jesuit Persons, and coming through Belgium, there had interviews with the Jesuits Holt and Sir William Stanley ; thence he came to England on a political errand, to beguile the Queen’s subjects, and lure them from their obedience to their Sovereign,” &c. Father Gerard wrote his denial of all these falsehoods, and, while he was writing, says :—

“ ‘ The old man waxed wrath, shook with passion, and would fain have snatched the paper from me.’

“ ‘ If you don’t want me to write the truth,’ said I, ‘ I’ll not write at all.’

" 'Nay,' quoth he, 'write so and so, and I'll copy out what you have written.'

" 'I shall write what *I* please,' I answered, 'and not what *you* please. Show what I have written to the Council, for I shall add nothing but my name.'"

And he signed so close to the writing that nothing could be interpolated by Topcliffe, who then became furious, and exclaimed :—

" 'I'll get you put into my power, and hang you in the air, and show you no mercy, and then I shall see *what God* will rescue you out of my hands.' "

Father Gerard was sent back to his cell heavily ironed, for which he rewarded the jailer with some money. He was in prison three months, the first of which he spent in retreat, following the spiritual exercises from memory. He was next shut up in the "Clink," in Southwark, which he says was "a change from Purgatory to Paradise"; for, as many Catholics were shut up there, he could confess, communicate, and, later on, say Mass. In the cell next to him was that holy lay brother of the Society, Ralph Emerson, whom Father Campion calls his "little man." In the Clink Father Gerard finally obtained such freedom of action that he was able to fit up a room as a chapel, to preach the Exercises to several prisoners, and even to receive such alms as to hire a house with a garden, where Catholic priests and laymen could lodge, and which he gave in charge to a very noble woman, Mrs. Line, who was afterwards martyred for "harbouring a priest." The whole account of her seizure and death is exceedingly beautiful. Besides the exercise of his priestly functions, and giving continual instructions and exhortations to the many applicants who came to visit him in prison, Father Gerard sent a great number of young men and boys to the seminaries on the Continent, some of whom became secular priests, some Jesuits, and others teachers in the various colleges.

In 1597 Father Gerard was examined before the Commissioners of the Privy Council, and, for the first time, cruelly tortured. He was hung up three times by the hands, till he fainted with the horrible agony, which he bore with unshaken courage; but he was denied the glory of martyrdom, and afterwards made his escape in the most extraordinary manner from the Tower, and fled to Father Garnett, who was probably living at White Webbs, in Enfield Chase. Subsequently Father Gerard took up his abode in the house of Mrs. Vaux, which probably saved him from being sent out of England by his Superiors, who seem to have thought that his zeal endangered himself, and perhaps also other necessary members of the Society. It is certainly scarcely matter of wonder that courage should have been pushed to audacity in his case, for his escapes and adventures are even romantic in their marvellousness. Once, when Father Gerard was at the house of a Catholic lady in Oxfordshire, playing at cards with some other Catholics, to sustain his character of a country gentleman, but at safe intervals discussing matters of religion, Dr. Abbot, the Dean of Winchester (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), came in from Oxford, and sat down with the party. Father Gerard, on this occasion, daringly took on himself the chief burden of the

conversation, and foiled Abbot on all the points he advanced. He continued to visit or reside in various gentlemen's houses, converting and receiving into the Church a great number of converts, preaching, instructing, and giving retreats on the spiritual exercises, and reaping a vast harvest of souls; but until the outbreak of the miserable conspiracy of the Gunpowder Plot, which, as he says, upset everything that was prospering, and "hindered all good." How far religion had again begun to take root and flourish may be partially gauged by externals, for hitherto the barest necessities for the altar had been difficult to obtain or preserve. Now he says :—

"We had two sets for each colour which the Church uses; one for ordinary use, the other for feast-days. Some of these latter were embroidered with gold and pearls, and figured by well-skilled hands. We had six massive silver candlesticks on the altar, besides those at the side for the Elevation. The cruets were of silver also, as were the basin for the lavates, the bell, and the thurible. There were, moreover, lamps hanging from silver chains, and a silver crucifix on the altar. For greater festivals, however, I had a crucifix of gold, a foot in height, on the top of which was represented a pelican, while on the right arm of the cross was an eagle with expanded wings, carrying on its back its young ones, who were also attempting to fly; on the left arm a phoenix expiring in flames, that it might have an offspring after it; and at the foot was a hen, with her chickens gathering heat under her wings. All this was made of wrought gold by a celebrated artist."

The Powder Plot made it necessary for Father Gerard to leave England, and he relates two occurrences, which he ascribes to the special intercession of Father Garnett. On reaching the ship, where he was to join the Spanish ambassadors, and to pass out of the country as if in their suite, they seemed afraid to take him; but just at the time when Father Garnett's martyrdom was accomplished in London (it was on May the 3rd) they changed their minds, and even lent him clothes to pass as a Spaniard, and he got safely out of the country. Three years afterwards, again on the 3rd of May, Father Gerard was allowed to take his solemn vows, though his acquirements fell short of what is due for profession; and this "greatest and most signal favour" he also ascribes to Father Garnett's prayers. Father Gerard laboured in the Society for thirty-one years after his escape from England. The following description, in, even for that time, extraordinary spelling, was put out by Topcliffe, of Father Gerard, after his escape from the Tower in 1597 :—

"Jhon Gerrarde, y^e Jhezew^t is about 30 years oulde Of a good stature sumwhat highe^r than S^r Tho Layton & upright in his payse and countenance sum what staying in his look or Eyes Currilde heire by Nature & blackyshe & not apt to have much heire of his bearde. I thincke his noase sum what wide and turninge Upp Blubarde Lipps turninge outwards Especially the over Lipps most upwards toward the Noase Kewryoos in speetche If he do now contynewe his custome. And in his speetche he flourrethe & smyles much & a falteringe or Lispering, or dooblinge of his Tonge in his speeche.

"Yor honor^r as you will comade me

"RIC TOPCLYFFE alias ~ ~ ~"

He was next sent to the Novitiate at Louvain, founded by that admirable woman, Donna Luisa de Carvajal, for English Jesuits. The Novitiate was afterwards transferred to Liège, where he became rector. Two or three beautiful letters to him are given out of the Stonyhurst MSS. from Cardinal Bellarmine (an autograph) and Father Luis de la Puente (de Ponte), one of which we must transcribe entire.

"May the Almighty and most pitiful Lord accompany you in the journey that you begin, for with such a guide and companion you will be everywhere safe and cheerful, and making true progress. Let Him ever dwell in your memory, understanding, and will, for His most sweet providence especially protects those who make their journeys from obedience to superiors, as Jacob did, who at his father's bidding journeyed through the desert into Mesopotamia, where he heard the voice of the Lord, which said to him, 'I will be thy keeper whithersoever thou goest.' Trusting to this hope, and protected by this guardianship, you will happily fulfil what you have begun.

"I commend myself to your reverence's sacrifices and prayers, for my weakness oppresses us much; but may the will of God be done in and about me in all things and by all things, to Whom concerning all things be glory for ever.—Amen.

✠ "LUDOVICUS DE LA PUENTE. ✠

"Valladolid, Feb. 2, 1622."

Father Gerard laboured afterwards in Spain and then in Rome, where he was confessor to the English College till he died in 1637, at the age of seventy-three years. The one single complaint made of him by his superiors was a quality which much enhances the interest of his life and character to outsiders, *i.e.* a certain imprudent audacity and generous zeal.

We sincerely hope that Father Morris will continue his editorship of the valuable materials the Stonyhurst MSS. and other records of the society must be able to furnish; and especially that we may look for some detailed account of Father Arrowsmith and the "Holy Hand" which is closely connected with the Gerard family, and the object of a very interesting local veneration.

We are not without hope that on a future occasion we may return, and at greater length, to this valuable and most interesting biography.

Essays Critical and Historical. By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.
London: Pickering.

WE had hoped to make these very interesting volumes an occasion for narrating the events belonging to the successive portions of the Tractarian movement with which these various essays are connected. And it is still indeed very possible that we may do this in an early number; but for the present we must confine ourselves within a far briefer limit.

F. Newman speaks very touchingly in his Preface of his past position, in that "from various circumstances he has been obliged through so many years to think aloud." We believe he is one of the extremely few men recorded in history, to whose reputation this circumstance will prove beneficial rather than injurious. Nothing will more impress every candid reader of these essays, whatever his school of thought, than the singular unity of principle pervading them all, and the steady and equable growth of opinion on the basis of such principle. F. Newman fears indeed that "the spectacle of two sides of a great ecclesiastical question, advocated with equal earnestness by one and the same author," may tend to create "a despondent or liberalistic or sceptical habit of mind on the subject of religious truth altogether." But for our own part we strongly think that the more hopeful view of this question, which was expressed by him in a letter of April 3, 1844 (*Apologia*, p. 331), is also the true one. Change of opinion, he there says, "is necessary, if truth be a *real objective thing*, and be made to confront a person *who has been brought up in a system short of truth*." And the whole of the letter should be read in this connection.

The present essays, with one exception, were written when he was an Anglican; and he purports to show in the notes, why the anti-Catholic arguments therein contained "have ceased to approve themselves to his own judgment." Those arguments may be referred to four principal classes, two aggressive and two defensive. The first class comprises those, which assail the Roman Church as having made additions to the One Faith. His direct answer to those arguments was of course contained in his *Essay on Development*; though there are many little supplements to that work in the volumes before us. It is most remarkable that a writer, as yet external to the Church, should have been the first (as far as we know) to treat expressly and systematically a great theological principle, which beyond question has been implicitly acted on by the Church from the first, and which is now explicitly recognized, not only by all theologians but in the official utterances of a Pope.*

The second class of aggressive anti-Catholic arguments comprises those, which assail the Roman See as guilty of usurpation in her claim to be the one divinely appointed centre of unity. F. Newman, when an Anglican, appealed loudly to the case of S. Meletius of Antioch and to other events of ecclesiastical history, in which persons more or less separated from Roman communion were accounted Catholics. See these instances recapitulated in

* See the sentences from Pius IX's "*Ineffabilis*" and "*Æterni Patris*," quoted in our number for January, 1869, p. 28, note.

vol. ii. pp. 101-2. He now replies (p. 102) that much depends on length of time and inveteracy; that there may be many separations, which are "threatenings and beginnings of schism," but not "perfected schisms." Our strong impression is (though we have no right to speak with confidence) that such a view of the case will command the acceptance of theologians; that there really is a difference not less than essential, between those two ecclesiastical conditions which F. Newman mutually contrasts. After a certain period, incipient separatists come to *acquiesce* in their state of separation; they fall back on some heretical theory to defend it; they assume the aggressive; they become active assailants of Rome. This state of things does seem essentially different from the earlier stage, in which they are bewildered by press of circumstances, perplexed by mutually opposing principles which they have hitherto held in union, and unable for a period to discern the true and Catholic course. At the same time we wish F. Newman had given his mind to Mr. Rhodes's admirable work on the "Visible Unity of the Church," in which these very questions are so carefully and fully considered; and that he had expressed an opinion on the value of that writer's labours.

Those of F. Newman's Anglican arguments which we have called "defensive," are again mainly two. Firstly he maintained, that the Anglican orders are indisputably valid. Secondly he argued, that where there are a bishop and priests validly ordained, there is no strict obligation of Catholic communion; that each separate diocese is a perfect Church; that no diocese is "bound to union with others by any law of its being or condition of its prerogatives, but all free from all except as regards the duty of mutual love" (vol. ii. p. 91). We will begin with this latter proposition.

F. Newman has reasoned against it in this volume, far more energetically and successfully (we think) than on any former occasion; and no more crushing refutation of an opponent can well be imagined. He begins with the language of Scripture (pp. 91-97), and sums up this part of the matter with an undeniable and most conclusive statement. Whatever else, he says, may be left uncertain by the naked text of the New Testament, one thing is therein declared beyond the possibility of doubt; viz. that the Apostolic Church was one organized whole, under a central and supreme authority. He next (pp. 97-101) exhibits the utter absurdity of the Anglican theory in speculation, and its hopeless inoperativeness in practice. "It is a sure and easy way of not effecting those very ends, which ecclesiastical organization is intended to subserve." It cannot move one step—it cannot so much as "be attempted and break down"—it cannot be "brought into the region of fact" at all—except by State agency. There has been much Erastianism in many shapes, in many times, in many countries; but never and nowhere has there been or could there be "episcopal autonomy."

But now (2) as to Anglican ordinations. F. Newman touches powerfully on many other objections against their validity.* But he lays his chief stress on the argument of Chillingworth and Macaulay (p. 86), that such validity depends on the question whether, during that long period which has

* We are a good deal surprised however, that he calls "the validity of heretical ordination," a matter "enveloped in such doubtfulness." (p. 83.)

elapsed since Apostolic times "some thousands of events took place, any one of which may without any gross impropriety be supposed not to have taken place"; whereas moreover "there is not a tittle of evidence for any one of those events." To this Anglicans reply, that the same consideration tells equally against the validity of *Catholic* ordinations. No, rejoins F. Newman, not at all. The argument for Anglicanism entirely rests, the argument for Catholicity does not even partially rest, on some allegation concerning the validity of ordination. "Catholics believe their orders are valid, because they are members of the true Church; and Anglicans believe they belong to the true Church, because their orders are valid." (p. 87.) Because Catholics, on other grounds altogether, know that theirs is the true Church, *therefore* they know that God will "have prevented or remedied in His own way any faults which may have occurred in past centuries in the administration of His own ordinance, and will prevent or remedy them still" (p. 90). This argument was hinted at in a most able article of F. Coleridge's on Anglican ordinations, which appeared in the "Month" two or three years ago; but we are not aware that it has ever been distinctly put forth, till now by F. Newman. We are very confident that it is sound; yet we wish he had developed it at somewhat greater length. In particular we wish he had adverted to the fact, that Photian priests, on their conversion, are accounted by the Church as certainly priests, and receive no further ordination.

There is but one essay—the third—of which we regret the republication in its present shape; but in regard to this we certainly do wish, that it had been either witholden or accompanied by much fuller corrective comment. It was among the most anti-Roman which F. Newman ever wrote. He said therein that Lammenais was "the true disciple of the Gregories or Innocents of past times," in "not seeming to recognize, nay to contemplate the idea, that *rebellion is a sin*," (vol. i. p. 121.) He said that Gregory XVI.'s temporal sovereignty was "the immediate cause of his pusillanimous conduct" towards Lamennais (p. 120); that so long as the Pope has temporal dominion, "he cannot aspire to" spiritual sovereignty (ib.); that Lamennais "understood" the "interests and duties of the Roman Church" "better than the Pope" (p. 126); that Gregory XVI. "engaged in certain diplomatic transactions with the schismatical court of St. Petersburg, which indisposed, if not incapacitated him from exercising impartially" his "high spiritual functions" (p. 130); that, in issuing the "Mirari vos," "Rome" took up "a position, which goes far towards involving a *reductio ad absurdum* of her claim to infallibility" (p. 136).^{*} Surely there should have been some reply to all this, from the Catholic point of view.

However this is but a small part of the two volumes. The study of these as a whole is indispensable to any Catholic, who would successfully engage in the Anglican controversy; and they will be read eagerly in after-times by all who desire to understand that remarkable movement, of which F. Newman was not only the true originator, but for many years the one animating and guiding master spirit. With several of the essays as they originally

* The Essay said that its author "agrees with" Lamennais in this opinion.

stood—and these among the best—Catholics will be in perfect agreement; and will recognize signal service as having been done to the Catholic cause. As an Anglican controversialist, F. Newman stood absolutely alone, whether in his hearty resolve to understand his opponents' strength, or in the thorough honesty and real force of his arguments. And as no one ever so ably defended the Anglican theory, so (to our mind) no one has ever more ably and conclusively demolished it.

Spiritual Works of Louis of Blois, Abbot of Liesse. Edited by JOHN EDWARD BOWDEN, Priest of the Oratory. London: R. Washbourne, 1871.

NO more important or welcome addition could have been made to our English ascetical literature than this little book. It is strange, considering the great fame of Blossius as a spiritual writer, that his writings should not sooner have been brought within reach of English readers. Reverenced and praised as a master in the spiritual life by Rodriguez, De Ponte, Thomas of Jesus, S. Francis of Sales, and many others whose writings are familiar to us, he himself has remained accessible only to those who could read him in Latin; for even in French, if a translation of his works has existed, it does not seem to have been generally known. Yet the writings of Blossius are especially suited for popular reading. The late Cardinal, in the beautiful preface which he wrote for Monsignor Newsham's Latin edition, speaks of the "clearness and simplicity of style, united with a certain fervour and vehemence of devotion, which is peculiar to Blossius." His works "show in an equal degree acquaintance with the interior life and that clear and perspicacious knowledge of the human heart by which its secrets are discovered, its vices laid bare, remedies are found and courage stimulated." Again: "All that is to be found in the later Alphonsus, not of lax but of moderate guidance, or in Quadrupani of Consolation for timorous souls (a subject on which Blossius himself wrote a treatise) in fine whatever is to be found in our own Faber, of the ardent love of Jesus, of the tenderest devotion towards the most Holy Sacrament, and of firm confidence in Mary, is here to be seen anticipated in the Venerable Blossius."

The volume edited by Father Bowden does not contain all the treatises included in Dr. Newsham's edition. It omits the "*Institutio Spiritualis*" with its appendix, which form 100 pages out of 367 of the Latin volume. There exist also various treatises, not edited by Dr. Newsham, quite as valuable, probably, as those he selected. It is to be hoped, therefore, that this volume may meet with such a reception as will tempt the translator and editor to undertake a second selection from the author's works.

The present volume is a model of good translation. Conscientiously faithful to the original, it is at the same time excellent English. The translator has succeeded even in transfusing the sweet, earnest style of the author into

our own language, without any trace of Latinism. With regard to the appearance and typographical merits of the book, the old tradition of ugly, ill-printed religious books, has been for some time happily so thoroughly broken through, that it is hardly necessary to say that it is a well-printed, good-looking little volume.

It is singular that when at length a translation of some of the treatises of Blossius has appeared, it should have been almost simultaneously accompanied by two Protestant editions of portions of his works in English. The "Mirror for Monks" (Stewart) is a reprint of a translation published in Paris in 1676 for the use, no doubt, of the many English Catholic exiles driven abroad by persecution. It is edited without any alteration by the Attorney-General, Sir John Duke Coleridge, with a very kindly and appreciative preface, in which he says, "It may soften prejudice and enlarge sympathy to find, as in the much higher example of the *Imitation of Christ*, how pure, how simple, how scriptural, how devout, how intensely and essentially Christian was the religion taught and practised by such a man at such a time."

The Attorney-General has every right to our best thanks for his publication. We cannot say the same of the "Manual of the Spiritual Life" (Hodges), translated it appears from some French edition of Blossius. A long list of passages might be given, in which, as has been pointed out by Father Bowden in the Catholic newspapers, the translator has permitted himself the liberty of changing and suppressing, with an obvious drift and intention. We shall content ourselves with quoting against this most mischievous and reprehensible practice the manly words of Sir John Coleridge in the preface to his own reprint. "It is hardly necessary to say that I do not agree with every theological doctrine which Blossius assumes or inculcates in his book. But I think the book in itself a good and beautiful book; I believe the writer of it to have been a holy man; and I do not think it right, in spite of high authority to the contrary, to mutilate or adapt such works as these. To do so appears to me unmanly and unfair."

Probably the writer of these words would inflict a still severer censure where such mutilation of an author has been made without the least warning or intimation, as in the present case.

The Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau in the Summer of 1871. By the Rev. GERALD MOLLOY, D.D., Professor of Theology in Maynooth College. London: Burns, Oates, & Co. 1872.

MANY writers of most widely different stamp and of various qualifications have wished to give to the world an account of their impressions of the wonderful representation which drew so many thousands of spectators to the mountain village of Ober-Ammergau in the last and the previous summer. Artists, theologians, cultivated women, Catholics, Protestants, unbelievers, men of the world,—it is one of the most singular things in this

age of singular things to note their extraordinary uniformity of wonder, delight, and praise.

Dr. Molloy joins in the general verdict. His book, however, is chiefly meant as a description of the Passion Play for those who were not fortunate enough to see it. As such it does not differ much from many of the well-written and carefully-drawn descriptions which appeared in the course of the summer in the correspondence of the daily papers. The feature of the book is the beautiful series of photographs with which it is illustrated, and which render it for those who have seen the play a pretty memorial of their visit, and give those who were less fortunate a life-like idea of some of its scenes.

We note with interest that Dr. Molloy, like so many others, both Catholics and non-Catholics, went to Ammergau with a prejudice against the play; but like most of those who went with the same fears, he says,—“No sooner had the play commenced than my prejudices were dispelled. It became at once manifest that a spirit of deep religious reverence pervaded the performance, and that with this was combined a degree of artistic taste which could not fail to win the respect and admiration of every cultivated mind. I was more sensibly impressed than ever I had been by any sermon, however eloquent; and when I left the theatre, I felt that the history of our Lord's Passion had been stamped on my mind in a series of vivid pictures which could not be easily effaced.”

Like most of those also who have at heart the preservation of the simple, and religious character of the villagers of Ober-Ammergau, Dr. Molloy dreads the effects which would follow from any frequent contact with the motley multitude whom curiosity attracted, and no doubt would attract in still greater numbers, from the ends of the earth.

Before taking leave of this very pretty book, we should like to ask whether Dr. Molloy is not mistaken in supposing that the Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau “now remains . . . a solitary example of the ancient Christian drama” ? (p. 6.) Certainly, within not many years the representation of the Passion was common in Spain; and we have been informed by an English gentleman, an eye-witness, and far from likely to be prepossessed in favour of such spectacles, that they were acted and witnessed in a religious and reverent spirit, though not equalling that of Ober-Ammergau, as he supposed from the published descriptions of it, in artistic and dramatic power.

Acts of the Captivity and Death of the Fathers Olivaint and four others of the Society of Jesus. Translated from the French of FATHER DE PONLEVOY. London: Burns, Oates, & Co. (pp. 106.)

THIS most interesting little book, which may be truly so characterized from its mode of treatment as well as from the subject itself, gives us, in details which would be painfully vivid were we not reading of martyrdom,

the deaths of five Jesuit Fathers, shot in Paris during the last hours of the Commune. Père de Ponlevoy writes as might be expected from him, of these his brethren in many a long year of religious obedience and apostolic labour. There is, throughout, both in the narrator and in those of whom he writes, the union of two qualities, each of them an enigma to the world, and in their conjunction absolutely incomprehensible. We see the mortified equanimity of one who has long since resigned his will into the hands of his Lord, together with the fervent brotherly charity of a heart detached and spiritualized, and therefore the seat of a supernatural ardent love for all, "especially for those who are of the household of the faith." We should therefore greatly desire to see this little book in the hands of all who remain under the misconception of supposing that a priest, and especially a Jesuit, must needs be a heartless and soulless automaton, who having surrendered his will once for all, has parted thereby with every feeling of affectionate regard for his brother-man. It is no such "smooth savage," to use an expression of the poet Coleridge's, who indites these feeling, breathing lines; who, while he records the trials, sufferings, triumphs of his brethren in religion, rejoices and weeps by turns. We must deny ourselves the pleasure of making extracts that solicit us at every point as we turn over the pages; and merely say that the "Acts" consist of seven chapters; viz.—Biographical Notices—Preliminary Movements—The Arrests—The Conciergerie—Mazas—La Roquette and the Executions—Epilogue.

One of the most thrilling parts of this narrative is the account given of the entrance of our Lord in the Most Holy Eucharist into the prison of Mazas. This greatest of consolations for the captives preparing for their martyrdom was planned, and successfully accomplished, notwithstanding manifold difficulties. How ardently it had been longed and waited for we are not left to imagine. "Six Sundays," wrote P. Olivaint, "passed in darkness. How many days without going up to the altar! Ah, when we are deprived of a blessing, how much better we feel its value." (p. 59.) Again:—

"How manifest it is to me that the Lord has conducted all! I am at the forty-first day of my retreat. After to-day, I shall only meditate on the Eucharist. Is not that the best way of consoling myself for not being able to say Mass? If I was a little bird, I would go every morning to hear Mass somewhere, and would afterwards return willingly into my cage. Say many things for me to all. A word particularly to Armand. How I think of him! He suffers more than I do, I am sure, and his friends also.

"It was only towards the middle of the day that the little pots and little boxes, so long expected, arrived at Mazas. There was one each for Father Olivaint, Father Ducoudray, and Father Clerc, but none, alas! this time for Father Caubert and Father de Bengy; it had not been possible to make arrangements on their side. Each of the three privileged Fathers received four hosts, and each of them could thus preserve and carry on his heart, as upon a living altar, the God of his heart and his portion for eternity.

"The prisoners had been forewarned of this ingenuous and daring attempt, and were to give notice at once of its success. Father Olivaint hastens to send this note on the evening of the 15th:—"I did not expect anything more to-day. My surprise, and I will say, my consolation, was all the greater. Thank you again and again, a thousand thanks! I have been occupied a long

time on the Holy Ghost in my retreat ; now I will only meditate on the Eucharist." (pp. 61, 62.)

We will record a sentence from the words spoken by one of their own pupils over the martyred bodies of these Fathers, when they were found and honourably interred, on the entrance of the troops and the extinction of the Commune. And then we take a reluctant leave of this little volume, with the single unfavourable remark, as regards the translation, that it might have preserved a substantial fidelity to the original, and yet have been less constrainedly French. There are expressions of true good English, all but literal synonyms to words here employed, but missed (as it seems to us) by the translator, which would have rescued his—or perhaps her—work from this friendly criticism, and rendered it a more scholarly production. But the gift of really good translation, especially from the French, is almost as rare as that of really good poetry ; with this favourable difference between the two departments of literature, that mediocrity is not intolerable in the one as in the other. Let us be thankful for what we get : only, it is a pity, as far as it goes, if we might have had better with a little more pains.

Over their bodies, then,—may we not say their relics, as Père de Ponlevoy entitles his narrative their "Acts"?—the following most true words were uttered :—

"What these poor Fathers desired, the end they pursued, was to form for France a Christian youth. They knew that, if in the heart of a child is found, innate, so to say, the love of family, and the love of country, all that is very weak, very capricious, very frail, without the love of God ; and then, in the morning of our lives, they received us from the hands of our parents, to strengthen that which in us was only instinct, by principles which would render us one day capable of devotedness, by teaching us the law of sacrifice, so severe, and yet so consoling. But in opposition to our masters, in the midst of the rending of our unhappy country, men have been found capable of every crime. These men have said to themselves—'In order that society may become an easy prey to us, we must have a society without God ;' and finding themselves the strongest for several hours, they have killed those who were preparing a race of Christians for France." (p. 101.)

The Book of the Visions and Instructions of Blessed Angela of Foligno, &c.

Translated by a Secular Priest. London : Richardson. 1871.

THIS is a book which, as the translator truly says, is most thoroughly Franciscan. It breathes throughout that mingled simplicity and lofty fervour which, first gushing forth from Assisi, has thence flowed in countless minor rills through all Christendom. Blessed Angela, the great "Mother of Foligno," was called by one of the early Jesuit Fathers "the mistress of theologians"—a very high testimony for a Jesuit to pay—referring, of course, to her spiritual and mystical teaching. The communications now translated were taken down from her own mouth by her Franciscan confessor, Brother

Arnold, and give a full and clear idea of the spiritual knowledge of the middle ages. The translator has ably performed his task, and preserved the simplicity and fervour of the original, while putting it into thoroughly vigorous, clear English. It is a great and, we must add, an unusual pleasure to read a devotional book unspoilt by the foreign idioms and turns of expression which disfigure so many of our Catholic translations. We are glad to learn that one apparently so well fitted to execute the task proposes to give shortly, prefixed to a forthcoming book, a sketch of mediæval sanctity, as we think it would help many into whose hands these books may fall, to interpret much that might surprise or mislead them in the mystical teaching of some of the Saints. And it becomes more and more urgent when the tone of our own times tends so entirely to natural and instinctive teaching, setting aside as absurd the elevation of the purely supernatural influences, to direct the minds of Catholics, swept by a strong opposing current, to those sublime depths and heights of the mystical science to which prayer and self-renouncement only can give the key. The three chapters on the three companions of our Lord, Poverty, Contempt, and Suffering, are full of the most eloquent and lofty Scriptural teaching, containing food for continual meditation and furnishing admirable groundwork for sermons.

"This, then, is the highest and continual, and most perfect poverty of the God-Man Jesus Christ, the Saviour of all, Who, although He was the Lord of riches, yet chose to be most poor amongst us, that He might provoke us unto the love of poverty. For He was poor indeed, in will, and in spirit, above all estimate of creation, for the sake of the infinite and most sweet love wherewith He loved us; poor, I say, and needy, and a beggar. Poor in temporal things, and poor in friends, poor in power, poor in worldly wisdom, poor in fame of sanctity, poor in state of dignity, poor in all things. He preached poverty, and declared that the poor are blessed, and that one day they would be the judges of the world. The rich He condemned, and that riches and abundance were to be despised, He preached with all His strength, by deed and word, by conversation and example. But oh, alas the shame! oh, alas the shame! This poverty of spirit is nowadays driven away, and fled from by almost all, and (what is still more hateful) even by those who read in this Book of Life, and understand and preach and glorify this poverty, which in effect and will and desire and deed is wholly exterminated. For the world hateth this poverty, but Christ loved it, and chose it for Himself and for His own, by declaring it to be the most blessed. . . . Blessed is that man who in his penance in this world, by the example of Christ, hath chosen it." (pp. 224, 225.)

The Book of the Foundations of S. Teresa of Jesus, written by herself.
Translated from the Spanish by DAVID LEWIS. London: Burns,
Oates, & Co. 1871.

MR. LEWIS has followed up his excellent translation of the Autobiography of S. Teresa, published about eighteen months ago, by an equally excellent translation of her Book of Foundations. The style of the

Book of Foundations does not differ from that of the Life, and therefore any one who objects to the translation being a little stiff and disjointed may console himself by the reflection that he has S. Teresa's own construction reproduced. The great Saint has not much literary style. She writes straight on, qualifying, explaining, adding, correcting, as the thoughts crowd upon her mind, clear in sentiment except when describing things that baffle description, and with frequent bursts of impassioned eloquence. And the subject-matter of the Book of Foundations does not differ materially from that of the Life. It is true that it does not deal so much with the soul of the Saint herself ; it tells the story of the monasteries which she, *inops virgo*, as the Lessons of her festival call her, was enabled to establish under her reformation of the Order of Carmel. But it is full of warm prayer and wise advice : in complying with the order of her confessor to set down the history of her foundations, she has contrived to leave to the world one of those undying spiritual books that contribute to form the inward character of all who aspire to serve God.

Mr. Lewis contributes a useful Preface, in which he traces the fortunes of the great Carmelite reform during the lifetime of the Saint. It is not an easy chronicle to master. What with the unwillingness of the tepid, the fear of the cowardly and the zeal of the good, who were often none the less zealous because they were lamentably in the wrong, it is a wonder that S. Teresa did not live and die in that convent of the Incarnation at Avila in which she was professed. Provincials overruled by generals, generals superseded by apostolic visitors, these again called to account by the Nuncio ; lordly bishops maintaining their own rights, royalty interfering to make the confusion worse, all the strife and heat that always attend great changes, made a hard time of the last twenty years of the life of the holy foundress. But the most interesting of all her foundations was the first—that of the poor little house of S. Joseph at Avila, for which she went through so much ; and the history of this first foundation is not contained in the Book of the Foundations. The religious life of Spain in 1560 and thereabouts, under Philip II., is not easy to realize in our own days. A munificently-endowed Church, firmly established, without the shadow of a rival, with the secular power always ready to carry out its laws, and too ready, perhaps, to carry them out with violence ; bishops who were at the same time great temporal lords ; a priesthood numerous and well-provided, with abundant leisure and perfect freedom ; great abbeys scattered over every province, quiet—too quiet—retreats for the studious or the weak ; the religious orders preaching and teaching, full of energy, though not always as full of their primitive spirit ; the Society of Jesus, young and fervent, carrying away the favour of princes and people ; great universities spread over the land, in which calm and powerful minds devoted themselves for a whole lifetime to the search for the hidden treasures of revelation ; a luxurious court, a rich and proud, but enterprising aristocracy ; middle classes full of worldly energy yet perfect Catholics ; the whole of the people simply devoted to the Catholic faith ; such was Spain in the days when Charles V. had abdicated his crowns, when the Escorial was building, when Elizabeth succeeded Mary in England, when S. Pius V. was keeping the Turk out of Christendom. In the Church there

was no lack of the ambition, the intrigue, and the scandal that human nature will bring with it in times of peace and prosperity even into the sanctuary.

On the other hand, because there was a deep and vivid faith, the phenomena of heroic sanctity were frequent in every class of society. But if the presence of a pervading faith facilitated such an enterprise as the reform of S. Teresa, the very fixedness of things, and the multitude of interests that were concerned in the existing order, made it all the more difficult. S. Teresa was opposed at one time or another by the Inquisition, by town councils, by bishops, by her own brethren and sisters, and, most serious of all, by her own superiors, whom she had vowed to obey. It seems to us a mistake to say, as some of her Lives do, that she would not have been justified in doing certain things connected with her first foundation without a direct revelation on the part of Almighty God. On the contrary, although she had constant spiritual visions and revelations to help her and console her in her hard enterprise, she did not by them justify her conduct. She says :—

“ I did nothing without the advice of learned men, in order that I might not break, in a single point, my vow of obedience. . . . If they had told me there was the slightest imperfection in the whole matter, I would have given up the founding of a thousand monasteries.” *

But it often happened that there was a conflict of jurisdiction, the superiors of the Order wanting her to do one thing, and some higher authority, such as a visitor-apostolic, directing her to do what God had already signified to be His will. She thus describes this situation, so hard to bear for the sensitive conscience of heroic obedience :—

“ Now, because I had helped therein (the reform) he (the Father-General) was made to show his displeasure against me, and that was the greatest trouble I had to bear whilst making these foundations, and I had to bear many ; for, to give up helping in the furtherance of this work, which I saw clearly was for the service of our Lord and the advancement of our Order, men of the highest learning, to whom I confessed, and by whom I was advised, would not permit me ; and then to go against what I saw was the will of my superior was a *very death*, for, beside my obligation as his subject, I had a most tender affection for him, and it was justly due to him. The truth is, I wished to please him herein, but I could not, because I was under visitors-apostolic, whom I was bound to obey.” †

Before the Saint died she had seen established seventeen monasteries of nuns and fifteen of friars. There was never, perhaps, a more miraculous reform, if we consider all the circumstances. The instrument was a woman, the order she wished to reform was not bad, but only mitigated, and that by express bulls of the Holy See, and the work was carried in a country where ecclesiastical law, which, like all law, is a labyrinth in which good purposes are often exhausted, patience tired out and energy brought to a stand-still, was in full and serene possession, wielded by men who lived upon its difficulties and delays. Yet by the help of God, our Lady, and S. Joseph,

* “ Life,” translated by Lewis, p. 306.

† “ Book of the Foundations,” p. 205.

she lived to accomplish so much, and only died when it was firmly established. This new translation of an immortal book will be welcome to many—to religious of all orders, to inferiors and superiors, to confessors, to all Christians who love to hear a Saint (and such a Saint) speak out of the fulness of the gifts of the Spirit, and to all educated people, even if they are not fellow-citizens in the Church of S. Teress, who are fond of studying the “confessions” of one of the acutest minds and most magnanimous hearts the world has seen. Mr. Lewis has enriched his edition with very full notes, with marginal headings and with a good index. He has also added, for the first time in an English version, the missing chapter and a half relating to the story of Doña Casilda de Padilla, which was at first omitted, apparently for prudential reasons, from the original issues of the Foundations.

Mr. Lewis has also given us, at the end of the volume, the Carmelite Rule, and three of S. Teresa's *opuscula*; namely, the *Visitation of the Nunneries*, the *Maxims*, and the *Constitutions*. The *Constitutions* have never before appeared in English. They are short and practical. The *Maxims* have been printed in Canon Dalton's translation of the “Way of Perfection.” The “Visitation of the Nunneries,” which is full of the wisest advice for those who govern religious houses, is almost unknown in England, since it has only appeared in Woodhead's edition. We hope that Mr. Lewis will continue his labour, and give to the world all the writings of S. Teresa with his clear and critical editing.

The “Spectator” of October 28, 1871.

A WRITER in this number of the “Spectator” has expressed a most favourable judgment, for which we are extremely grateful, on our October article against Mr. Mill. He has added however the following criticism:—

“The only point on which we differ from the reviewer,—evidently, and indeed avowedly, the editor, Mr. Ward,—is the curious assumption he seems to make that any judgment which is derived by simple ‘analysis’ of the subject of a proposition is necessarily tautological. We understand by a tautological judgment a judgment which really affirms nothing, except (if you please) the persistency and continuity of human thought and language, like ‘man is man,’ ‘right is right.’ By an *analytical* judgment we mean a good deal more than this,—the evolution, through attentive consideration given to any subject, of a predicate really contained in it, but not by any means necessarily present to the thought of the speaker when naming that subject. Thus we should entirely deny that ‘a good man is sincere’ is a purely tautological judgment, even if coming from one who readily admits that sincerity is included within his idea of goodness. There is so much else included within that idea, that it requires an attentive act of self-analysis to draw out the separate elements of the conception. To some extent even *connotative* words, as Mr. Mill calls them, are necessarily used *denotatively*

(i.e., partly in the way in which mere proper names are used, and as nick-names *come* to be used as they gradually lose their primitive weight of significance) by ordinary minds, and we understand an analytical judgment to mean a judgment which draws attention to one of the notes in the connotation, and insists on it as really essential. Thus 'a good man is good' is tautological, but 'a good man is sincere' is not tautological, but analytical, to anyone who really holds sincerity to be essentially implied in goodness. The distinction is important as applied to mathematical judgments. Mr. Ward asserts very justly that $3 + 8 = 2 + 9$ is a necessary judgment, and is not tautological. But is it analytical? Is it of the type 'a good man is sincere'? (analytical) or of the type 'a good man deserves happiness'? (synthetical). Clearly the former is of a very different kind from the latter, and Mr. Ward will find it of the utmost importance to distinguish the two, for it is his object to show that there are necessary truths enforced by the very constitution of the intellect which are not merely analytical,—necessary truths which differ as much from each other in kind as the truth 'that flower is a plant' (a mere analysis of the meaning of 'flower') from 'that flower is beautiful' (a synthetical judgment). We should hold that $3 + 8 = 2 + 9$ is simply an analytical, though not a tautological truth, just a new arrangement of parts of the same whole. If Britain were defined to be an extended geographical kingdom, with North, South, East, and West in it,—the judgments, North Britain+South Britain=Britain=East Britain+West Britain, would be to our mind an analytical judgment, though not tautological."

We are by no means sorry that this question has been raised, and raised so ably; for it is of much philosophical importance. Nor have we any kind of wish to dogmatize on the matter, but on the contrary shall be very glad to receive any new lights. We will discuss the *real* question before saying anything on the *verbal*; and it will be best to begin by stating in full the doctrine we implied in October, held with express reference to the point raised by our kind critic.

A "tautologous" proposition, we said (p. 288), is one "which declares no more than has already been expressed by its subject." Thus "all hard substances as such resist pressure" is a tautologous proposition; because the word "hard" means *nothing else* than "resisting pressure." On the other hand, to those propositions which are not "tautologous," we gave the name "significant." Propositions however may be "objectively" tautologous, which are not "subjectively" so; and this truth at starting requires distinct elucidation, because of its bearing on what is urged in the "Spectator."

Take some term, which expresses a very complex idea: for instance, "the poetical temperament." Let it be assumed, that there is such an amount of agreement among intelligent thinkers as to what the idea expressed by that term precisely is, that such idea may be called its legitimate objective sense. This complex idea, we will further assume, is made up of the more simple ideas, A, B, C, D, and E. If I say then that "every person of poetical temperament possesses quality D," I am affirming a proposition "objectively tautologous"; because that idea, which the subject of said proposition in its legitimate objective sense expresses, includes the idea expressed by the predicate. Nevertheless it may most easily happen, that when I individually used the term "poetical temperament," I did not use it in its full legitimate objective sense; I did not, either explicitly or implicitly, include under it quality D. No part, we say,—either explicit or implicit—of what I intended to express by

the term "poetical temperament," was the possession of quality D. In that case, "subjectively" my proposition was by no means "tautologous," but on the contrary "significant."*

Now it appears to us, that the question, whether some given proposition be "objectively tautologous,"—may indeed be of high linguistic and even psychological interest—but can never be of any *metaphysical* importance whatever. In the case we have instanced, the question is primarily one of linguistic convention; whether so preponderating a majority of intelligent thinkers include quality D under the term "poetical temperament," that that idea is included in the term's legitimate objective sense. And the question secondarily is one of psychological interest; because if there *be* such a consent of intelligent thinkers in the use of the term, there must be some close affinity between the idea D and the ideas A, B, C, and E. But we are quite unable to see, that under any circumstances such a question can be of the slightest *metaphysical* importance; concerning as it does exclusively the current use of language. On the other hand, the question, whether some given proposition be "*subjectively* tautologous," is often metaphysically of absolutely vital moment. Mr. Mill and all phenomenists admit that every proposition, "subjectively tautologous," is cognizable by the individual as intrinsically evident: and their reason for this admission will be presently seen. It is not therefore sufficient, in controversy against them, to show that some given proposition is intrinsically evident; but we are obliged further to show, that it is not "subjectively tautologous." Whereas were it ever so undeniable that some proposition, intrinsically evident to me, is "*objectively* tautologous,"—such a circumstance by itself would not forward Mr. Mill's cause one single step; as a moment's consideration will show. Accordingly, by the word "tautologous," in our last number, we meant "subjectively tautologous"; and in what here follows also, we shall use the word in the same sense.

Tautologous propositions are divisible into those "obviously" and "latently" tautologous. If I say e.g. that "this apple is this apple," or "this apple is an apple,"—such a dictum exemplifies that "obvious" kind of tautology which is called a "truism." But very frequently it happens that some proposition introduces indeed no other idea than has already been expressed by its subject; but declares it in a different shape: for instance it may declare distinctly and articulately, what its subject does but express complexly and confusedly. Such propositions are often of high psychological value; because, as our kind critic points out, "it requires an attentive act of self-analysis to draw out," and express by the predicate, "the separate elements of that general conception," which is expressed by the subject. It is impossible however to mistake a "latently tautologous" for a "significant" proposition, if attention is given to the essential characteristic of the former class. An "obviously tautologous" proposition gives no information at all. A "latently tautologous" proposition, when first cognized, gives information of a certain

* This distinction is by no means an afterthought suggested by the "Spectator" criticism, but is very distinctly expressed in Dr. Ward's "Philosophical Introduction," pp. 51-54.

purely psychical character ; viz. that some given idea is or is not * identical with, or included in, some *other* given idea. Any proposition which, when first cognized, gives information of a different kind from this, is "significant." And here we see why a phenomenist will admit, that "latently tautologous" propositions can be known as intrinsically evident ; for they do but state a matter of psychical experience, and are therefore within the purely phenomenal order.

Let us take, in illustration of our doctrine, the particular examples adduced by our critic. (1) "A good man is sincere" : is this proposition "tautologous" or "significant" ? We reply, in some cases one and in some the other. I may be meaning to express, by the word "good," "possessing the complex of those qualities, which I admire in the devout Christians by whom I am surrounded" : and in that case, the proposition is "latently tautologous." On the other hand—to suggest one of fifty possibilities—I may be devising plans for diffusing Catholicity ; and one may occur to me, which in real truth involves insincerity : then I check myself, and say "all good men are sincere." In this case I mean, by "good" men, men "who are truly labouring in the cause of that God, Whom the Church testifies" : and my proposition accordingly is "significant." (2) We should give a similar answer, in regard to the proposition "North Britain + South Britain = Britain." Very likely, when I make this remark, I am mentally looking at the two combined as if in a map : in that case my proposition is even "*obviously* tautologous" ; for I mean to express, *by the very term* "North Britain + South Britain," the union of those two parts which together make up Britain. But suppose I am reflecting in November, on my summer trips of this year and last. "Last year I travelled over North Britain ; this year I have travelled over South Britain." All of a sudden it strikes me, that "North Britain + South Britain = Britain," and that I have accordingly travelled over the whole of Britain. In this case the proposition is "significant" : for by "North Britain" I meant only to express "such and such counties over which I travelled last year" ; and by "South Britain" "such and such other counties over which I travelled this year." No possible amount of self-analysis will here find an idea of the predicate to have been contained in my idea of the subject, for it was evidently *not* therein contained. We proceed then (3) to our critic's next example. Under no circumstances, we think, can "North Britain + South Britain = East Britain + West Britain" be "tautologous." This is in fact a particular case of the proposition, "Things equal to the same equal each other" ; or "B equalling A = C equalling A." Undeniably the equality of B with C is no part of what I expressed by the term "B equalling A." Lastly (4)

* We readily admit, that our inclusion of certain *negative* propositions under the class of "latently tautologous," is due to that more careful consideration of the matter, which has been induced by the "Spectator" notice. And we further admit, that this extension of statement renders this word "tautological" much less suitable for expressing the class of propositions which we are here considering. We reserve however all consideration of *terminology*, for the conclusion of our present notice.

as to arithmetical axioms : these seem to us undeniably "significant." For instance, " $3 + 8$ pebbles = $4 + 7$." In thinking " $3 + 8$ pebbles," I conceive in my mind a group of 3 pebbles and another group of 8 pebbles ; but neither explicitly nor implicitly, consciously or unconsciously, do I think in the slightest degree about a group of 4, or a group of 7 pebbles. And the axiom itself accordingly—" $3 + 8 = 4 + 7$ "—does not express a *fact* appertaining to the *mind*, but a *truth* appertaining to all *numerable things*.

Our meaning will be made still clearer, if we add one or two further illustrations. What are sometimes called the three fundamental laws of thought, are in our opinion, when expressed, "tautologous propositions." The principle of identity of course—"A is A"—"obviously" so : the principles of contradiction and of excluded middle, "latently." These two latter may in fact be expressed as follows. Principle of contradiction ; "Anything which is not-A, is-not A" ; principle of excluded middle ; "Anything which is-not A, is not-A."* Then again, those affirmations, which underlie the logical rules for converting propositions, are "tautologous." For instance : "the judgment that all As are Bs, does not include the judgment that all Bs are As" : here is a psychical fact, of the precise kind mentioned above, as the object-matter of "latently tautologous" propositions.

We will sum up then what we have said. We put aside "objectively tautologous" propositions, as a classification metaphysically irrelevant : and we divide propositions into "obviously tautologous," "latently tautologous," and "significant" ; "tautologous" meaning in either case "*subjectively* tautologous." We are very far from certain, that this is not the very division which our critic in the "Spectator" would adopt ; only he would call them respectively "tautologous," "analytical," and "synthetical."† It will be seen, that if by "analytical" he means what we have called "latently tautologous," he and we are of the same mind ; otherwise not : and there is one expression of his such, that its true interpretation will decide this issue. "By an analytical judgment," he says, "we mean the evolution, through attentive consideration given to any subject, of a predicate really contained in it, but *not by any means necessarily present to the mind of the speaker who is naming that subject.*" When he says "not present to the speaker's mind,"—does he mean "*explicitly* present" or "*at all* present" ? If he means the former—he and we are entirely accordant on the general principle. But if he means the latter—if he means that the proposition is only what we have called "objectively tautologous"—then (as we have said) we are unable with our present light to see any metaphysical importance whatever in the classification ; and we shall be very glad of such further elucidation, as he may be disposed to afford us. Supposing however that he and we are of one mind

* We dissent earnestly therefore from Mr. Mill's opinion ("On Hamilton," p. 475)—which is also Mr. Herbert Spencer's—that these truths are only known with certitude as predicable of phenomena and not as predicable of every possible entity. We think that, even on his own phenomenistic principles, Mr. Mill cannot defend this position.

† This was Dr. Ward's terminology, in his "Philosophical Introduction" ; and also in our own article of July 1869 on "Philosophical Axioms."

on the general principle, we still differ from him (with all diffidence) on its application to particular cases; as in the very important instance, above mentioned, of arithmetical axioms.

So much on the question of things. As to the question of words—since the distinction between “latently tautologous” and “significant” propositions is of vital importance in the controversy against phenomenists—it is a matter of great moment, to avoid all verbal confusion in drawing that distinction. We are clear, with this end in view, that we must avoid altogether the word “analytical,” with its correlative “synthetical.” On the one hand Catholic philosophers use the former word in a very intelligible sense, as denoting any proposition cognizable by a purely mental process; cognizable by merely fixing my mind on the idea expressed in its subject. Accordingly, in the language of these philosophers, “analytical” propositions include, not only those which we have called “latently tautologous,”—but such also, of those which we have called “significant,” as are cognizable *à priori*. On the other hand non-Catholic philosophers have used the word “analytical” so vaguely, as to have thereby introduced no small amount of confusion into mental science. The late Dean Mansel has, we think, been a special offender in this respect; but our impression is, that our friendly critic in the “Spectator” has not entirely escaped the prevalent infection. The word “analytical” then is inadmissible; and yet on the other hand we must not be understood, as at all satisfied with our own way of expressing the distinction. It may be worth while therefore hereafter to consider, whether it will not be more convenient to use Sir W. Hamilton’s words “explicative” and “ampliative,” as expressing respectively what we have here called “latently tautologous” and “significant.” But it is premature to discuss further the question of terminology, until we shall have securely ascertained the true philosophical doctrine.

A Letter, signed “F.,” to the Author of an Article in the DUBLIN REVIEW for April, 1871. (“Fraser’s Magazine,” Jan. 1872.) London: Longmans.

THE article, to which this letter refers, by no means purported to be an exhaustive treatment of the vital question which it discussed: on the contrary we concluded by saying, that therein we had “not unfrequently verged on the confines of various delicate philosophical questions, which we had thought it better to avoid.” We are very confident however, that its doctrines are substantially true so far as they go; and that they are of extreme practical importance. “F” writes as their “antagonist”; and on two fundamental questions we are doubtless earnestly at issue with him. But as to the other supposed differences between his theory and ours, his supposition of their existence arises from a misconception of our successive

statements, for which we can really find no justification in any obscurity of expression on our own side.*

To begin with the foundation. Our whole argument was concerned with the legitimate conditions of what we called "absolute assent"; and we explained with unmistakeable clearness the sense in which we used that expression. "By 'absolute assent,'" we said (p. 256), "we understand an assent, which is not only *unaccompanied* by doubt, but which is so firm as to *expel* doubt; to be *incompatible* with the presence of doubt." "F." prefers the word "belief" to the word "assent" (p. 24); and so far of course we have no quarrel with him, though for various reasons we think our own terminology better. But then he defines "*absolute belief*" (p. 26) as "belief *unaccompanied* by present doubt"; and assumes throughout, that his "*absolute belief*" is equivalent to our "*absolute assent*." As one instance of this confusion—we entirely agree with what he says in the paragraph of pp. 26-7; the chief apparent difference resulting from this equivocal use of the phrase "*absolute assent*."

In fact, as far as we can gather from his paper, "F." holds that what we have called "*absolute assent*" can never be legitimately yielded to any proposition whatever; unless indeed he would except the region of pure mathematics. This doctrine, we must say, as a purely philosophical one, seems to us not less than extravagantly false. And on theological ground it constitutes a most vital difference between him and every Catholic; because, if it were admitted, that highest and most certain of all convictions, which Catholics call "*divine faith*," would be under all circumstances an unreasonable act or state of mind. He has given us however no opportunity of arguing against this doctrine; because he has not even expressly stated it, and still less has he adduced one single *reason* in its behalf. We hope that at some future period, when the course of philosophical articles with which we are now engaged shall have brought us to that point, we may have an opportunity of discussing worthily this all-important question. Here of course we are only concerned with our present critic.

We must further remind our readers of the sense we gave to the correlative term "*certitude*." "*Certitude*" we said (p. 256) "*exists in my mind as to any truth, whenever I* absolutely† "*assent to that truth on grounds which legitimately generate such* "*absolute assent*": "*on grounds, we mean, which conclusively establish that truth.*" What then can "F." possibly mean, when he says (p. 38) that we ought to have seen "*what a very treacherous guide certitude is*"?

* As will be seen by a subsequent note, we admit one inaccuracy of expression. But we cannot admit that this, taken in its context, was open to reasonable misapprehension; and we corrected it in our following number.

† The word we used was "*undoubtedly*": but we immediately proceeded to explain, that we used that word as synonymous with "*absolutely*." In our next number (p. 53, note) we expressed regret for having used this word "*undoubtedly*," considering it an inadequate word for our purpose. "The mere undoubtingness of an assent" we added "does not at all imply any particular firmness, but arises from mere accident."

One of our illustrations was the following :—

"My father is a man of singularly spotless integrity ; and I have lived continually with him, from my infancy down to the prime of life in which I now am. It is very long since I acquired a complete certitude of such being his character. Five years ago, a heavy charge was brought against his morals ; and he frankly told me that he was wholly unable for the moment to explain those suspicions which pressed against him so heavily. Indubitably there was at that time one argument of weight on the adverse side ; and equationists must in consistency maintain, that my only reasonable course was to diminish pro tanto my confidence in his character. But though they are bound *in consistency* to maintain it, we do not dream that they *will* maintain it. On the contrary, the common voice of mankind declares that, had I so acted, I should have done what is no less intellectually unreasonable than morally detestable. It is intellectually unreasonable ^{cause if I possess certitude of any truth, I thereby also possess certitude that apparent objections against it are worthless.}" (p. 257.)

"F." replies (p. 29, see also p. 26) that "a degree of evidence is easily conceivable, which might convince the most affectionate son that his father is a hypocrite and a liar." Doubtless "*easily conceivable*." But then, as we expressly argued, if I have legitimate grounds for certitude that my father is "a man of singular and spotless integrity," I have exclusively legitimate grounds of certitude, that no evidence will ever be *forthcoming*, which shall prove him to have been at this time a hypocrite and a liar. We will retort upon "F." Suppose you counted with your own hands and eyes that a number of pebbles, placed in 16 rows of 16 each, amounted to no more than 250—what would you then think of the proposition that $16 \times 16 = 256$? "F." will of course reply, that as he is absolutely certain of this latter proposition, he is inclusively certain that no accurate counting will ever be found to contradict it. This is precisely our reply to him.

Our second point of difference with our critic is on the doctrine, which he from time to time implies (see pp. 24, 33, 42), that there is no valid logical process, except that of induction and deduction, proceeding on the exclusive basis of experienced facts. He has given no reason whatever for this opinion. For ourselves, we admit heartily that this is a valid logical process, but confidently deny that it is the *only* one. It is evidently no valid process at all, unless the *uniformity of nature* be preliminarily established ; and we argued in our last number (pp. 311-317) that this truth cannot possibly be established on the mere basis of experienced facts. All this however is entirely external to the scope of our April article ; and we only mention it, to avoid being misunderstood in what next follows.

There were two theses which together occupied a large portion of our article. Firstly, as a matter of fact, it happens very frequently indeed, that a person moves by valid logical process from known premisses to their legitimate conclusion, without being at all able to analyze his course of thought. Secondly, as a matter of doctrine, if he knew the premisses with absolute certainty, his knowledge of the conclusion is no less absolutely certain. "F." admits the first of these theses ; and adds indeed (p. 31) an excellent illustration, drawn from "the power which a savage possesses of finding his way through an apparently pathless forest." Again as to our

second thesis—not only he has not said a word in reply to it—he has not so much as observed what our thesis was ; though our words throughout were very distinct. Our whole purpose was to maintain, that the conclusions to which we referred are held by the *individual* with absolute certitude ; that the savage e.g. may at times be absolutely certain, that he is on his right track through an apparently pathless forest. But “F.” (pp. 31, 32) understands us as having urged, that such conclusions of the individual ought to exercise a powerful weight on the opinion of *others* : a matter to which we did not refer in our article at all, from one end to the other.

“F.” understands us (p. 28) as having denied that “all belief is susceptible of degrees of stability” ; but we implied the very reverse. We said indeed that, so far as by “certitude” is merely meant *the reasonable exclusion of doubt*, it evidently admits of no degrees : and from this statement our critic, if he admitted the existence of what we have called certitude at all, would assuredly not dissent. But we *also* said that by “certitude” may be meant “a certain *degree*”—which plainly may be more or less—“of positive adhesion to the truth embraced” (pp. 255-6.) This simple explanation removes a large number of apparent differences between him and ourselves.

He ascribes to us (p. 38) the theory, “that a certain feeling in your own mind can produce an effect upon facts outside of you ; that your certitude can convert a probability into a certainty ; that is, can cause a given set of facts to fulfil conditions, which they would not otherwise fulfil.” “It seems to me,” he adds—and we heartily agree with him—“just as rational to say, that if you saw an object through a mist, which might be either a man or a bush, your conviction that it was a man could make it into a man.” Such nevertheless is our theory, he says, “if he understands it correctly.” We challenge him to point out one single sentence in our whole article, which has the remotest *resemblance* to the expression of such a theory.

We believe in fact, as we have already said, that there are no differences whatever between our critic and ourselves, except the two already mentioned ; and on these (it will have been seen) he has not so much expressed, as implied or taken for granted his own doctrine. He has given us no means of reply ; because he has adduced against us not only no argument, but not even a distinct statement.

L'Infallibilità Pontificia. Par P. ALESSANDRO GALLERANI, D.C., D.G.
Roma.

THIS pamphlet consists of three lectures delivered on occasion of Pius IX.'s Pontifical Jubilee. They do not at all profess therefore to be profound or exhaustive, but on the contrary are mere summaries of what has been said by other theologians. On the “subject” of infallibility, they contain in fact no more than a brief and pointed analysis of the arguments used in time past by Orsi and Muzzarelli. But we will say of these argu-

ments, that their absolute conclusiveness is more conspicuously evident now than ever before ; because during the recent controversy Gallicans attempted in vain to contest them with so much as any appearance of plausibility.

F. Gallerani however shows himself alive to the exigencies of the time, by laying no less urgent stress on the "object" than the "subject" of infallibility. "Of what use would it be" he asks (p. 33) "to know that the Pontiff is infallible, unless we knew *in what matters* he is infallible?" On this head he professes (p. 38) to follow in every respect that "illustrious theologian" F. Knox, of the London Oratory. We need hardly add therefore how heartily we recommend his doctrine to our readers' best attention. "Infallibility" he says (p. 38) "is not restricted to those points which appertain *immediately* to faith and morals"—i. e. which are integral parts of revealed dogma—"but extends to everything which concerns the Church's general good, her rights, her discipline."

The Revival of Christianity in Syria: its Miracles and Martyrdoms.

Related by P. Stanford, Charing Cross. pp. 24.

THIS is a highly interesting pamphlet, written by one who evidently, from residence if not from official position, has means of being well acquainted with his subject. He has strong Oriental sympathies, and gives testimony to the wonderful fascination which Eastern life seems always to exercise on the Frankish stranger, when he takes to it in any degree. He gives us, incidentally, a curious abstract of the divisions and subdivisions into which both the Mahomedan misbelief and the schismatical or self-styled "orthodox" Christianity of the East are split ; and shows good cause to say that "Syria has always been cursed with races, tribes, and faiths enough to split up the country, and to cause all manner of confusion." This, however, is beside the chief object of his pamphlet ; which is to claim adequate European protection for some recent cases of conversion to Christianity ; some, indeed, to Protestantism, but mostly to the Church. Still more, perhaps, is the author anxious to give an account, though but too briefly, of the miraculous circumstances attending the conversion of the Catholic neophytes among this number. Both the miracles and the conversions are of a nature to recall those in the Acts of the Holy Apostles (e.g. the occurrences in the prison at Philippi) and the records of the early centuries of persecution. One soldier, converted—after such *preambula fidei* as earnest prayer and meditation—by the sudden appearance of our Lord to him, repeatedly broke his chains and bonds, at our Lord's command and that of His Blessed Mother ; so that, after his unexpected and indeed miraculous release, he was known among the Turks as "the soldier who broke four chains." Altogether, we should greatly desire to see the facts, barely enumerated in this pamphlet, increased by the addition of others which must be well known on the spot. It would be a labour of love, well worthy the zeal of some good Catholic layman, emulating the pious task of the protonotaries of old. Is the anonymous

author in the way of doing this? We cannot but think it might prove a powerful instrument towards the conversion of some nearer home; if only as showing how earnest prayer, and seeking the Lord, is rewarded by the light of faith. "Behold, he prayeth," are words that rise to the reader's mind, and of which these conversions furnish a commentary,—most interesting, as far as it goes, but leaving us to desire more and fuller details.

Cistercian Legends. By HENRY COLLINS. London: Washbourne. 1872.

IT is remarkable how much the taste for the lives and legends of holy persons is spreading, not only among ourselves, but on that non-Catholic side which has hitherto looked upon them as purely mythical or revolting to common sense. Mrs. Oliphant and Mrs. Lear, to say nothing of a tribe of less-known writers, are making a sort of Highland raid upon our special treasuries of hagiography, and while dressing up the saints to some extent in fancy costumes, and carefully eliminating the supernatural, have at the same time rendered good service to themselves and their readers by making the actual facts of their daily lives known to hundreds who would never have accepted them from Catholic sources. There is something also specially interesting to ourselves in the narrative of those who are as it were foreigners travelling in our own country and presenting us with a picture of ourselves in a strange tongue. Their surmises and speculations, and singularly naïve and ignorant yet honest representations, have a special force and piquancy which we generally miss in our own lives, and which materially serve to stamp the facts upon the mind. Mr. Collins has thrown together in his volume of translations a number of interesting records of Cistercian sanctity and cloistral experience, which remind us forcibly of the illustrations in the "Christian Perfection" of Rodriguez. It is perhaps a pity that some explanation should not have been given of the kind of belief to be lent to such stories as these, some of which spring out of local habits and circumstances, some roughly teach a certain moral, while others are exceedingly beautiful evidences of a high state of sanctity in their subject or relation. Of the latter class the vision of a paralyzed lady (p. 109), who appears to have been almost an *estatica*, is a beautiful example. She lived, like Maria Mörl, upon grapes, and fell often into trances, when glorious representations (if not the realities) of the spiritual world were brought before her. One Feast of the Purification she was deprived of all spiritual comfort and ministration, and, overcome with sadness, complained that she could not pay the usual honour to the Blessed Virgin, when suddenly she was "led out of the body by an Angel" to be present at a Mass said by our Lord Himself, as the High Priest of the New Law. "the blessed Martyr Stephen read the Epistle from the book of Malachi the Prophet, S. John the Evangelist, clad in a dalmatic, read the Gospel according to S. Luke." Our Lord, as the great High Priest, was represented to her as wearing the mitre, gloves, ring, pastoral

staff, and other ornaments of a bishop. It is remarkable that nearly all these legends speak of "conversion" as leaving the world and entering the religious state; and on this and some other accounts, we should say that some introductory explanation of the state of society at that time would have been well prefixed to the legends.

The Monks of Iona. By Dr. STEWART M'CORRY. London: Washbourne.

WE are sorry to speak in terms of very qualified praise of a book published with so good a title as Dr. Stewart M'Corry's "Monks of Iona." It is a reply to the Duke of Argyll's "Iona," and; more incidentally, to the Protestant bishop of Argyll's "Cathedral and Abbey Church of Iona." His Grace has certainly laid himself open to well-merited castigation, by importing into his account of a spot so instinct with the early Catholic life of the Celtic race, the narrow Presbyterian bigotry which, if not his personal fault, is eminently his personal misfortune. But he receives no real castigation at the hands of Dr. M'Corry, by reason of the vehement, intemperate tone of the reverend champion's animadversions. There is little force of argument, or element of persuasion, when the style of handling either a view of history or its advocate is foreign to that simple dignity and measured calmness of phrase which befits the pen of a Catholic, and more than all, of a priest. We have never enlarged our experience of polemics by reading the "Pope and Maguire" controversy, or any similar series of rejoinders; but we imagine the usual run of platform rhetoric would not be very unlike the method adopted by Dr. M'Corry in dealing with the Duke and his assertions. Wherever we must needs be polemical—and the need is daily—let us, in the name of that righteous cause we undertake, select an armoury worthy of the contest—*Nec cauponantes bellum, sed bellicerentes*. The great conflict of the day is one of first principles: to state those principles clearly, and to apply them patiently, seems the most effective method of convincing those who are open to the demonstration, and of convicting such as are not.

The Duke of Argyll, as we find from Dr. M'Corry's book (p. 61), has allowed himself to use the following terms of Montalembert's notice of the great Saint of Iona, S. Columba:—

"The most recent description of Iona, and perhaps also one of the most eloquent, is altogether misleading, and gives the traveller a very imperfect idea both of what he ought to remember and of what he may expect to find. And yet no one perhaps ever visited the island who was in some respects better qualified to rejoice in its associations than the distinguished author of the 'Monks of the West.' But an indiscriminate admiration of *medieval superstition*, and the absence of all endeavour to sift fact from fiction, in the narrative we possess of Columba's life, mar the reality of the picture which Montalembert gives us of the past. Nor does the present fare better in his hands. His disposition to extol the self-sacrifice of his hero, coupled with

the incapacity of every Frenchman to understand any form of natural beauty, except those to which he has been accustomed, combine to make his description of Columba's adopted home in the highest degree fanciful and erroneous."

There is here a sufficient want of wisdom, in all conscience. But, in reply to this, as to other passages, Dr. M'Corry, we must repeat, does not strike us as happy in his tone as a controversialist. Nor can we defend his questionable taste in dedicating a violent philippic against the father to the Duke's eldest son. Unless he had previously received the acquiescence, at least, the Marquis of Lorne, and of this there is no indication, it strikes as an approach (*mutatis mutandis*) to seething a kid in its mother's milk. This Dedication is followed by a formidable list of no less than thirty other publications "by the same author." We trust the present volume is not the foot by which we are to measure Hercules. Altogether, as we turn over his pages, the words come irresistibly before us, in which a rash enterprise and its results were long ago described: "In that day some priests fell in battle, while, desiring to do manfully, they went out unadvisedly to fight." (1 Mach. v. 67.) Certainly "they"—if we may paraphrase the text, and apply it to controversialists of the cut-and-thrust school, whose weapons are sarcasm, invective, and blades and barbs of that stithy—"they are not of the seed of those men by whom salvation was brought to Israel."

Insula Sanctorum, the Island of Saints; a Title applied exclusively to Ireland.
(pp. 96.) London: Washbourne.

OF the two islands, so close together in geographical position, so widely diverse in national character, as England and Ireland, the one has been, throughout history, the insulting invader and oppressor of the other. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that an Irish heart should cling with an intense jealousy to the possession, even sole and exclusive, of any of Erin's glories of old. And it is with such allowance, and with many grains of it, that we take up this spirited little *Noli me tangere*, whose title is here given. The author will not have it, no—absolutely will not—that England should share in a title so sacred as that of *Insula Sanctorum*. We think that in his zeal he has forgotten his scholarship. As the Latin stands, there seems nothing in a title which Church history and hagiology so abundantly vindicate for the land of Saint Patrick and his countless disciples, to bar out other lands from sharing in the same blessed inheritance. "Hast thou only one blessing, Father? I beseech thee, bless me also." The ancient British martyrs, whose *Acta* still *carent vate sacro*—the Anglo-Saxon Church, of which no adequate collective history yet exists—S. Thomas of Canterbury, a local martyr to whom long centuries have paid a devotion equalled by few in other provinces of the kingdom of God—constitute a catena of evidence to make a thoughtful man pause before delivering a trenchant verdict. So much for the past.

For the future, let us see nothing but a generous rivalry between the two islands, which of the two shall herein prove the more fertile soil. It will tend to the Divine glory, to the good of the Church and of souls, when the Catholics of England and Ireland shall run *pari passu* on a race of sanctity and benediction, in which is nothing "exclusive," while all tends to mutual encouragement and mutual charity.

The Tradition of the Syriac Church of Antioch concerning the Primacy and the Prerogatives of S. Peter and his Successors the Roman Pontiffs. By the Most Rev. CYRIL BEHNAM BENNI, Syriac Archbishop of Mossul, &c. Burns & Oates. 1871.

IT would be merely absurd, without the necessary learning, to attempt a detailed notice of Monsignor Benni's modest volume, written under much discouragement of inherent difficulty and faint support. With his mind full of the overwhelming evidences he had drawn from the Vatican Library and an intense desire, not only for the long-prayed-for re-union of Eastern and Western Christendom, but also for a termination to the divergences of Oriental Catholics,—the Archbishop of Mossul sought in England an enlightened appreciation of his labours and means for their fulfilment. English sympathies, unfortunately, are too much restricted by our own fulness of work and narrowness of means, to secure foreigners from disappointment on this point; and probably Monsignor Benni failed to find that general interest in the momentous questions of the East for which he looked. To those who have the capacity and leisure for liturgical studies, nothing could be more attractive than the extracts and notes of the volume before us, which are richly suggestive even to a moderately thoughtful mind. Of the four families of the Syriac Church—the Syrian, Maronite, Chaldean (Nestorian), and Melchite,—the Archbishop is chief of the first-named flock, and his see is Mossul,* the site of ancient Ninivé. The traditions collected regarding S. Peter's Primacy are drawn from about 200 documents in the Vatican and Propaganda, and others (probably the Nitrian MSS.) consulted in the British Museum, and are divided into three parts,—the first on S. Peter, the second, which is very short, on the Roman Church, and the third on the Roman Pontiffs. That on S. Peter is exceedingly curious and full of beauty, beginning with its motto from the *Synodalia Chaldeorum*: "The lands of the people and the realms of the nations were promised to Abraham, but the promise to Peter is over cities of souls, and a seat upon heavenly thrones." The very first quotations are good examples of the flood of light both extracts

* When Mr. Layard first went to Mossul with the intention of excavating its vast mounds, he reaped a harvest of suggestions from Monsignor Benni, of which *no mention* is made in his book.

and notes cast upon this momentous question, and suggest to our English clergy the vast results to be gained from Biblical studies.

I.

"Simon, the chief of the Apostles, who ruled over all powers,* that he might bind and loose without obstacle."—*Syriac Liturgy*.

II.

"Blessed art thou, whom the Son of God hath chosen ; sit at the head of His disciples, and gifted with a godlike† power of loosing and binding."—*Syriac Liturgy*.

We give one more extract, a sort of Prose of S. James, Bishop of Batna-Serugi, though we imagine that the conciseness and extraordinarily manifold meaning of the Syriac is lost by translation.

"Thou art Kippo : " (*cephas*, a stone) "down in the foundations of the great house

I will set thee : upon thee I will build My elected Church.
The wholeness of thy frame shall bear her weight : she shall not sink.
I will place thee first in my building, thou being hardy ;
Be thou the basis to the Holy Temple which I am to inhabit.
On thee I will expand all the superstructures of the Daughter of day ‡
(Christ) entered upon the house, chose a stone, and set the foundation :
(Gave the bride) an earnest to overcome death and Satan.
The Great Apostle was the foundation of the Great House—
Which the bride was to enter (as) a stronghold undefiled.
(Christ) raised her a Chamber,§ and lest she might be affrighted, warranted her

That miscreants should never prevail against her Surety.
He began to build her, and upon the Great Stone He had found,
Set her building, whose height was to transcend the clouds.
Two-and-ten stones He had laid in the Palace of Light ;
But *one* was singled out to support the great building.
He dressed, marked, and carved the main stone He had found,
And set it deep in the great building He was raising.
The Bridegroom chose it, His Father carved it in that revelation,
And the Holy Ghost had it finished and settled in the foundation of the Church."—*S. James of Serug*.

There is a beautiful remark of the translator, Mr. Gagliardi, which is surely worth further development and illustration at some future time.

* Powers—*Shultonin* (Sultan, Soldano), from *shalt* (from which our shall shalt) *ak msalto*, "As one having authority."

† Godlike, *alchoith*, Divinitus, reminding of the Arabic *Allah*, and the Hebrew *Elóim*.

‡ *Bath-imomo*, the Church.

§ *πασις*.

Speaking of his hope of future Syriac students, he says they will "first wonder at the apparent deficiency . . . of the *present* tense. But they will soon understand that the religious children of Sem hardly esteemed any *present* thing worth noticing—nay the *past* too, in their mysterious language, is but lightly touched . . . whilst all the machinery and rich economy of their verbs aims at that *future* in which the shadowy, unreal things of this time will have ceased."

The Joys of a Consecrated Church. A Sermon preached at the Consecration of the Church of the Benedictine Monastery at Stanbrook. By the V. Rev. Dom. NORBERT SWEENEY, O.S.B., D.D., Cathedral Prior of Gloucester. Burns & Oates. 1871.

THIS is a note of joy, struck and prolonged on a joyful occasion. The solemn consecration of a church must be always a theme of true gladness to those who witness it, and to all, throughout a neighbourhood and a diocese, who share, by sympathy and from a distance, in the rejoicings of those who are present. Faithful to the title he has prefixed to his sermon, Prior Sweeney offers to his readers nineteen pages of continuous jubilation. Yet we must not coldly criticise an effusion uttered on a special occasion of joy. It would be as heartless as Michal, the daughter of Saul, who looked out at the window while David danced from the very overflow of his religious feelings. That the sermon was preached at the request of the Lady Abbess of Stanbrook, and published in obedience to the order of the V. R. Prior's Superior, are motives amply sufficient for his imparting his sermon in print to those who were unable to hear him. We cannot doubt, moreover, that the style, which we should otherwise have thought a little rhetorical, was adopted as suitable to the occasion. Prior Sweeney's ordinary paces (to borrow a phrase from Di Vernon) are better—it is not to be questioned—than this particular amble; which is only saying that we shall value his next gift in proportion as the tone of it is as much *ad rem*, when the subject is of a more ordinary character; and as much *ad hominem*, when the audience may not be confined to the partakers of that consecration gladness. The "Catholic pulpit," to use the old term, has so long groaned under utterances of the school of Archer and Peach, those Jortins and Blairs of the true faith, that we may be excused for a slightly jealous feeling in favour of simplicity of style. *Denique, sit quod vis, SIMPLEX duntaxat, et unum.* Meanwhile, we have pleasure in noticing one of the Very Reverend author's passages (pp. 13–15), in which the lessons of religious perfection, as taught by the Blessed Sacrament from the tabernacle, to the consecrated nuns who surround it, is strikingly brought out. And we give the conclusion of the sermon entire, as being to our minds the best passage of the whole, because, again, the simplest.

"Yet one thought, and I am silent.

"Has it ever occurred to you, especially on some of these beautiful autumnal nights, as you may be looking up to the heavens, and see the joyous

stars glistening, like angels' eyes, above you, to think how angels themselves may, when they are looking down upon this earth of ours, see it dotted all over with similar bright spots, shining brilliantly below them? And if one of the blessed spirits, in a lower order of the heavenly Hierarchy, might be imagined as asking one of the cherubim, the angels of knowledge (for the Angelic Doctor tells us that the higher orders there enlighten the lower), 'What are those bright lights which are ever shining upon earth, and differ from each other, as star differs from star in glory?' he might be answered, Each of those is a house of our great God, and our own King is residing within. Each is a dwelling-place of the Blessed Sacrament. Some shine more brightly, and are of greater magnitude: those are consecrated churches, and the holy oil is glistening on their walls. Some are more brilliant still, and are of the first magnitude: those are conventual churches. There the Blessed Sacrament is never abandoned, and songs and hymns of praise, and loving aspirations are ever streaming forth from those faithful homes. But each is bright and sends forth its brilliant rays, 'because the glory of God hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof.'

Tyborne, and Who went thither in the days of Queen Elizabeth: a Sketch. By the Author of "Eastern Hospitals," etc. etc. New and revised edition. Burns, Oates, &c. 1871.

A WELCOME is due to this new edition of a suggestive little book. Any contribution to the history and hagiology of a period too little known by the mass of our countrymen, and not always dwelt on with sufficient remembrance by Catholics, can never be other than well-timed. And at this moment, from very opposite quarters, such contributions have been made. While Father Morris is editing his two interesting Stonyhurst MSS., which tell of the condition of Catholics under James I., and sketch so vivid a portrait of Father Gerard in his apostolic sufferings, an Anglican hand has given us notices of the "Martyrs omitted by Foxe." It may be hoped that these currents of thought and interest will further swell and become confluent. Historians have often selected periods of time, marked within definite limits and distinguished by predominant influences:—"waves," as it has become the usage to call them. We hope the writer is yet to arise who, from the abundant materials that lie ready to his hand, will work out an adequate realization of the days of persecution, from the ruthless monster Henry to the indolent sensualist Charles. As the author of "Tyborne" justly says:—

"So fruitful a field has English history proved to the novel-writer, that there is hardly an incident or a period that has not been painted. But *one* there is passed over in significant silence—the sufferings of Catholics under the Penal Laws. And this silence is the more strange, because it has ever been found that the cry of religious persecution has, in itself, a power of

drawing out the sympathy of men, and enlisting their *hearts* on the side of the oppressed, even if their *heads* did not follow. Was not this sympathy poured out on the Albigenses as 'victims of the Inquisition'? and how few knew the deadly tendencies of their doctrines, striking at the root of all that men hold in common as pure and holy?—How many tales of youth borrowed their interest from the woes of Huguenots—with how slight a knowledge of their real intentions?—and how bright a halo did not imagination cast around the struggles of the Covenanters of Scotland—forgetting that, to the full, they equalled their oppressors in deeds of ferocious and bigoted cruelty? Is it not, then, wonderful, that when the persecutions under Mary Tudor have been written indelibly on the page of history, the long, the terrible, the patient sufferings of Catholics in the succeeding reign should remain unnoticed."

The book, as our readers probably know from the previous edition, is cast in the form of a tale. Perhaps this will insure a wider circulation, and present the subject under a form more adapted to the public at large. Yet we confess to a feeling that truth is not only stranger, but is more interesting and attractive, than fiction: than any fiction, at least, short of the most powerful. And the facts of the martyrdoms of these our English sufferers for the Faith are such as only need to be detailed, in order to absorb the reader. We trust some day to see their names and relics raised to our altars; and the details given in Challoner, Stonyhurst MSS., and other sources, consolidated into some *Acta Sanctorum*. We would therefore fain dispense with Lord Beauville (from what place, unknown to Priscian, did he get his title?) and the other novel-like ingredients of this little book, on the condition of supplying his room with more particulars of the life and death of Father de Lisle. However, we heartily wish success to "Tyborne" on its mission; and cannot doubt that it will turn more than one earnest thought in a direction most wholesome to our present race of Catholics, endangered as they are by softness of living and scanty of the spirit of self-sacrifice for the faith.

The Christian Æsop. By W. H. ANDERDON, D.D. London: Burns, Oates, & Co. 1871.

THIS is eminently a Christmas book, and accordingly presents attractions outside as well as inside. Bright colours and pretty designs are in keeping with that which is, *par excellence*, a season of joy and merriment. But Dr. Anderdon's modest offering requires no recommendation such as these to make it generally acceptable. His name alone is a sufficient guarantee to secure it an *entrée* into every household. His wide sympathies, earnest piety, playful humour, and graceful style have long since won for him a reputation and a welcome that is not confined to the limits of the United Kingdom, but that stretches across the great Atlantic into Catholic America. Whilst his "Tales of Mount Saint Bernard" have reached a third edition,

the "Catholic Crusoe" a sixth, and "Afternoons with the Saints" a seventh edition, his little pamphlet, "Confessions to a Priest," has actually attained the twenty-sixth thousand. We have, therefore, every reason to feel grateful to Dr. Anderdon for having turned his attention to popular Catholic literature. There is a growing want of this class of book, which every day is making itself more felt. The masses are being educated. Every day, active minds and nimble fingers are added to their number, and are being taught to read and write. It behoves those who are blessed with the necessary gifts and leisure to provide for these young people such works as may at once entertain, instruct, and edify. "The Christian Æsop" will do its share in this good work. That the Fable is well calculated to teach and educate, was acknowledged so far back as twelve hundred years before Christ. Few methods are better fit to train the faculties of the youthful mind, than exercising it in detecting analogies. David Hume, in his "Political Discourses," divides mankind into two classes; that of *shallow* thinkers, who fall short of the truth, and that of *abstruse* thinkers, who go beyond it. With children the grand difficulty is to get them to think at all. Tell a boy to think, and either he will not understand you, or, if he should, he will not be one whit the better able to do your bidding. The fables of "The Christian Æsop" will, we expect, tax his ingenuity, and not only force him to reflect, but perhaps even give him a habit of thinking.

That Dr. Anderdon's volume is without blemish is more than we need maintain. In applying the Æsopic Fables to matters which they were never meant to elucidate, they have necessarily suffered somewhat from the overstrain. The Fable, to speak strictly, is, and always must be, inadequate as an exponent of the higher truths which belong to man's spiritual life. It may serve to exhibit the relations between man and man—especially in matters pertaining to his lower nature, e.g., his pride, indolence, cunning, and the like; but it inevitably fails to indicate the relations between God and man. To do this is the office of the *Parable*. Hence some may feel inclined to question the taste and expediency of the present volume. Our Lord frequently made use of the *Parable*, but of the *Fable* never. Between the two there is a strict difference, which authorities such as Lessing, Herder, Olshausen, and Trench have elaborately drawn out. Still, nowhere in the New Testament is the Fable condemned, either as a vehicle of Christian teaching, or otherwise. As the pagan temples were at length converted to the use of Catholic worship, so there is no reason why old Æsop should not be made, as far as lies in him, subservient to the cause of Christian education. We may therefore safely, and do heartily, recommend Dr. Anderdon's latest work, especially to all that are interested in the young. It bears the *imprimatur* of the Archbishop. This alone will secure it respect. We wish it every success, and trust that the polished author will prosecute with fresh energy his labours in the sphere of popular Catholic literature.

Two Years in the Pontifical Zouaves, &c. By JOSEPH POWELL, Z.P.
London: Washbourne. 1871.

REGARDING this volume as the story of a Zouave's experience in the Papal Corps, we cannot but feel a regret that more space is given to such accounts of the various objects of interest in Rome as any guide-book could furnish than to the origin and general history of the Pontifical Corps itself. The greater bulk of the Zouaves so distinguished themselves in the late French-German war, and—many of them—made so brilliant a personal impression as Christian soldiers, that a full account of the body by one of themselves might have been made exceptionally interesting. And, having in view the general non-Catholic public, it would have been well to have given some special details of such lives of a few of these brave young soldiers as are now scattered, and we may say generally, lost, in small memorials with but a slender circulation. And we regret this the more as the whole tone of Mr. Powell's volume is so excellent.

For instance (as critics are bound to fault-finding), after the foundation of the corps in 1860 by de Lamoricière, and its reorganization by Count de Beudelièvre in 1861, with a special uniform as "*Zouaves Pontificaux*," we should have liked fuller details of the guerilla warfare which continued—often at great odds and with romantic success—with the Garibaldians until 1867, when the Zouaves numbered twelve companies under the French Colonels Allet and de Charette. Apparently this year also was the first in which British volunteers offered themselves for the service. Several of our countrymen were present at the retaking of Bagnorea, when the Garibaldians had scattered sacred relics, broken up the altars, and even stabbed the Saints' images with their bayonets. In the sharp fighting at Monte Libretti Arthur Guillemin, well known and beloved by his Zouave brethren, was killed, and Alfred Collingridge, after fighting desperately singlehanded against a crowd of Garibaldian soldiers, was mortally wounded. He was taken prisoner, and died of his wounds after the engagement at Nerola, where Menotti Garibaldi gave permission to Monsignor Stonor to visit him. Two other well-remembered Zouaves, de Yonghe, a Dutchman, and de Quelen, fell at Monte Libretti, where it is said that 90 Zouaves held their own against above 1,000 Garibaldians. Urbain de Quelen, of Kerhoan, in Brittany, was of a family for centuries illustrious for its courage and loyal service to France. To mention no others, it is recorded that one of the family was killed beside S. Louis at Massoura, in 1249, and another died with S. Louis before Tunis, in 1270. Their legend motto, which we hope to see verified, is in Breton, "*There are always Quelens.*" After Monte Libretti came Nerola, where we hear of another countryman, Mr. Delahoyd, who took part also at the great fight of Mentana. At Monte Rotondo he and his comrades found the Garibaldians carrying off broken chalices and monstrances with Sacred Particles in them, and everywhere the studied destruction of holy objects caused these brave young men to shed tears. At Mentana Julian Watts Russell offered his life for the cause. General Kauzler's despatch is given entire by Mr. Powell, who also mentions the touching visit of the Pope to the imprisoned Garibaldian daggersmen in the

Castle of S. Angelo, and his memorable words : "Here I am, my friends. You now see the *Vampire* of Italy that your General spoke of. So ! you took up arms to attack me, and you find me only a poor old man."

Mr. Powell did not join the corps till early in 1868, when about 1,100 recruits arrived in Rome. By that time the heroic incidents of the struggle and its hopeful aspect were nearly over, and the duties of the Zouaves were chiefly confined to "guard, picket, and patrol," with rifle-practice, reviews, and sham-fights in the neighbourhood of Rome. During his two years' engagement Mr. Powell visited the chief objects of interest in and about the Holy City, and returned to England in 1870. He closes his volume appropriately with an account of the magnificent conduct of the Zouaves under Colonel de Charette, when they threw themselves before the Prussian forces at Patay, near Orleans, in the French-German war.

The Works of Alexander Pope. New Edition, including several hundred unpublished Letters, and other new materials. Collected in part by the late Right Hon. JOHN WILSON CROKER. With Introduction and Notes by the Rev. WHITWELL ELWIN. Vols. I., II. (Poetry, I., II.), and VI., VII. (Letters, I., II.)

THE publication of a new edition of the works of Pope, in ten volumes, of which four have already appeared, is an important event in itself, but it is rendered still more so by the somewhat daring and innovating line which the new editor has taken up. When we say the new editor, we mean Mr. Whitwell Elwin, for it is he who has contributed the *animus*, good or bad, to the present edition, Mr. Croker not having lived to complete an enterprise in which he is known to have been for a long time engaged. The new edition is handsomely got up and clearly printed ; but it is by no means an *édition de luxe*. Perhaps the publishers are wise in not sending Pope forth to the present generation in the sumptuous quartos and with the broad margins of the Lintots of his own day ; but we doubt whether Mr. Elwin's annotated "Pope" will ever be popular in its present form. Pope requires a commentary, sometimes to render him intelligible, at other times to point out beauties or faults. "A commentary," in Dr. Johnson's well-known words, "must arise from the fortuitous discoveries of many men in devious walks of literature." Pope has been unfortunate in having had for commentators several very incompetent and foolish people. To read him through the glasses of Warburton, for instance, is to struggle with a continuous succession of conceit, bad taste, and paradox. And yet Warburton was the friend of Pope, and possessed advantages that no one else can ever command. Perhaps, however, to be the friend of one's author is about the worst possible preparation for an impartial annotator. The edition of Warton appeared in 1797. Though Warton is far too long and too ready to talk

about everything except his author, yet his notes are often pleasant reading and really illustrate the text. Bowles, whose edition appeared in 1806, and was bitterly ridiculed by Byron, had the advantage of being a real poet himself, and a poet of a far truer school than Pope. To any one who cares to read the works of a poet under the guidance of a poet, and without being troubled much by facts, explanations, or dates, we should recommend the edition of Bowles. Roscoe's edition, which came out in 1824, is considered by Mr. Croker to be the worst of all, for platitudes and blunders. Perhaps the only valuable result of Roscoe's labours (besides that which affected his own pocket) was that it prompted the well-known critical essay of De Quincey. To show how doctors can disagree, it is curious to observe that De Quincey thought Roscoe's edition certainly the most agreeable of all we possess. He thought that another complete edition of Pope would never be printed. At any rate he was loud in calling attention to the necessity for "compressing" the annotations. He might well feel this in using the voluminous edition of Roscoe. What would De Quincey have said had he foreseen that there were critics then at school who were to find out that Pope had never yet been properly criticised at all? Yet to read what Mr. Elwin has given us, in the shape of history, biography, new matter, poetical criticism, and moral appreciation, it would hardly be granting too much to admit that these critics are right. Bowles was severe, and weighed his author rigorously. But Mr. Elwin claims to have thoroughly exposed Pope, both in his literary defects and his moral shortcomings. The result of his criticisms, from a literary point of view, is that Pope comes out to our minds a greater poet than ever, but that his great reputation rests on a smaller number of his compositions.

We have said that Mr. Elwin's edition is not likely to be popular. This is his own account of his way of working:—

"I have borrowed whatever I met with in previous writers that throw light upon his meaning, faults, and beauties, have cast aside what was plainly inapplicable and erroneous, and have done what I could to fill up deficiencies." (Introduction, p. xxv.)

We are quite sure that most readers would have preferred that the whole commentary should have been in Mr. Elwin's own words. It will no doubt be replied that this would not be possible in a critical and scholarly edition, for, in the first place, the thoughts of previous commentators have grown to be part of the literature of the subject, and therefore must be reproduced, just as parallel passages are reproduced; and in the second, some commentaries have an authority of their own, like Warburton's, which was in great measure adopted and sanctioned by Pope himself. Perhaps this is true; but at all events such a farrago of comment as we have here, even after all Mr. Elwin's sifting and selecting, is very hard reading, and therefore will never be popular. Take, for instance, the notes to the "Rape of the Lock." The first note is the editor's own, the second is one of Gilbert Wakefield's *loca parallela*; so is the third. Then we have a sneer from Dennis, gravely "improved" by the editor; then some identification of names by Warton, with supplement by Croker; and all this occurs in the first eight lines. So the various names succeed one another throughout. And the matter becomes

worse when Mr. Elwin quotes his predecessors and then upsets them all round. In regard to "Introductions," which are the favourite-tilting grounds of able editors, the reader is not quite so bandied about; but he only escapes confusion at the peril of exhaustion. An "Introduction" in the present edition generally presents features something like these; a few lines of Pope, half a page of Warburton, half a page of Warton, two sentences of Roscoe, and then, perhaps thirty pages of Elwin. When we add that the reader, after he has mastered the Introduction and digested the notes, sometimes finds at the end the whole of Warburton's commentary printed as an appendix, we have said enough to make him doubtful, we fear, whether he will be able to find Pope's own text at all in the midst of such a thicket of guide-posts and sign-boards.

We must not do Mr. Elwin injustice. In many respects he (and we include Mr. Croker's labours in his) has given us immeasurably the best, nay, we may say the only, commentary on Pope. His researches have been immense, and his criticism, even when small and erroneous, is always earnest and free from conventionalities; whilst his estimate of Pope as a philosopher is certainly a genuine addition to the literature of the subject. (See "Introduction to the Essay on Man.") Antiquarian research has, of course, made great strides since Roscoe's time, even if Roscoe had made researches in Pope-literature, which he did not. "Fortuitous discoveries" have also multiplied during the last thirty years. To this we must add, that our literary men now bring a wider culture and broader principles to their task of criticism than they did half a century ago, a result partly owing to the pressure of the modern scientific spirit of systematic labour and thoroughness, and partly to acquaintance with foreign literature and foreign criticisms of their own literature. M. Taine's remarks do not always please Mr. Elwin, but they have evidently had their effect. We dare not say that modern critics have a truer appreciation of poetry than the men of two generations ago. Yet, with the exception of Bowles, no commentator of Pope has been distinguished for poetic taste; and Bowles's work is too spasmodic and unsystematic to be anything more than clever talk. But perhaps the quality which most of all distinguishes modern criticism from what passed for such in the eyes of our forefathers, is earnestness. There never was an age in which intellectual men had such an impatience of mere wit. Just as poets and artists must have, or must feign, the deepest and truest ethical motives in their work, so critics have learnt to look out for such motives and to measure work by them. They demand that a poem or an essay shall exhibit what Aristotle would call a certain *προαίρεσις*—fixed principle, and not mere constructive skill. Works of art are looked on as something more than the amusements of the drawing-room; they are the revelation of mind. Pope fares but badly when the canons of universal ethics, or even of universal art, are applied to the brilliant bits of effect that make up the greater portion of his claim to the title of poet. Mr. Elwin is very much in earnest. He has demolished a very pantheon of idols connected with the worship of Pope. He has shown small respect for former commentators; he has thrown cold water on their fervent admiration; he has reproved their raptures, corrected their taste, exposed their inaccuracy, and supplemented their ignorance in

matters of fact. Pope comes forth from his judicial questioning rather a shrunken and sorry sort of a figure; and yet, as we have said, all that is really great in him shows greater than ever under the analysis of true criticism. But where there is so much fault-finding to be done, the result is sure to be unpleasant in tone. Mr. Elwin is an uncommonly "sour-complexioned" critic, as Izaak Walton would have called him. He scolds so incessantly, and doles out his rare praise, generally to the full measure indeed, but so coldly and unsympathizingly, that the reader almost loses patience with him, and cries out for a touch of Warburton's enthusiasm or Roscoe's appreciative commonplace. He has performed a necessary but an ungrateful task. Some future day will see a successor, without perhaps a tithe of his industry or research, but with more warmth and geniality, produce a really good popular annotated edition of Pope.

We must give a few specimens of Mr. Elwin's manner; and they shall be chiefly from his notes on the "Essay on Man." Here is half a page from his Introduction:—

"The ethics in his [Bowles's] eyes were only the groundwork for poetical embroidery. 'We hardly,' he said, 'think of the philosophy, whether it is good or bad,' and he represented the reader hurried away by the finished and touching pictures of the Indian and the lamb, which are exceptions to the didactic tenor of the poem, and speak to the sympathies of mankind. . . . The eulogy, or apology, put forward by Bowles was really censure. The happy episodes are but a fragment of the four epistles. The rest is designed for philosophical reasoning; and if we hardly think of the philosophy, there is little left except sound. The philosophy is not dimmed by the blaze of poetry. There is no splendour of imagery, no brilliancy of idea to overshadow the argument, and the sole reason the philosophy fails to take hold of the mind is because it is vague and disconnected, because the whole, as De Quincey says, 'is the realization of anarchy.' The want of philosophic unity might have been largely compensated by the personal unity of strong conviction; the earnest faith and feelings of the man might have stood in the place of the scientific completeness of the subject. In nothing was Pope more deficient. For personal conviction he substituted any discordant notions which he fancied would look well in verse, and the *Essay* is no more bound together by the pervading spirit of individual sentiment than by logical connection. The languid inattention which the poem invites is seen in the statement of Bowles, that there is 'a nice precision in every word.' No one could attempt to get at Pope's meaning without being frequently tormented by the difficulty, and sometimes the impossibility, of interpreting his lax, indeterminate language. . . . Loose and ambiguous phraseology was not the only fault of style. The use of inversions, and of unlicensed, elliptical modes of speech, was a cardinal blemish of Pope's poetry. The failing reached its height in the 'Essay on Man.' . . . They [the deformities of vicious construction] arose from defect of literary power; from the incapacity to reconcile the requirements of verse with the rules of English." (vol. ii. p. 338.)

Pope's "Essay on Man" is such a favourite "portion" at competitive examinations that it is perhaps hardly necessary to quote any lines referred to. Still, as some of our readers may not have tried to "pass" anything, we give the famous lines in the first epistle:—

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;

That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
 Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame,
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect in a hair as heart ;
 As full, as perfect in vile man that mourns,
 As the rapt seraph that adores and burns ;
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
 He fills, he bounds, connects and equals all."

On this passage Warton's comment is, "These are lines of a marvellous energy and closeness of expression." Mr. Elwin immediately subjoins :—

"The concluding lines appear to be a false jingle of words, which neutralize the whole of Pope's argument. If there is to Providence 'no high, no low, no great, no small,' the gradation of beings is a delusion. What things are in the sight of God, that they are in reality, and since no one thing in creation is superior or inferior to any other thing, Pope's language throughout this epistle is unmeaning."

We advise Mr. Elwin's successor to criticise Mr. Elwin. This is surely "sour" criticism run to delusion. The Poet, as every one can see, only means that *in comparison with the Infinite* nothing is either great or small, which is a sublime truth. But Mr. Elwin goes on :—

"The final phrase of the couplet is bathos. God is not only the 'equal' of 'all' His works, He is immeasurably beyond them."

Mr. Elwin does not understand Pope ; and this is partly Pope's own fault. When God is said to bound, connect, and *equal* all, the context demands that "equal" should mean "equalize," or "make equal," which is undoubtedly what Pope meant.

Let us pass on to another specimen. Pope is saying that the "wants, frailties, and passions" of life enhance the "joys and loves" of social existence ; he continues :—

"Yet from these same we learn, in [life's] decline,
 Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign ;
 Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
 To welcome death and calmly pass away." (257—260.)

"The observation," says Warburton, "is new, and would in any place be extremely beautiful, but has here an *infinite* grace and propriety." Mr. Elwin takes him up, not very unjustly in this case.

"This is one of the stock forms of Warburton's adulation. Pope's remark was stale, and from the nature of the case would not be new, if, as he asserted, it was generally true, since all men in their declining years could not, through all time, have left unexpressed the feeling that made them all willing to die. What all men think many men will say." (ii. 296.)

We cannot help thinking that the general effect of Mr. Elwin's criticism does injustice to Pope. We do not mean that in the great pieces, such as the "Rape of the Lock," and the "Eloisa to Abelard," the discriminating reader is not assisted to a better and truer estimate of their greatness; but that in the mere ordinary compositions, in which Pope has no doubt partly failed, such as the "Essay on Man," he displays too much of the special pleader in picking small holes; a consequence of which is, that he pays the penalty of special pleaders, and is frequently caught tripping himself by any one who takes the trouble to try.

We have not space at present to go into the case of Pope's letters. Certainly no one who has not read Mr. Elwin's Introduction can have any idea of the new evidence that has come to light—evidence generally very damaging to Pope's character. But we reserve the point until all the letters have appeared. Mr. Elwin claims to have added to the list of letters already published more than 354 new ones, many of which are most important. We shall look for the remaining volumes with much interest.

Lays of Killarney Lakes, Descriptive Sonnets, and Occasional Pieces. By THOMAS GALLWEY, A.M. Dublin: Hodges, Foster, & Co.

MR. GALLWEY'S contributions to the poetic literature of the country will not attain the highest rank, but they have one merit for which his minor contemporaries are not invariably remarkable,—the merit of simplicity and originality. The poems in the little volume before us extend over a long range of subjects, most of which are Irish, or pertinent to Irish topics. They are very graceful in form, and very carefully worked out, whilst great pains appear to have been taken to guard the phraseology from those barbaric inroads of compound expletives so fatally dear to the ease and lucidity of the modern muse. The "Lays" dedicated to Killarney are seven in number, and are so thoroughly good as to make one regret that Mr. Gallwey did not draw with greater liberality on the infinite resources of that enchanted land. His treatment of the wonderful legends which haunt the depths and atmosphere of the lakes and mountains is fresh and direct, and is sustained, moreover, by an enthusiasm at once hearty and controlled. The lines on "Innisfallen" are a fair example of these qualities:—

"In the old, old days of Erin, when her life was in its prime,
(For the youngest days of nations are the eldest-born of time,)
When the forest and the covert, for the wild deer, reach'd the line
Where the mountains' lofty summits into liquid light refine,
Innisfallen rested queen-like on her marble-founded throne,
Crown'd with light from emerald bowers, cinctured by her crystal zone.
There, whilst over half the nations feebly glimmer'd twilight wan,
Shone, matured to noontide brilliance, light—the quickening life of man.
There, too, workers, meek and holy, bending o'er the deathless page,

Garner'd up for future story fruit from each successive age.
 Vain, alas ! the hope the promise,—soon, too soon the vernal bloom,
 Rudely dash'd by soiling fingers, sought the dark and silent tomb.
 Brief, loved isle, thy taste of glory ! ebbing once, it ceased to flow ;
 Crushing pile and mouldering ruin, mark thy thousand years of woe.
 Still men say that phantom-spirits haunt thy crystal-cinctured shore,
 Midnight strains of music mingling with the distant torrent's roar."

There is a class of readers, of course, whose tastes have been so debauched by the highly-spiced condiments wherewith their favourite bards are wont to regale them, that it is possible they will perceive neither music nor beauty in those smooth-flowing, suggestive stanzas. Mr. Gallwey, however, is certain to find more appreciative listeners in that portion of the great public who have still a healthy appetite for clear, natural, and unembarrassed verse, with a nerve of thoughtfulness to brace and strengthen its substance. Every one who has attempted the feat of constructing a sonnet will remember the often hopeless, or at least dispiriting, difficulties which beset him. Perhaps since the death of Wordsworth, in whose hands this inelastic form of composition became as flexible as potter's clay, the language has not been enriched by a really noble and melodious effort in that direction. Mr. Gallwey, undeterred by repeated failures, has attacked the sonnet courageously, and we quote one of his average essays on a subject which had all his sympathies.

SISTER AGNES.

" Her eyes are lit with calm, unconscious light,
 Such radiance as illumines the burnish'd west
 When sunset brings to toil the hour of rest ;
 From her close hood no tress escapes to view,
 Tho' fancy deems it silken, whatso'er the hue ;
 Her smile sheds sunshine on the stricken breast,
 Her voice seems melody itself comprest
 To its prime essence—such the being bright,
 By strength invisible, who walks secure
 Through courts, and crowded camps, and lowly haunts
 Of fever'd misery, intent to pour
 The oil and wine for whoso solace wants—
 'Tis Sister Agnes ! friend of sick and poor,
 The bride of heaven, *la sœur de bon secours.*"

The rest of Mr. Gallwey's book is taken up with some half-dozen ballads on the Irish land question, and two or three poems of sentiment. We are glad to be able to write a concluding word of praise of a volume whose modesty of pretension is only exceeded by its truly Catholic tone, and its tender sympathy with the wants and sufferings of the neglected poor of Christ.

The Catholic Directory, 1872. London : Burns, Oates, & Co.

THIS useful manual of ecclesiastical information maintains the well-earned character for fulness and accuracy which has long rendered it so valuable to the Catholic body.

The Fate and Fortunes of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, and Rory O'Donel, Earl of Tyrconnel: their Flight from Ireland, their Vicissitudes abroad, and their Death in Exile. By the Rev. C. P. MEEHAN, M.R.I.A.
Dublin and London: Duffy.

MR. MEEHAN'S work is directed to an investigation of those events in the history of Ireland which helped to perplex the latter years of the reign of Elizabeth, and to leave a considerable bequest of embarrassments to her successor. The condition of Ireland for a long time before Burleigh or Cecil was called upon to study the vexatious problem of Celtic discontent, had been a thorn in the side of English statesmen; and when the difficulties raised by the vehement resistance of the natives to a form of government, alien in more senses than one, were complicated by flatteries or substantial aids from Spain, often at the instance of the Pope, it became a question in London, as it is a question now, Who shall dispose of this Irish difficulty? The head of the insurrection—any other name would lend it a morbid dignity—which tasked the best resources of Elizabeth's councillors and soldiers, was a man of no common experience and calibre. A shrewd, painstaking, cautious man, Hugh O'Neill, in any country but Ireland, might have climbed to the highest post open to a subject's legitimate ambition. Something of a scholar, by nature and breed a diplomatist, and endowed, moreover, with that rare fighting talent which exacted the admiration of his military contemporaries, O'Neill, under any other system than the vicious and intolerable system which it was the policy of the Queen to maintain in Ireland, might have become a great feudatory, rejoicing in his allegiance to the Crown, and holding "a fretful realm in awe," for the general good. The man, on the contrary, was a rebel, and a maker of rebels. His excessive ambition led him to dream of an independent sovereignty,—the kingship of Ireland—with a few vassal princes administering his behests in their respective territories. Everything concurred to favour this view, and to tempt his countrymen to share in it. The reign of Elizabeth in Ireland was a reign of murder and confiscation, when the most solemn engagements were sacrificed at a hand's turn, to state reasons, or to greed, or, as often was the case, to personal vindictiveness. The old war between the Pale and the Irish was in full blast; the Catholics were despised or crushed by laws of so extreme a character that for all civilized purposes it may be said that they ceased to exist. The west, the south, the east, were terrorized into sulky submission, for in these parts Elizabeth's functionaries had done their work with complete vengeance. From the north alone a ray of light streamed over the dispirited island; and as leader of all that was sympathetic and hopeful, in sullen, mutinous Ulster stood Hugh O'Neill. Mr. Meehan gives us a portrait of his hero, which is unfortunately not free from blemishes. Nothing is to be gained by varnishing the cracks in a faulty picture only to expose the botching to the eye of the connoisseur. O'Neill's morality was worse than doubtful, however much it may have harmonized with the tone and associations of his time. His duplicity was perfect; and it must be admitted that he had every need to exercise it constantly. Elizabeth had but few scruples, and no man had a juster appreciation of her character than the turbulent Earl of Tyrone. A

reverse always brought him to his knees before his "sovereign mistress," whilst a piece of good luck would so elate him that he assumed towards her Majesty the airs and language of a dictator. Mr. Meehan implies that the Queen was afraid of him. "In February, 1602," he says, "she commanded Secretary Cecil to charge Mountjoy to entrap Tyrone into a submission or diminished title, such as Baron of Dungannon, and with lessened territory, or, if possible, to have his head before engaging the royal word." It would seem that nothing but the fidelity and watchfulness of O'Neill's retainers prevented this bad instruction from being carried into effect. We cannot follow Mr Meehan's narrative of the events which precipitated the flight of the Ulsterearls. James eyed O'Neill with no favour, and was apparently resolved to make Ireland too hot to hold him. That there was any foundation of truth in the reported plot to upset the King's authority, massacre the nobility of the Pale, and reinstate the Irish families in the lands of which they had been unjustly deprived, our author emphatically denies; and we are free to confess that all the evidence in its favour rests only upon the hearsay authority. In the meantime it is impossible not to see that the hurried departure of the princes lent an air of veracity to the charges levelled against them; and there are few readers of this volume who will not regret that O'Neill did not throw his last cast at home, instead of flying beyond the seas to die blind, hopeless, and brokenhearted at Rome. To the bitter end he trusted in Philip's assistance; but it never came, that monarch having something else to do besides succouring distressed nationalities. Perhaps in the misfortunes that gathered round his head in his declining years, O'Neill found no such comfort as in the pitying sympathy of the Pope. "He lived," says Mr. Meehan, "like a ruler, and was buried like a king." Our author is painstaking and minute almost to wearisomeness; but it would be desirable if he had taken greater care to classify and arrange the materials at his disposal. State papers, letters, depositions, &c., are scattered through the book with embarrassing incoherency. The bone and muscle of history are there, but it is not history lucid and intelligible, as history should be written. We have only to say concerning Mr. Meehan's style, that it sometimes rises to the level of bad picturesque—a level to which serious history seldom descends.

Voyage autour du Monde. Océanie, les Iles des Pins, Loyalty, et Tahiti.

Par JULES GARNIER, Ingénieur chargé par la Ministère de la Marine d'une Mission d'Exploration en Océanie, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, Secrétaire de la Société de Géographie de Paris, commandant le bataillon auxiliaire du génie de la Loire en 1870-1871. Paris: Henri Plon.

M. GARNIER'S present volume is chiefly occupied with the very interesting details of his adventurous exploration of the western coast of the island of New Caledonia, a French possession, which has

acquired of late a new, stern, and sombre importance. M. Garnier and his companions were, indeed, the pioneers of exploration in this direction, for until they ventured to encounter the whirlpools on the coast and the hostile tribes of ferocious savages who dwell in the interior, especially in the north-west portion of the island, no attempt had been made to investigate its condition or resources. The narrative is extremely interesting, and is given with vivacity and picturesqueness, too often wanting in books of travel, the writer bearing in mind the absolute novelty of his subject to his readers, and not taking for granted geographical and topographical knowledge on their part; while at the same time, he does not go into wearisome detail. The personal adventures and experiences are sufficiently dangerous, exciting, and in some instances horrible, to furnish forth a score of romances, and the accounts given of the appalling condition of the tribes suggests a most striking and effective contrast with the exquisite, brilliant, specially sunny and peaceful beauty of the country,—a sparkling gem set in the bosom of the Pacific Ocean. It may be that M. Garnier's description is overdrawn, in order to offer something that superficial readers might accept as an excuse for the atrocious cruelties practised on the wretched creatures by French sailors and soldiers, who murdered them wholesale, burning entire villages and their inhabitants,—men, women, and children,—in order to avenge an act of cannibalism. An atrocious act no doubt; but still, the deed of heathen savages, and in which only a few had any share. The wholesale destruction of the guilty and the innocent is much more like judicious colonization, than judicial retribution. It is impossible to read those stories without pain; but their interest is very vivid, and one indulges visions of the splendid future there may be in store for these islands, so wonderfully endowed by nature, when they shall have gone through the trying process to which penal settlements must necessarily be subjected: as it is, some of the celebrities of the Commune of Paris will find congenial associates among the Kanaks, and one only regrets M. Ferré was not suffered by an impatient nation to cultivate the acquaintance of Smango and his tribe. We do not remember to have read accounts of any such hideously degraded and irredeemable savages as the tribes who inhabit the wildest portions of New Caledonia, and they produce a more painful effect upon the reader's mind, because they are more intelligent than the average savages anywhere else. In the "Island of Pines," civilization, which introduced vice and disease in the first instance, and then thinned the native population as usual, has since made progress. The Church lent her beneficent irresistible aid, and now the natives are all converted. They have begun to wear clothes, they have a church, built of stone, and a school under the direction of some Sisters. This is the brightest picture which M. Garneir gives us in all his sketches of the little archipelagoes of the South, where, as in New Caledonia, the natives were all cannibals. His revelations on this dreadful subject are as surprising as they are disheartening, and support the assertion made some time ago by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that cannibalism still flourishes to an extraordinary and unrecognized extent. A native guide, who served M. Garnier very faithfully, and who was remarkable for his good looks and intelligence, who spoke very comprehensible French, and was a

clever and indefatigable hunter and fisher, discussed the matter as follows :—

“ ‘Why,’ asked M. Garnier, ‘do you eat the Kanaks, your enemies?’ (His own tribe.)

“ ‘Because,’ he replied, ‘a Kanak is good, as good as sow or pig.’

“ I then tried to make him understand how our nation revolted against such food ; but my eloquence made no impression whatever, and I convinced myself that the sentiment of horror which we experience at the idea of eating man’s flesh is entirely absent in the case of the Kanak. This chord, like many others, is wanting to his moral sense, and the only way in which he could be prevented from eating his neighbour would be by making a religious question of it, like the abstaining from meat on Friday among Catholics. A long series of objections on the part of my friend, and reasonings on my part, led to this conclusion :—

“ ‘I understand ; you have a great deal of meat ; you make war, and you let the dead rot.’

“ The people of the Isle of Pines and of Owen, my savage informed me, never ate the great personages of their tribe, even when they killed them because of old age, but he said his ancestors had always eaten those who had been slain by a chief for any misconduct ; and they also ate the children when they were ill-formed, or when the family were too numerous, or the father incapacitated by illness from fishing. When it had been decided that a child was to die, the father and mother, immediately after its birth, would carry the little creature to the edge of the sea, wash it well, and then cook it in the earth as gipsies cook hedgehogs.

“ ‘And that did the mother a great deal of good,’ added the savage, in conclusion.”

To read this book is to increase the longing which reading of this kind always inspires for the time when the promise shall be fulfilled, when the heathen shall have become the inheritance of our Divine Lord, and the uttermost parts of the earth His possession.

We have not space to dwell upon the nature, extent, and result of M. Garnier’s explorations. We can but indicate to readers whose tastes lie in that direction the abundant information, the varied subjects of interest, the important social facts, considerations, and suggestions, and the delightful pictures of the beauty of the earth to which M. Garnier’s pages will give them access.

WE are able to inform our readers, that the “*Études*” will henceforth be published, not at Paris, but at Lyons ; and that one of its new editors will be F. Ramière, S.J. Our readers will remember the Holy Father’s eulogistic letter to this eminent religious, of which we published a translation in April, 1870, p. 497 ; and his name is a sure guarantee, that the periodical will be unreservedly loyal in every particular to the full teaching of the Holy See. We look forward with keen interest to its new career, and anticipate from it invaluable service to the good cause.